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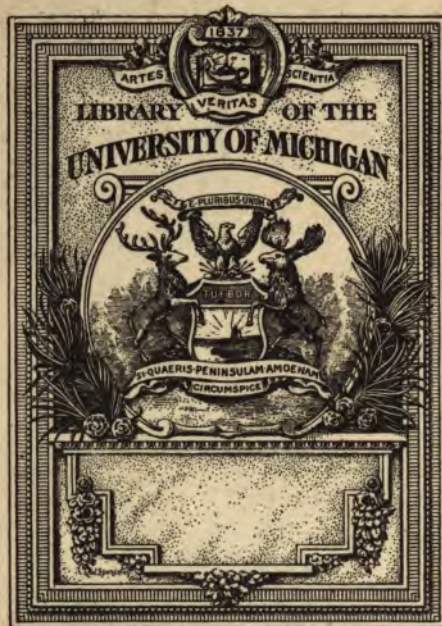
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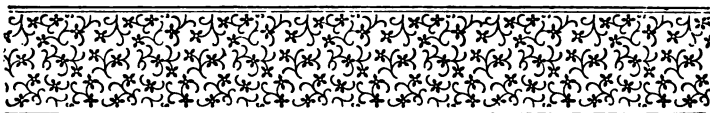
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CONTENTS.

ESSAY	Page
<p>I. <i>Roman Law and Legal Education.</i> By H. J. S. MAINE, LL.D., late Queen's Professor of Civil Law, Trinity Hall.</p>	1
<p>II. <i>On English Ethnography.</i> By J. W. DONALDSON, D.D., late Fellow of Trinity College</p>	30
<p>III. <i>Old Studies and New.</i> By JOHN GROTE, M.A., Professor of Moral Philosophy, Fellow of Trinity College</p>	74
<p>IV. <i>The Taste for the Picturesque among the Greeks.</i> By E. M. COPE, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College</p>	115
<p>V. <i>Apocryphal Gospels.</i> By C. J. ELLICOTT, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College</p>	153
<p>VI. <i>The Protestant Church and Religious Liberty in France.</i> By W. H. WADDINGTON, M.A., Trinity College</p>	210
<p>VII. <i>The Fly-fisher and his Library.</i> By H. R. FRANCIS, M.A., St. John's College</p>	233
<p>VIII. <i>The Text of Shakspeare.</i> By CHARLES BADHAM, D.D., St. Peter's College</p>	261
<p>IX. <i>Coleridge.</i> By F. J. A. HORT, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College</p>	292





CAMBRIDGE ESSAYS.

ROMAN LAW AND LEGAL EDUCATION.

IF it were worth our while to inquire narrowly into the causes which have led of late years to the revival of interest in the Roman civil law, we should probably end in attributing its increasing popularity rather to some incidental glimpses of its value which have been gained by the English practitioner in the course of legal business, than to any widely diffused or far-reaching appreciation of its importance as an instrument of knowledge. It is most certain that the higher the point of jurisprudence which has to be dealt with, the more signal is always the assistance derived by the English lawyer from Roman law; and the higher the mind employed upon the question, the more unqualified is its admiration of the system by which its perplexities have been disentangled. But the grounds upon which the study of Roman jurisprudence is to be defended are by no means such as to be intelligible only to the subtlest intellects, nor do they await the occurrence of recondite points of law in order to disclose themselves. It is believed that the soundness of many of them will be recognised as soon as they are stated, and to these it is proposed to call attention in the present Essay.

The historical connexion between the Roman jurisprudence and our own, appears to be now looked upon as furnishing one very strong reason for increased attention to the civil law of Rome. The fact, of course, is not now to be questioned. The vulgar belief that the English Common Law was indigenous in all its parts was always so easily refuted by the most superficial comparison of the text of Bracton and Fleta with the *Corpus Juris*, that the honesty of the historians who countenanced it can only be defended by alleging the violence of

their prejudices; and now that the great accumulation of fragments of ante-Justinianean compendia, and the discovery of the MS. of Gaius, have increased our acquaintance with the Roman law in the only form in which it can have penetrated into Britain, the suspicion of an earlier filiation amounts almost to a certainty. The fact of such a filiation has necessarily the highest interest for the legal antiquarian, and it is of value besides for its effect on some of the coarser prepossessions of English lawyers. But too much importance should not be attached to it. It has ever been the case in England that every intellectual importation we have received has been instantly coloured by the peculiarities of our national habits and spirit. A foreign jurisprudence interpreted by the old English common-lawyers would soon cease to be foreign, and the Roman law would lose its distinctive character with even greater rapidity than any other set of institutions. It will be easily understood that a system like the laws of Rome, distinguished above all others for its symmetry and its close correspondence with fundamental rules, would be effectually metamorphosed by a very slight distortion of its parts, or by the omission of one or two governing principles. Even though, therefore, it be true—and true it certainly is—that texts of Roman law have been worked at all points into the foundations of our jurisprudence, it does not follow, from that fact, that our knowledge of English law would be materially improved by the study of the *Corpus Juris*; and besides, if too much stress be laid on the historical connexion between the systems, it will be apt to encourage one of the most serious errors into which the inquirer into the philosophy of law can fall. It is not because our own jurisprudence and that of Rome were *once* alike that they ought to be studied together—it is because they *will be* alike. It is because all laws, however dissimilar in their infancy, tend to resemble each other in their maturity; and because we in England are slowly, and perhaps unconsciously or unwillingly, but still steadily and certainly accustoming ourselves to the same modes of legal thought and to the same conceptions of legal principle to which the Roman juriconsults had attained after centuries of accumulated experience and unwearied cultivation.

The attempt, however, to explain at length why the flux and change which our law is visibly undergoing furnish the strongest reasons for studying a body of rules so mature and so highly refined as that contained in the *Corpus Juris*, would be nearly the same thing as endeavouring to settle the relation of the Roman law to the science of jurisprudence; and that inquiry, from its great length and difficulty, it would be

obviously absurd to prosecute within the limits of an Essay like the present. There is, however, a set of considerations of a different nature, and equally forcible in their way, which cannot be too strongly impressed on all who have the control of legal or general education. The point which they tend to establish is this:—the immensity of the ignorance to which we are condemned by ignorance of Roman law. It may be doubted whether even the best educated men in England can fully realize how vastly important an element is Roman law in the general mass of human knowledge, and how largely it enters into and pervades and modifies all products of human thought which are not exclusively English. Before we endeavour to give some distant idea of the extent to which this is true, we must remind the reader that the Roman law is in no sense a system of cases, like our own. It is a system of which the nature may, for practical purposes, though inadequately, be described by saying that it consists of principles, and of express written rules. In England, the labour of the lawyer is to extract from the precedents a formula, which, while covering *them*, will also cover the state of facts to be adjudicated upon; and the task of rival advocates is, from the same precedents, or others, to elicit different formulas of equal apparent applicability. Now, in Roman law no such use is made of precedents. The *Corpus Juris*, as may be seen at a glance, contains a great number of what our English lawyers would term cases; but then they are in no respect sources of rules—they are instances of their application. They are, as it were, problems solved by authority in order to throw light on the rule, and to point out how it should be manipulated and applied. How it was that the Roman law came to assume this form so much sooner and more completely than our own, is a question full of interest, and it is one of the first to which the student should address himself; but though the prejudices of an Englishman will probably figure to him a jurisprudence thus constituted as, to say the least, anomalous, it is, nevertheless, quite as readily conceived, and quite as natural as the constitution of our own system. In proof of this, it may be remarked that the English common law was clearly conceived by its earliest expositors as wearing something of this character. It was regarded as existing *somewhere* in the form of a symmetrical body of express rules, adjusted to definite principles. The knowledge of the system, however, in its full amplitude and proportions, was supposed to be confined to the breasts of the judges, and the lay-public and the mass of the legal profession were only permitted to discern its canons intertwined with the facts of adjudged cases. Many traces of

this ancient theory remain in the language of our judgments and forensic arguments, and among them we may perhaps place the singular use of the word 'principle' in the sense of a legal proposition elicited from the precedents by comparison and induction.

The proper business of a Roman juriconsult was therefore confined to the interpretation and application of express written rules—processes which must, of course, be to some extent employed by the professors of every system of laws—of our own among others, when we attempt to deal with statute law. But the great space which they filled at Rome has no counterpart in English practice; and becoming, as they did, the principal exercise of a class of men characterised as a whole by extraordinary subtlety and patience, and in individual cases by extraordinary genius, they were the means of producing results which the English practitioner wants centuries of attaining. We, who speak without shame—occasionally with something like pride—of our ill success in construing statutes, have at our command nothing distantly resembling the appliances which the Roman jurisprudence supplies, partly by definite canons and partly by appropriate examples, for the understanding and management of written law. It would not be doing more than justice to the methods of interpretation invented by the Roman lawyers, if we were to compare the power which they give over their subject-matter to the advantage which the geometrician derives from mathematical analysis in discussing the relations of space. By each of these helps, difficulties almost insuperable become insignificant, and processes nearly interminable are shortened to a tolerable compass. The parallel might be carried still further, and we might insist on the special habit of mind which either class of mental exercise induces. Most certainly nothing can be more peculiar, special, and distinct than the bias of thought, the modes of reasoning, and the habits of illustration, which are given by a training in the Roman law. No tension of mind or length of study which even distantly resembles the labour of mastering English jurisprudence is necessary to enable the student to realize these peculiarities of mental view; but still they cannot be acquired without some effort, and the question is, whether the effort which they demand brings with it sufficient reward. We can only answer by endeavouring to point out that they pervade whole departments of thought and inquiry of which some knowledge is essential to every lawyer, and to every man of decent cultivation.

In the first place, it is to be remarked, that all discussion concerning Moral Philosophy has for nearly two centuries

been conducted on the Continent of Europe in the language and according to the modes of reasoning peculiar to the Roman Civil Law. Shortly after the Reformation, we find two great schools of thought dividing this class of subjects between them. The most influential of the two was at first the sect or school known to us as the Casuists, all of them in spiritual communion with the Roman-catholic Church, and nearly all of them affiliated to one or other of her religious orders. On the other side were a body of writers connected with each other by a common intellectual descent from the great author of the treatise *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, Hugo Grotius. Almost all of the latter were adherents of the Reformation, and, though it cannot be said that they were formally and avowedly at conflict with the Casuists, the origin and object of their system were, nevertheless, essentially different from those of Casuistry. It is necessary to call attention to this difference, because it involves the question of the influence of Roman law on that department of thought with which both systems are concerned. The book of Grotius, though it touches questions of pure Ethics in every page, and though it is the parent, immediate or remote, of innumerable volumes of formal morality, is not, as is well known, a professed treatise on Moral Philosophy; it is an attempt to determine the Law of Nature, or Natural Law. Now, without entering upon the question, whether the conception of a Law Natural be not exclusively a creation of the Roman juriconsults, we may lay down that, even on the admissions of Grotius himself, the dicta of the Roman jurisprudence as to what parts of known positive law must be taken to be parts of the Law of Nature, are, if not infallible, to be received, at all events, with the profoundest respect. Hence the system of Grotius is implicated with Roman law at its very foundation; and this connexion rendered inevitable—what the legal training of the writer would perhaps have entailed without it—the free employment in every paragraph of technical phraseology, and of modes of reasoning, defining, and illustrating, which must sometimes conceal the sense, and almost always the force and cogency, of the argument from the reader who is unfamiliar with the sources whence they have been derived. On the other hand, Casuistry borrows little from Roman law. A few technical expressions, of Roman origin, have penetrated into its language through the medium of the Canon law; but the form of the argument in the Casuistical writers is mostly taken from the course of a theological disputation in one of the academical schools, and the views of morality contended for have nothing whatever in common with the under-

taking of Grotius. All that philosophy of right and wrong which has become famous, or infamous, under the name of Casuistry, had its origin* in the distinction between Mortal and Venial Sin. A natural anxiety to escape the awful consequences of determining a particular act to be mortally sinful, and a desire, equally intelligible, to assist the Roman Catholic Church in its conflict with Protestantism by disburthening it of an inconvenient theory, were the motives which impelled the authors of the Casuistical philosophy to the invention of an elaborate system of criteria, intended to remove immoral actions, in as many cases as possible, out of the category of mortal offences, and to stamp them as venial sins,—that is, sins capable of remission on the performance of definite penance. The fate of this experiment is matter of ordinary history. We know that the distinctions of Casuistry, by enabling the priesthood to adjust spiritual control to all the varieties of human character, did really confer on it an influence with princes, statesmen, and generals unheard of in the ages before the Reformation, and did really contribute largely to that great reaction which checked and narrowed the first successes of Protestantism. But beginning in the attempt, not to establish, but to evade—not to discover a principle, but to escape a postulate—not to settle the nature of right and wrong, but to determine what was not wrong of a particular nature,—Casuistry went on with its dexterous refinements till it ended in so attenuating the moral features of actions, and so belying the moral instincts of our being, that at length the conscience of mankind rose suddenly in revolt against it, and consigned to one common ruin the system and its doctors. The blow, long impending, was finally struck in the *Provincial Letters* of Pascal; and since the appearance of those memorable Papers, no moralist of the smallest influence or credit has ever avowedly conducted his speculations in the footsteps of the Casuists. The whole field of ethical science was thus left at the exclusive command of the writers who followed Grotius; and it still exhibits in an extraordinary degree the traces of that entanglement with Roman law which is sometimes imputed as a fault, and sometimes as the highest of its recommendations, to the Grotian theory. Many inquirers since Grotius's day have modified his principles, and many, of course, since the rise of the Critical Philosophy, have quite deserted them; but even those who have departed most widely from his fundamental assumptions have inherited much of his method of statement, of his train of thought, and of his

* This subject is fully and clearly discussed by Mr. Jowett, *Epistles of St. Paul*, Vol. ii., pp. 351, 352.

mode of illustration ; and these have little meaning and no point to the person ignorant of Roman jurisprudence. And, moreover, as speculations on ethics are implicated with, and exercise perceptible effect on, almost every department of inquiry which is not part of physics or physiology, the element of Roman law in the ethical systems of the Continent makes itself felt in quarters where, at first sight, one is quite unable to understand its presence. There is reason to believe that we in England attach much too slight an importance to that remarkable tinge of Roman law which is all but universal in the moral and political philosophy of Continental Europe. It has often been remarked with regret or surprise that, while the learned in the exacter sciences abroad and in England have the most perfect sympathy with each other—while the physician or the mathematician in London is completely at home in the writings of the physician or the mathematician in Berlin and Paris—there is a sensible, though invisible and impalpable, barrier which separates the jurists, the moral philosophers, the politicians, and, to some extent, the historians and even the metaphysicians of the Continent from those who so professedly follow the same pursuits in England. A vague reference to our insular position gives no clue to this anomaly. The exceptional character of our political institutions but partially explains it. Some difference in the intellectual training of Englishmen from that of foreigners must lie at the bottom of it, and the general mass of our acquirements is unlike that accumulated by educated men in other countries simply in the total omission of the ingredient of Roman law.

If these views are correct, the argument for the cultivation of Roman law as a branch of English legal education will have been carried some way, for it is probably unnecessary to show at length the intimate relation of moral philosophy to jurisprudence. Perhaps the state of English thought on ethical subjects may seem to take away something from the force of the reasoning. Unquestionably, the writings of Locke, and the immense development of Locke's doctrines by Bentham, have given us an ethical system which exercises very deep influence on the intellectual condition of England, and which at the same time borrows little or nothing from Roman law. The objection, however, may be answered in several ways. While it is doubtful whether it is desirable or possible that moral philosophy should be taught in England on any one set of principles, it is certainly neither desirable nor possible that it should be taught apart from its history. Moreover, the disconnexion between the Roman law and the philosophy of Bentham exists rather in form than in substance. The latest and most sagacious expositors of Bentham have

formally declared* their preference for the phraseology and the methods of Roman jurisprudence; and, indeed, there would be no great presumption in asserting that much of the laborious analysis which Bentham applied to legal conceptions was directed to the establishment of propositions which are among the fundamental assumptions of the juriconsults. Truths which the language of English law, at once ultra-popular and ultra-technical, either obscures or conceals, shine clearly through the terminology of the Roman lawyers; and it is difficult to believe that they would ever have been lost sight of, if English common sense had been protected against delusion by knowledge of a system of which common sense is the governing characteristic. It is remarkable, too, that the law of England, wherever it touches moral philosophy openly and avowedly, touches it at the point at which it is most deeply implicated with Roman law. It is difficult to read the early Equity Reports without being struck by the influence which a particular school of jurists—the series of writers on the Law of Nature—had on the minds of the judges who first gave form and system to the jurisprudence of the Court of Chancery. Now, in the volumes of this school, not only does moral philosophy retain the phraseology and the modes of reasoning peculiar to Roman law, but the two departments of thought have not as yet been recognised as separable, and as capable of being considered apart from each other. Even now, whenever a proposition of moral philosophy makes its appearance in an argument or in a judicial decision, it generally appears in the dress which was given to it by the first successors of Grotius. This peculiarity may, perhaps, be partially accounted for by the credit into which Story's *Conflict of Laws*—in the main a compendium of extracts from the writers just mentioned—has risen among us as an authority on Private International Law.

We are here brought to the verge of some considerations of a rather different character. In every language there are necessarily a number of words and phrases which are indicative of legal conceptions, and which carry with them a perpetual reference to the nature and the sanctions of law. Without such expressions, a vast variety of propositions in philosophy, in political economy, in theology, and even in strict science, could never be put into words. Now, it is remarkable that the English language derives a very small number of these expressions from English law; and, indeed, few things are more curious, or more illustrative of the peculiar relation in which the law of

* Austin, *Province of Jurisprudence Determined*, App. pp. 45, *et seq.*

England has always stood to the other departments of English thought, than the slightness of the influence which our jurisprudence has exercised on our tongue. The Law of Procedure and some other subordinate departments have contributed, though not largely, to enrich our vernacular dialect; and both in England and in America a considerable number of legal phrases have acquired currency as slang; but the expressions in classical English which are indicative of fundamental legal conceptions, come to us, almost without an exception, from *Roman law*. They have filtered into the language from a variety of sources, and never having been kept to their original meaning by any controlling system or theory, they have become mere popular expressions, exhibiting all the deficiencies of popular speech—vague, figurative, and inconsistent. Looked at even from an unprofessional point of view, this is a great evil. Unlike other nations, we lose all the advantage of having the most important terms of our philosophical phraseology scrutinized, sifted, and canvassed by the keen intellect of lawyers; and we deprive ourselves of that remarkable, and almost mysterious, precision which is given to words, when they are habitually used in discussions which are to issue directly in acts. It is difficult to say how much of the inferiority of England in philosophical speculation is owing to this laxity of language; and even if the mischiefs which it is calculated to produce were in themselves trifling, they would become formidable in a country which is governed by free discussion. We can easily trace their effects on minds of rigid accuracy. Bentham was driven by them to invent a new vocabulary of his own, which is still the greatest obstacle to his influence. Mr. Austin can only evade them by a style out of which metaphor has been weeded till it has become positively repulsive. Dr. Whewell has acknowledged them by repeatedly falling back on the strict usage of the Roman juriconsults. The evil, however, is not one which is felt solely by writers on the philosophy of jurisprudence. It extends to professional lawyers. Like all men who speak and think, they employ the expressions which have been described as inherited by us from Roman law; but they employ them solely as *popular* expressions—as expressions which serve merely to eke out technical phraseology. Even ‘Obligation,’ the term of highest dignity and importance in all jurisprudence, is not defined in English law, and is used by our lawyers with reckless inconsistency. The consequence is not quite the same as on the unprofessional world. It would be absurd to tax the English Bench and Bar with inaccurate thinking. But the natural resource of an accurate mind, dealing with mere

popular language, is prolixity. Words and phrases must be constantly qualified and limited, and every important proposition, to prevent misapprehension, must be put in a great variety of forms. Hence the extraordinary length of our forensic arguments and legal decisions. Hence that frightful accumulation of case-law which conveys to English jurisprudence a menace of revolution far more serious than any popular murmurs, and which, if it does nothing else, is giving to mere tenacity of memory a disgraceful advantage over all the finer qualities of the legal intellect.

There never, probably, was a technical phraseology which, unaided by popular language, was in itself sufficient for all the uses of lawyers. Where, however, the technical vocabulary is fairly equal to the problems which have to be discussed, the inconveniences just alluded to are reduced to a minimum. Is this the case with English law? It is impossible to answer the question without calling attention to the singular condition of our whole legal language. The technical part of it—whatever may be thought of the system to which it was an appendage—was certainly once quite able to cope with all the points which arose; nor did it drop or relax any of its remarkable precision in solving them. But its serviceableness has long since ceased. The technicalities of English law have lost all their rigidity and accuracy, without at the same time becoming equal to the discussion of the questions which press daily on the attention of the Bench and the Bar. We misuse our terms of art without scruple—freely applying, for example, to Personalty expressions which, having their origin in real property law, are ultimately referrible to feudal conceptions—and yet we have to call in popular phraseology to an extent unknown in any other system. Nothing harsher can be said of a legal vocabulary, than that it consists of technical phraseology in a state of disintegration, and of popular language employed without even an affectation of precision. Yet this reproach is the literal truth as respects the law of England. Many causes may be assigned for it. The eccentric course of our law reforms has, doubtless, contributed to it; and it should not be forgotten that lawyers are apt to strain technical terms to new uses, under a sense of their superiority to language borrowed from ordinary discourse. But the grand cause of all has been the slightness of the care which, owing to the absence of an organized educational system, has been bestowed in England upon Legal and Legislative Expression. The heterogeneousness of the sources from which our tongue has been derived appears to impose on us, more than on any other nation, the duty of nurturing this

branch of legal science; and yet there is no nation in the world which has neglected it so signally. The evil consequences of our indifference have at length become patent and flagrant. They make themselves felt on all sides. They are seen in the lengthiness of our Law Reports. They show themselves in the miscarriages of our Acts of Parliament. They put us to the blush in the clumsiness of our attempts to grapple with the higher problems of law. It would be impertinent to pretend that any one complete remedy can be pointed out, but it may be affirmed without hesitation that several palliatives are within our reach. Though the decay of the technical element in our legal dialect is probably beyond help, a far greater amount of definiteness, distinctness, and consistency might assuredly be given to the popular ingredient. Legal terminology might be made a distinct department of legal education; and there is no question that, with the help of the Roman law, its improvement might be carried on almost indefinitely. The uses of the Roman jurisprudence to the student of Legislative and Legal Expression are easily indicated. First, it serves him as a great model, not only because a rigorous consistency of usage pervades its whole texture, but because it shows, by the history of the Institutional Treatises, in what way an undergrowth of new technical language may be constantly reared to furnish the means of expression to new legal conceptions, and to supply the place of older technicalities as they fall into desuetude. Next, it is the actual source of what has been here called the popular part of our legal dialect; a host of words and phrases, of which 'Obligation,' 'Convention,' 'Contract,' 'Consent,' 'Possession,' and 'Prescription,' are only a few samples, are employed in it with as much precision as are, or were, 'Estate Tail' and 'Remainder' in English law. Lastly, the Roman jurisprudence throws into a definite and concise form of words a variety of legal conceptions which are necessarily realized by English lawyers, but which at present are expressed differently by different authorities, and always in vague and general language. Nor is it over-presumptuous to assert that laymen would benefit as much as lawyers by the study of this great system. The whole philosophical vocabulary of the country might be improved by it, and most certainly that region of thought which connects Law with other branches of speculative inquiry, would obtain new facilities for progress. Perhaps the greatest of all the advantages which would flow from the cultivation of the Roman jurisprudence would be the acquisition of a phraseology not too rigid for employment upon points of the philosophy of law, nor too lax and elastic for their lucid and accurate discussion.

In the identity of much of our popular legal phraseology with the technical dialect of Roman law, we have one chief source of the intellectual mist which interposes itself between an Englishman and a large part of Continental philosophy. We have also the chief reason why it is so difficult to convince an Englishman that any such impediment exists. Dealing, for the most part, with language to which he is accustomed, he can scarcely be persuaded that he gains at most that sort of half knowledge which, as every lawyer knows, an intelligent layman will acquire from the perusal of a legal treatise on a branch of law in which the technical usage of words does not widely differ from the vernacular. There is, however, one subject of thought common to ourselves and the Continent, on which scarcely one man among us has probably consulted foreign writers of repute without feeling that he is in most imperfect contact with his authorities. It is the secret belief of many of the most accurate minds in England that International Law, Public and Private, is a science of declamation; and, when phraseology intended by the writer to be taken strictly is understood by the reader loosely, the impression is not at all unnatural. We cannot possibly overstate the value of Roman jurisprudence as a key to International Law, and particularly to its most important department. Knowledge of the system and knowledge of the history of the system are equally essential to the comprehension of the Public Law of Nations. It is true that inadequate views of the relation in which Roman law stands to the International scheme are not confined to Englishmen. Many contemporary publicists, writing in languages other than ours, have neglected to place themselves at the point of view from which the originators of Public Law regarded it; and to this omission we must attribute much of the arbitrary assertion and of the fallacious reasoning with which the modern literature of the Law of Nations is unfortunately rife. If International Law be not studied historically—if we fail to comprehend, first, the influence of certain theories of the Roman jurisconsults on the mind of Hugo Grotius, and, next, the influence of the great book of Grotius on International Jurisprudence,—we lose at once all chance of comprehending that body of rules which alone protects the European commonwealth from permanent anarchy, we blind ourselves to the principles by conforming to which it coheres, we can understand neither its strength nor its weakness, nor can we separate those arrangements which can safely be modified from those which cannot be touched without shaking the whole fabric to pieces. The authors of recent International treatises have brought into such slight promi-

nence the true principles of their subject, or for those principles have substituted assumptions so untenable, as to render it matter of no surprise that a particular school of politicians should stigmatize International Law as a haphazard collection of arbitrary rules, resting on a fanciful basis and fortified by a wordy rhetoric. Englishmen, however,—and the critics alluded to are mostly Englishmen,—will always be more signally at fault than the rest of the world in attempting to gain a clear view of the Law of Nations. They are met at every point by a vein of thought and illustration which their education renders strange to them; many of the technicalities delude them by consonance with familiar expressions, while to the meaning of others they have two most insufficient guides in the Latin etymology and the usage of the equivalent term in the non-legal literature of Rome. Little more than a year has elapsed since the Lower House of the English Parliament occupied several hours with a discussion as to the import of one of the commonest terms* inherited by modern jurisprudence from Roman law. Nor are these remarks answered by urging that comparative ignorance of International Law is of little consequence so long as the parties to International discussions completely understand each other; or, as it might be put, that Roman law may be important to the closet-study of the Law of Nations, but is unessential as regards diplomacy. There cannot be a doubt that our success in negotiation is sometimes perceptibly affected by our neglect of Roman law; for, from this cause, we and the public, or negotiators, of other countries constantly misunderstand each other. It is not rarely that we refuse respect or attention to diplomatic communications, as wide of the point and full of verbiage or conceits, when, in fact, they owe those imaginary imperfections simply to the juristical point of view from which they have been conceived and written. And, on the other hand, state-papers of English origin, which to an Englishman's mind ought, from their strong sense and directness, to carry all before them, will often make but an inconsiderable impression on the recipient from their not falling in with the course of thought which he insensibly pursues when dealing with a question of public law. In truth, the technicalities of Roman law are as really, though not so visibly, mixed up with questions of diplomacy as are the technicalities of special pleading with points of the English Common law. So long as they cannot be disentangled, English influence suffers obvious disadvantage through the imperfect communion of thought.

* *Solidairement*. Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates*, July 27th, 1855.

It is undesirable that there should not be among the English public a sensible fraction which can completely decipher the documents of International transactions, but it is more than undesirable that the incapacity should extend to our statesmen and diplomatists. Whether Roman law be useful or not to English lawyers, it is a downright absurdity that, on the theatre of International affairs, England should appear by delegates unequipped with the species of knowledge which furnishes the medium of intellectual communication to the other performers on the scene.

The practitioner of English law who would care little for the recommendations of this study which have as yet been mentioned, must nevertheless feel that he has an interest in Roman jurisprudence in respect of the relation in which it stands to all, or nearly all, foreign law. It may be confidently asserted, that if the English lawyer only attached himself to the study of Roman law long enough to master the technical phraseology and to realize the leading legal conceptions of the *Corpus Juris*, he would approach those questions of foreign law to which our Courts have repeatedly to address themselves with an advantage which no mere professional acumen acquired by the exclusive practice of our own jurisprudence could ever confer on him. The steady multiplication of legal systems, borrowing the entire phraseology, adopting the principles, and appropriating the greater part of the rules of Roman jurisprudence, is one of the most singular phenomena of our day, and far more worthy of attention than the most showy manifestations of social progress. This gradual approach of Continental Europe to a uniformity of municipal law dates unquestionably from the first French Revolution. Although Europe, as is well known, formerly comprised a number of countries and provinces which governed themselves by the written Roman law, interpolated with feudal observances, there does not seem to be any evidence that the institutions of these localities enjoyed any vogue or favour beyond their boundaries. Indeed, in the earlier part of the last century there may be traced among the educated men of the Continent something of a feeling in favour of English law—a feeling proceeding, it is to be feared, rather from the general enthusiasm for English political institutions which was then prevalent, than founded on any very accurate acquaintance with the rules of our jurisprudence. Certainly, as respects France in particular, there were no visible symptoms of any general preference for the institutions of the *pays du droit écrit* as opposed to the provinces in which customary law was observed. But then came the French Revolution, and brought with it the necessity of preparing a

general code for France one and indivisible. Little is known of the special training through which the true authors of this work had passed; but in the form which it ultimately assumed, when published as the Code Napoleon, it may be described, without great inaccuracy, as a compendium of the rules of Roman law* then practised in France, cleared of all feudal admixture—such rules, however, being in all cases taken with the extensions given to them and the interpretations put upon them by one or two eminent French jurists, and particularly by Pothier. The French conquests planted this body of laws over the whole extent of the French Empire, and the kingdoms immediately dependent on it; and it is incontestable that it took root with extraordinary quickness and tenacity. The highest tribute to the French Codes is their great and lasting popularity with the people, the lay-public, of the countries into which they have been introduced. How much weight ought to be attached to this symptom our own experience should teach us, which surely shows us how thoroughly indifferent in general is the mass of the public to the particular rules of civil life by which it may be governed, and how extremely superficial are even the most energetic movements in favour of the amendment of the law. At the fall of the Buonapartist Empire in 1815, most of the restored Governments had the strongest desire to expel the intrusive jurisprudence which had substituted itself for the ancient customs of the land. It was found, however, that the people prized it as the most precious of possessions: the attempt to subvert it was persevered in in very few instances, and in most of them the French Codes were restored after a brief abeyance. And not only has the observance of these laws been confirmed in almost all the countries which ever enjoyed them, but they have made their way into numerous other communities, and occasionally in the teeth of the most formidable political obstacles. So steady, indeed, and so resistless has been the diffusion of this Romanized jurisprudence, either in its original or in a slightly modified form, that the civil law of the whole Continent is clearly destined to be absorbed and lost in it. It is, too, we should

* It is not intended to imply that the framers of the Code Civil simply adopted the Civil law of the *pays du droit écrit*, and rejected that of the *pays du droit coutumier*. Many texts of the French Codes which seem to be literally transcribed from the *Corpus Juris* come from the *droit coutumier*, into which a large element of Roman law had gradually worked its way. Those parts of the Code Civil in which the Customs have been followed in points in which they differed from the Roman law are chiefly the chapters which have reference to Personal Relations; but in this department there had been, as might be expected, considerable deviations from Roman jurisprudence even in the *pays du droit écrit*.

add, a very vulgar error to suppose that the civil part of the Codes has only been found suited to a society so peculiarly constituted as that of France. With alterations and additions, mostly directed to the enlargement of the testamentary power on one side, and to the conservation of entails and primogeniture on the other, they have been admitted into countries whose social condition is as unlike that of France as is possible to conceive. A written jurisprudence, identical through five-sixths of its tenor, regulates at the present moment a community monarchical, and in some parts deeply feudalized, like Austria,* and a community dependent for its existence on commerce, like Holland—a society so near the pinnacle of civilization as France, and one as primitive and as little cultivated as that of Sicily and Southern Italy.

Undeniable and most remarkable as is this fact of the diffusion within half a century over nearly all Europe of a jurisprudence founded on the Civil Law of Rome, there are some minds, no doubt, to which it will lose much of its significance when they bethink themselves that in the ground thus gradually occupied, the French Codes have not had to compete directly with the Law of England. We can readily anticipate the observation, that against these conquests of a Romanized jurisprudence in Europe may be set off the appropriation of quite as large a field by the principles of our own system in America. There, it may be said, the English uncoded jurisprudence, with its conflict of Law and Equity, and every other characteristic anomaly, is steadily gathering within its influence populations already counted by millions, and already distinguished by as high a social activity as the most progressive communities of Continental Europe. It is not the object of this Essay to disparage the English law, and still less its suitability to Anglo-Saxon societies; but it is only honest to say that the comparison just suggested does not quite give at present the results expected from it. During many years after the severance of the United States from the mother-country, the new States successively formed out of the unoccupied territory of the Federation did all of them assume as the standard of decision for the Courts in cases not provided for by legislation, either the Common law of England, or the Common law as transformed by early New England statutes into something closely resembling the Custom of London. But this adherence to a single model ceased about 1825. The

* The Code of Austria was commenced under Joseph II., but not completed till 1810. The portions of it which were framed after the appearance of the French Code, follow them in everything except some minor peculiarities of expression.

State of Louisiana, for a considerable period after it had passed under the dominion of the United States, observed a set of civil rules strangely compounded of English case-law, French code-law, and Spanish usages. The consolidation of this mass of incongruous jurisprudence was determined upon, and after more than one unsuccessful experiment, it was confided to the first legal genius of modern times—Mr. Livingston. Almost unassisted,* he produced the Code of Louisiana, of all republications of Roman law the one which appears to us the clearest, the fullest, the most philosophical, and the best adapted to the exigences of modern society. Now it is this code, and not the Common law of England, which the newest American States are taking for the substratum of their laws. The diffusion of the Code of Louisiana does, in fact, exactly keep step with the extension of the territory of the Federation. And, moreover, it is producing sensible effects on the older American States. But for its success and popularity, we should not probably have had the advantage of watching the greatest experiment which has ever been tried on English jurisprudence—the still-proceeding codification and consolidation of the entire law of New York.

The Roman law is, therefore, fast becoming the *lingua franca* of universal jurisprudence; and even now its study, imperfectly as the present state of English feeling will permit it to be prosecuted, may nevertheless be fairly expected to familiarize the English lawyer with the technicalities which pervade, and the jural conceptions which underlie, the legal systems of nearly all Europe and of a great part of America. If these propositions are true, it seems scarcely necessary to carry further the advocacy of the improvements in legal education which are here contended for. The idle labour which the most dexterous practitioner is compelled to bestow on the simplest questions of foreign law is the measure of the usefulness of the knowledge which would be conferred by an Institutional course of Roman jurisprudence.

In the minds of many Englishmen, there is a decided, though vague, association between the study of Roman law and the vehemently controverted topic of Codification. The fact that the two subjects are thus associated, renders it desirable that we should endeavour to show what, in our view, is their real bearing upon each other; but, before the attempt

* Mr. Livingston, as is well known, was the sole author of the Criminal Code. In the composition of the Civil Code, he was associated with MM. Derbigny and Morolisset; but the most important chapters, including all those on Contract, are entirely from his pen.

is made, it is worth while remarking that this term 'Codification,' modern as it is, has already undergone that degradation of meaning which seems in ambush for all English words that lie on the border-land between legal and popular phraseology, and has contracted an important ambiguity. Both those who affirm and those who deny the expediency of codifying the English law, visibly speak of Codification in two different senses. In the first place, they employ the word as synonymous with the conversion of Unwritten into Written Law. The difference between this meaning and another which will be noticed presently, may best be illustrated by pointing to the two Codes of Rome—the one which began and the one which terminated her jurisprudence—the Twelve Tables and the *Corpus Juris* of Justinian. At the dawn of legal history, the knowledge of the Customs or Observances of each community was universally lodged with a privileged order; with an Aristocracy, a Caste, or a Sacerdotal Corporation. So long as the law was confined to their breasts, it was true Unwritten Law; and it became Written Law when the juristical oligarchy was compelled to part with its exclusive information, and when the rules of civil life, put into written characters and exposed to public view, became accessible to the entire society. The Twelve Tables, the Laws of Draco, and to some extent of Solon, and the earliest Hindoo Code, were therefore products of Codification in this first sense of the word. There is no doubt, too, that the English Judges and the Parliaments of the *Pays Coutumiers* in France long claimed, and were long considered, to be depositaries of a body of law which was not entirely revealed to the lay-public. But this theory, whether it had or had not a foundation in fact, gradually crumbled away, and at length we find it clearly, though not always willingly, acknowledged that the Legislature has the exclusive privilege of declaring to be law that which is not written as law in previous positive enactments, or in books and records of authority. Thenceforward, the old ideas on the subject of the judicial office were replaced by the assumption, on which the whole administration of justice in England is still founded, that *all* the law is declared, but that the Judges have alone the power of indicating with absolute certainty in what part of it particular rules are to be found. For at least two centuries before the Revolution, the French *Droit Coutumier*, though still conventionally opposed to the *Droit Écrit*, or Roman Law, had itself become *written* law; nobody pretended to look for it elsewhere than in Royal Ordinances, or in the *Livres de Coutumes*, or in the tomes of the Feudists. So, again, it is not denied by anybody in England, and certainly not by the

English Judges, that every possible proposition of English jurisprudence may be found, in some form or other, in some chapter of the *Statutes at Large*, or in some page of one of the eight hundred volumes of our Law Reports. English Law is therefore Written Law; and it is also Codified Law, if the conversion of unwritten into written law is Codification. Codification is, however, plainly used in another sense, flowing from the association of the word with the great experiment of Justinian. When Justinian ascended the throne, the Roman law had been written for centuries, and the undertaking of the Emperor and his advisers was to give orderly arrangement to this written law—to deliver it from obscurity, uncertainty, and inconsistency—to clear it of irrelevancies and unnecessary repetitions—to reduce its bulk, to popularize its study, and to facilitate its application. The attempt, successful or not, gives a second meaning to Codification. The word signifies the conversion of Written into *well* Written law; and in this sense English jurisprudence is certainly not Codified, for, whatever be its intrinsic merits, it is loosely and lengthily written, and its *Corpus Juris* is a Law Library. Yet surely Codification, taken in this second acceptation, indicates one of the highest and worthiest objects of human endeavour. It is always difficult to know what requires to be proved in England; but it appears tolerably obvious, that if law be written at all, it is desirable that it should be clearly, tersely, and accurately written. The true question is, not whether Codification be itself a good thing, but whether there is power enough in the country to overcome the difficulties which impede its accomplishment. Can any body of men be collected which shall join accurate knowledge of the existing law to a complete command of legislative expression and an intimate familiarity with the principles of legal classification? If not, the argument for a Codification of English law is greatly weakened. Few will deny that badly-expressed law, thoroughly understood and dexterously manipulated, is better than badly-expressed law of which the knowledge is still to seek. And, indeed, when it does not seem yet conceded that we can produce a good statute, it appears premature to ask for a Code.

It cannot be pretended that knowledge of the Roman law would by itself enable Englishmen to cope with the difficulties of Codification. Yet it is certain that the study of Roman law, as ancillary to the systematic cultivation of legal and legislative expression, would arm the lawyer with new capacities for the task; and we may almost assert, having regard to the small success of Bentham's experiments on English legal phraseology, that Codification will never become practi-

cable in England without some help from that wonderful terminology which is, as it were, the Short-hand of jurisprudence. Still larger would be the sphere of Roman law if all obstacles were overcome, and a Code of English law were actually prepared. It is not uncommonly urged by the antagonists of Codification, that Codified law has some inherent tendency to produce glosses, or, as they sometimes put it, that Codes always become *overlaid* with commentaries and interpretative cases. If the learned persons who entertain this opinion, instead of arguing from the half-understood statistics of foreign systems, would look to their own experience, they would see that their position is either trivial or paradoxical. If by Codified law they merely mean *written* law, they need not go far from home to establish their point; for the English law, which is as much written law as the Code of Louisiana, throws off in each year about fifteen hundred authoritative judgments, and about fifty volumes of unauthoritative commentary. On the other hand, if Codified law is used by these critics to signify law as clearly and harmoniously expressed as human skill can make it, their assertion draws with it the monstrous consequence that a well-drawn Statute produces more glosses than one which is ill drawn, so that the Act for the Abolition of Fines and Recoveries ought to have produced more cases than the Thellusson Act. The truth which lies at the bottom of these cavils is probably this—that no attainable skill applied to a Code can wholly prevent the extension of law by judicial interpretation. Bentham thought otherwise, and it is well known that in several Codes the appeal to mere adjudicated cases is expressly interdicted. But the process by which the application of legal rules to actual occurrences enlarges and modifies the system to which they belong, is so subtle and so insensible, that it proceeds even against the will of the interpreters of the law; and, indeed, the assumption made directly or indirectly in every Code, that the principles which it supplies are equal to the solution of every possible question, appears to carry necessarily with it some power of creating what Bentham would have called Judge-made law. There are means, however, by which this judicial legislation may be reduced to a minimum. A Code, like a Statute, narrows the office of the judicial expositor in proportion to the skill shown in penning it. Some use, though very sparing* use, is made of cases in the interpretation of French law; but the Code of Louisiana, which was framed by persons who had many advantages over

* The exact extent to which cases are employed will be easily seen on opening the Commentary of M. Troplong.

the authors of the Code Napoleon, has been scarcely at all modified by cases, though the practitioners of an American State have, as might be expected, no prejudice against them. Yet the surest preservative of all against over-reliance on adjudged precedents, and the best mitigation of imperfections in a Code of English Law, would be something of the peculiar tact which is extraordinarily developed in the Roman juriconsults. We have already spoken of the instruction given by the Civil law in the interpretation and manipulation of express written rules. It may even be affirmed that the study of Roman jurisprudence is itself an education in those particular exercises.

Apart, however, from these litigated questions, attention may be called to the tacit Codification (the word being always taken in its second sense) which is constantly proceeding in our law. Every time the result of a number of cases is expressed in a formula, and that formula becomes so stamped with authority—whether the authority of individual learning or of long-continued usage—that the Courts grow disinclined to allow its terms to be revised on a mere appeal to the precedents upon which it originally rested, then, under such circumstances, there is, *pro tanto*, a Codification. Many hundred, indeed many thousand, dicta of Judges—not a few propositions elicited by writers of approved treatises, such as the well-known books on *Vendors and Purchasers*, and on *Powers*—are only distinguishable in name from the texts of a Code; and, much as the current language of the legal profession may conceal it, an acute observer may discover that the process of, as it were, stereotyping certain legal rules is at this moment proceeding with unusual rapidity, and is, indeed, one of the chief agencies which save us from being altogether overwhelmed by the enormous growth of our case-law. In the manipulation of texts thus arrived at, there is room for those instrumentalities which the Roman law has been described as supplying—although doubtless the chance, which is never quite wanting, of the rule being modified or changed on a review of the precedents, is likely to prevent the free use of canons of interpretation which assume the fixity of the proposition to be interpreted. No such risk of modification impends, however, over the Statute-law; and surely the state of this department of our jurisprudence, coupled with the facts of its vastness and its ever-increasing importance, make the reform of our legal education a matter of the most pressing and immediate urgency. It is now almost a commonplace among us, that English lawyers, though matchless in their familiar field of case-law, are quite unequal to grapple with

express enactments ; but the profession speaks of the imperfection with levity and without shame, because the fault is supposed to lie with the Legislature. Unquestionably our legislation does occasionally fall short of the highest standard in respect of lucidity, terseness, and orderly arrangement ; but even though the admission be true in all its tenor, it appears merely to shift the reproach a single step, for nobody doubts that our statutes are framed by lawyers, and are, in the long run, the fruit of whatever capacity for orderly disposition and whatever power of comprehensive expression are to be found among the Bar. The Statute-book is no credit to the Legislature ; but it is, at the same time, the *opprobrium jurisperitorum*. Not, indeed, that its condition is attributable to individual framers of statutes, who frequently work marvels, considering the circumstances in which they are placed. It may, with much greater justice, be explained by the special mental habits of the English Bar in general ; and it is, in fact, one of the many consequences of forgetting the great truth, that to secure the consistency and cohesion of a body of law, a uniform system of legal education is as necessary as a common understanding among the Judges, or a free interchange of precedents among the Courts.

Before, however, we try to establish the proposition just hazarded, it may be as well to notice the argument which attributes all the imperfections of the Statute-law to the procedure of Parliament. It is urged that insufficient care is bestowed on the selection of draftsmen, so that the results of the highest skill and labour are discredited by juxtaposition with the work of inferior hands. The grand source of mischief is, however, affirmed to be the practice of introducing Amendments into Bills during their passage through the Houses ; so that the unity of language and conception which pervaded the original production is completely broken through, and the measure is interpolated with clauses penned in ignorance of the particular technical objects which the first draftsman had in view. For remedy of this palpable evil, many schemes have been proposed ; and a good authority has suggested the creation of a board of official draftsmen, which should revise the draft of every proposed measure before it is submitted to Parliament, and to which every Bill, with its amendments, should, at some stage of the subsequent proceedings, be referred, in order that the changes accepted by the House should be harmonized with the general texture of the enactment. The advantages of such an institution, for all technical purposes, are not to be questioned ; but the plan seems one little likely to be adopted, as being signally at conflict with the current

sentiments of Englishmen. It interferes in appearance with the liberty of Parliament, and there is no doubt that, in reality, it is a much more formidable institution than its projectors imagine. In order that its objects should be completely realized, it would be probably necessary to arm this board with all the powers which, under the French Constitution of 1848, were confided to the Council of State; and the admission must in honesty be made, that the Council of State has always practically fettered the activity of French legislatures, and has uniformly gained in dignity and power at the expense of constitutional freedom. Far be it from us to deny that by a carefully-elaborated mechanism all these risks might be avoided; but an improvement likely at best to be opposed by such strong prepossessions, might well be postponed, if a simpler remedy can be discovered.

The truth is, that both the difficulty of drafting Statutes and the confusion caused by amending them are infinitely greater than they need be, and infinitely greater than they would be if English practitioners were subjected to any system of legal education in which proper attention was paid to the dialect of legislation and law. This branch of study may be described, though the comparison cannot from the nature of the case be taken strictly, as having for its object to bring all language, for legal purposes, to the condition of algebraic symbols, and therefore to produce uniformity of method in its employment, and identity of inference in its interpretation. In practice, of course, nothing more than an approximation to these results could be obtained; but it is likely that a general educational machinery, even though comparatively inefficient, would add materially to the extent and importance of that portion of legislative phraseology which is common stock. As matters stand, each draftsman of statutes is absolutely separated from his colleagues. Each works on his own basis, in some cases with consummate skill and knowledge, in occasional instances with very little either of the one or the other. Each forms his own legislative dialect, and even frames the dictionary by which the public and the Courts are to interpret it. The greatest possible varieties of style, visible even to a layman, do, in fact, show themselves in the later volumes of the Statute-book; and in the drafting of some of the most important Statutes passed quite recently, it is plain that two distinct models have been followed, one of them involving the use of extremely technical, the other of excessively popular language. The effect of Amendments on Bills which are drawn under such circumstances is quite disastrous; and if the confusion which they create is not immediately detected by a non-

legal eye, it is only from inadequate appreciation of the value which at once attaches to the separate words and phrases of legislative enactments when subjected to judicial scrutiny. The interpolations are not merely like touches by an inferior artist in the painting of a master. They are not simply blemishes which offend taste, and which require a connoisseur to discover them. They are far more like a new language, a new character, and a new vein of thought, suddenly occurring in a document or inscription, which has to be deciphered exclusively by the means of information which it furnishes itself to the interpreter.

The mischiefs arising from the Amendment of Bills are much aggravated by the peculiar canons of interpretation which the insulation of draftsmen forces upon our tribunals. The English law was always distinguished from other systems, and particularly from the Roman law, by the scantiness of its apparatus of rules for construing Statute-law as a whole. In proportion, however, to the growing variety of style and arrangement in Acts of Parliament, the availableness of the existing rules has progressively diminished, and timidity in applying them has insensibly increased, until at length Bench, Bar, and Commentators have pretty well acquiesced in the practice of looking exclusively to the particular Statute which may be under consideration for the means of interpreting it—of refusing, as it is sometimes phrased, to travel out of the four corners of the Act. Of all the anomalies which disfigure or adorn the Law of England, this is not the one which would least astonish the foreign jurist. English lawyers, however, have lost all sense of its unnaturalness, and it really seems inevitable, so long as the different chapters of the Statute-book are connected by no relation except of subject. Unfortunately, it reacts upon the draftsman, and adds very materially to his difficulties and responsibilities. It forces him not only to set out all the bearings of the legal innovation which he means to introduce, but to disclose the very elements of the legislative dialect in which he intends to declare them. It imposes on him a verbose prolixity which seriously increases his liability to misconstruction, and involves him in a labyrinthine complexity of detail which renders his work peculiarly susceptible of injury by amendments and alterations. The vastness of their contents has been repeatedly pointed out as the characteristic vice of English Statutes. No doubt, this is partially caused by the marked tendency of our legislation to deal not so much with principles as with applications of principles, the authors of enactments endeavouring to anticipate all the possible results of a fundamental rule, with the

view of limiting or enlarging them, but scarcely ever risking the attempt to modify and shape anew the fundamental rule itself. But the great cause is certainly that which has been indicated, in the want of a common fund of technical legislative expression, and in the methods of judicial construction which are entailed upon us by this *lacuna* in our law. Every English Act of Parliament is, in fact, forced to carry on its back an enormous mass of matter which, under a better system, would be produced as it is wanted from the permanent storehouse of jurisprudence; and it is to this necessity that the frequent miscarriages of our Statute-law ought to be attributed, quite as much as to defects in the mechanism of legislation.

There are many persons who will be sufficiently attracted to the study of Roman Law by the promise which it holds out of helping to enrich our language with a new store of Legal and Legislative Expression; of contributing to clear up the obscurity which surrounds the fundamental conceptions of all jurisprudence; of throwing light, by the illustrative parallels which it affords, on many of the principles peculiar to English law; and lastly, of enabling us, by the observation of its own progress, to learn something of the course of development which every body of legal rules is destined to follow. To such minds many of the remarks offered in this Essay have been less addressed than to those who are likely to be affected by the common aspersion on these studies, that they are not of any practical value. It is to be hoped that future generations will not judge the present by its employment of the word 'practical.' This solitary term, as has been truly enough remarked, serves a large number of persons as a substitute for all patient and steady thought; and, at all events, instead of meaning that which is useful, as opposed to that which is useless, it constantly signifies that of which the use is grossly and immediately palpable, as distinguished from that of which the usefulness can only be discerned after attention and exertion, and must at first be chiefly believed on the faith of authority. Now, certainly, if by mastering the elements of Roman Law we gain the key to International Law, public and private, and to the Civil Law of nearly all Europe, and of a large part of America—if, further, we are put in a fair way to acquire a dexterity in interpreting express rules which no other exercise can confer—the uses of this study must be allowed not to lie very remote from the pursuits of even the most servile practitioner; but still the vulgar notions concerning practical usefulness make it necessary to give the warning that the aids furnished by Roman law are not, for

the most part, instantly available. It is not difficult to perceive that the comparative credit into which Roman jurisprudence is rising is constantly tempting persons to appeal to its resources who are not properly prepared to employ them. Except where the English lawyer is gifted with extraordinary tact, it is exceedingly dangerous for him to open the *Corpus Juris*, and endeavour, by the aid of the knowledge of Latinity common in this country, to pick out a case on all-fours with his own, or a rule germane to the point before him. The Roman law is a system of rules rigorously adjusted to principles, and of cases illustrating those rules; and unless the practitioner can guide himself by the clue of principle, he will almost infallibly imagine parallels where they have no existence, and as certainly miss them when they are there. No one, in short, should read his Digest without having mastered his Institutes. When, however, the fundamental conceptions of Roman law are thoroughly realized, the rest is mastered with surprising facility—with an ease, indeed, which makes the study, to one habituated to the enormous difficulty of English law, little more than child's play.

Whatever be the common impressions on the point, there are singular facilities in England for the cultivation of Roman law. We already prosecute with as much energy as any community in the world the studies which lead up to this one, and the studies to which this one ought to be introductory. Between classical literature and English law, the place is made for the Roman jurisprudence. It would effectually bridge over that strange intellectual gulf which separates the habits of thought which are laboriously created at our Schools and Universities from the habits of thought which are necessarily produced by preparation for the Bar—a chasm which, say what we will, costs the legal profession some of the finest faculties of the minds which do surmount it, and the whole strength of the perhaps not inferior intellects which never succeed in getting across. In England, too, we should have the immense advantage of studying the pure classical Roman law, apart from the load of adventitious speculation with which it has got entangled during its contact with the successive stages of modern thought. Neither custom nor opinion would oblige us, as they oblige the jurists of many other countries, to embarrass ourselves with the solution of questions engrafted on the true Roman jurisprudence by the scholasticism of its first modern doctors, by the philosophical theories of its next expositors, and by the pedantry of its latest interpreters. Apart from these gratuitous additions, it is not a difficult study, and the way is cleared for it. Nothing would seem to remain

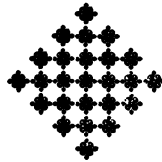
except to demonstrate its value ; and here, no doubt, is the difficulty. The unrivalled excellence of the Roman law is often dogmatically asserted, and, for that very reason perhaps, is often superciliously disbelieved ; but, in point of fact, there are very few phenomena which are capable of so much elucidation, if not explanation. The proficiency of a given community in jurisprudence depends, in the long run, on the same conditions as its progress in any other line of inquiry ; and the chief of these are the proportion of the national intellect devoted to it, and the length of time during which it is so devoted. Now, a combination of all the causes, direct and indirect, which contribute to the advancing and perfecting of a science, continued to operate on the jurisprudence of Rome through the entire space between the Twelve Tables and the reform of Justinian,—and that not irregularly or at intervals, but in steadily increasing force and constantly augmenting number. We should reflect that the earliest intellectual exercise to which a young nation devotes itself is the study of its laws. The first step in mental progress is to generalize, and the concerns of everyday life are the first to press for comprehension within general rules and inflexible formulas. The popularity of the pursuit on which all the energies of the young commonwealth are bent is, at the outset, unbounded ; but it ceases in time. The monopoly of mind by law is broken down. The crowd at the morning audience of the great Roman jurisconsult lessens. The students are counted by hundreds instead of thousands in the English Inns of Court. Art, Literature, Science, and Politics claim their share of the national intellect ; and the practice of jurisprudence is confined within the circle of a profession never, indeed, limited or insignificant, but attracted as much by the rewards as by the intrinsic recommendations of their science. This succession of changes exhibited itself even more strikingly at Rome than in England. To the close of the Republic, the law was the sole field for all ability except the special talent of a capacity for generalship. But a new stage of intellectual progress began with the Augustan age, as it did with our own Elizabethan era. We all know what were its achievements in poetry and prose ; but there are some indications, it should be remarked, that, besides its efflorescence in ornamental literature, it was on the eve of throwing out new aptitudes for conquest in physical science. Here, however, is the point at which the history of mind in the Roman State ceases to be parallel to the routes which mental progress has since then pursued. The brief span of Roman literature, strictly so called, was suddenly closed under a variety of influences, which,

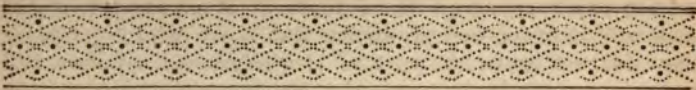
though they may partially be traced, it would be improper in this place to analyse. Ancient intellect was forcibly thrust back into its old courses, and law again became no less exclusively the proper sphere for talent than it had been in the days when the Romans despised philosophy and poetry as the toys of a childish race. Of what nature were the external inducements which, during the Imperial period, tended to draw a man of inherent capacity to the pursuits of the jurisconsult, may best be understood by considering the option which was practically before him in his choice of a profession. He might become a teacher of rhetoric, a commander of frontier-posts, or a professional writer of panegyrics. The only other walk of active life which was open to him was the practice of the law. Through *that* lay the approach to wealth, to fame, to office, to the council-chamber of the monarch—it may be to the very throne itself.

The stoppage of literary production at Rome is sometimes spoken of as if it argued a decay of Roman intellect, and therefore a decline in the mental energies of the civilized world. But there seems to be no ground for such an assumption. Many reasons may be assigned for the phenomenon in question; but none of them can be said to imply any degeneration of those faculties which, but for intervening impediments, might have been absorbed by art, science, or literature. All modern knowledge and all modern invention are founded on some disjointed fragments of Greek philosophy, but the Romans of the Empire had the whole edifice of that philosophy at their disposal. The triumphs of modern intellect have been accomplished in spite of the barriers of separate nationalities; but the Roman Empire soon became homogeneous, and Rome, the centre towards which the flower of the provincial youth drew together, became the depository of all the available talent in the world. On these considerations, it would seem that progress of some kind or other, at least equal to our own, might have been expected *à priori*; and indeed, whatever we may think of *results*, it seems both presumptuous and contrary to analogy, to affirm that *capacities* were smaller in the reign of the Antonines than in the reign of James the First. And if this be so, we know the labour on which these capacities exhausted themselves. The English law has always enjoyed even more than its fair share of the disposable ability of the country; but what would it have been if, besides Coke, Somers, Hardwicke, and Mansfield, it had counted Locke, Newton, and the whole strength of Bacon—nay, even Milton and Dryden—among its chiefest luminaries? It would be idle, of course, to affect to

find the exact counterparts of these great names among the masters of Roman jurisprudence; but those who have penetrated deepest into the spirit of the Ulpians, Papinians, and Pauluses are ready to assert that in the productions of the Roman lawyers they discover all the grand qualities which we identify with one or another in the list of distinguished Englishmen. They see the same force and elegance of expression, the same rectitude of moral view, the same immunity from prejudice, the same sound and masculine sense, the same sensibility to analogies, the same keen observation, the same nice analysis of generals, the same vast sweep of comprehension over particulars. If this be delusion, it can only be exposed by going step by step over the ground which these writers have traversed. All the antecedent probabilities are in favour of their assertion, however audacious it may appear. Unless we are prepared to believe that for five or six centuries the world's collective intellect was smitten with a paralysis which never visited it before or since, we are driven to admit that the Roman jurisprudence may be all which its least cautious encomiasts have ventured to pronounce it, and that the language of conventional panegyric may even fall short of the unvarnished truth.

H. J. S. M.





ON ENGLISH ETHNOGRAPHY.

MEN, whether as individuals or as communities, are naturally prone to speculations respecting their own origin. We all like to know whence we came; and when we cannot acquiesce in some satisfactory tradition respecting our lineage, we are disposed to fall back on the inexhaustible stores of fancy, and to invent a genealogy, on the same principle as when the *parvenu* borrows or fabricates a coat of arms. A facetious man of the world once stated, as the record of his experience, that very few of his wealthy friends in the country had had grandfathers. It was a relationship which they utterly ignored. Among the Romans, a man, of whom grand-sonship could not be predicated, was dubbed a *terre filius*, 'a son of earth;' and the proud patricians, who appealed to the endless *stemmata* connecting the statues in their vestibules, could not imagine a more opprobrious designation. But it is remarkable that nations, as such, take a different view of the matter. To be *autochthons*, or aborigines sprung from the soil, was the favourite boast of the ancient Athenians, and Thucydides enters into a prefatory discussion of the reasons which made Attica free from those changes of inhabitants so remarkable in other parts of Greece. Such an idea respecting themselves only proved, however, that the Athenians were the most mixed of all the Hellenic nations. The accessions of population, which their historian attributes to their previous freedom from emigration, and to their consequent prosperity, were only more recent examples of what had been going on from the fabulous times, when a Phrygian Ceres taught them the cultivation of the fields,—when a Phœnician Neptune or Minerva introduced navigation and the culture of the olive,—when an Egyptian Cecrops laid the first foundation of civic polity, and a Theseus imported from Crete the traditions of a great lawgiver. The Athenians could not, like the Spartans, point to the historical establishment and still

manifest phenomena of an aristocracy of conquest, but their national arrangements presumed the fact. There cannot be any doubt that the *Geleontes*, or priests, belonged to the conquered Pelasgians, and the *Hopletes*, or warriors, who occupy the second place, were the representatives of a conquering Hellenic tribe, the relations between the two being precisely those which we observe to exist in India, where the *Brahmins*, or priests, of the older and more civilized race, stand before the *Kshatriyas*, or warriors of the conquering tribe from the Punjab,—in ancient Persia, where the Magi were allowed to retain their rank with its influence and immunities, because their intellectual position was higher than that of the Achæmenidæ of the conquering class,—and in modern France, where the clergy of the conquered Roman province ranked before the warriors of Clovis; for while the *antrustion*, or first order of the Franks, was protected from personal violence by a price of six hundred pieces of gold, the ordinary priest was estimated at the same value; the bishop was rated at nine hundred pieces; and even a sub-deacon was considered equivalent to an ordinary Frank. With these and other analogies, we cannot doubt that the Athenians were a mixed race, composed of less civilized conquerors settled among a more cultivated and peaceful people, whom they had vanquished and subdued. And when the people of Attica, like those *nouveaux riches* of the country neighbourhood who would not own to a grandfather, declined to account for the manner in which they came into their estate, we can only refer this to the vanity which will not look back to the origin of its pride. The Romans, on a similar principle, having a distinct persuasion that the asylum of the Palatine was not a very creditable cradle for so great a community, invented for themselves a pedigree from the heroes of captured Troy, and forgot the fortuitous gathering of brigands and vagabonds on the borders of the Tiber in the imaginary glories of Æneas and Iulus.

In England we have never attempted to conceal the fact that we are a mixed population, or to disguise the humiliating reality, that we have been repeatedly attacked and subjugated, by any inventions of a lofty and heroic origin. We are willing to own that our greatness, which occupies so prominent a place in universal history, sprang from very small beginnings, and that this world-ruling island was invaded and conquered by successive swarms of Saxons, Danes, and Normans. So far are we from being ashamed of these elements in our composite structure, that we are proud of them, and the only difficulty is to reconcile the counter-claims of the different tribes which have contributed to make up this great nation.

Some would assert that we owe our most characteristic qualifications to the ancient Britons, who formed the primary basis of the race. Others refer all to the merits of the warlike and adventurous Saxons. With the former Arthur, with the second Alfred, is the Theseus of ancient England. Then, again, Mr. Worsaae, and, after him, Mr. Ferguson, are determined to see Danes and Norwegians everywhere, and to find our greatest glories reflected in Scandinavian names. We, too, have a feeling on this subject, and we propose, in the following pages, to show, by a general and popular investigation of the question, that the names of England and Englishmen, which we have adopted for our country and ourselves, are ethnographically accurate, as descriptions of that particular branch of the human family from which we derive the most important part of our population, the most distinctive features of our national character, and the chief materials of our mother tongue. It may seem to some that this promises to be a mere *crambe repetita*—the serving up afresh of trite and hackneyed details. But no subject can be regarded as old when it furnishes the groundwork for new and instructive combinations, and no department of information is exhausted so long as it supplies fuel for research and controversy. It is true that we shall have to deal with facts sufficiently familiar to the majority of our readers; but if the results, though the same as those which are generally accepted by historians, are attained by a process of inquiry which tends to illustrate some questions of present value or archæological interest, we shall not have undertaken a superfluous review of British ethnography.

With regard to the broad and general features of the question, there are no grounds for doubt or difficulty. The languages spoken in this island sufficiently attest the fact that our population includes Celts as well as Germans; and the area occupied by these two races, respectively, is in accordance with the consistent traditions that the original British tribes were of the Celtic race, and that they were invaded and subdued, or dispossessed, in the southern and eastern parts of the island by successive invasions of Teutonic tribes. Our difficulty commences when we begin to discriminate between the two branches of the Celtic stock, who are still distinguished by dialectical or more than dialectical varieties of language, which make them unintelligible to one another, and when we endeavour to ascertain which was the older branch, and how it found its way into Great Britain. And it is still an open question which of the Teutonic tribes has contributed most largely to form the characteristics of our mixed people, and what are its continental affinities.

To begin with the Celtic difficulty,—It is asked what is the origin of the Gaels, who occupy Ireland, Scotland, and the Isle of Man? and how are we to account for their geographical position, as distinct from that of the British tribes who still speak Cymric in Wales, as they used to do in Cornwall also? Three theories are put forward in answer to this question: the first is that of Humphrey Lhuyd—That the Gaels were the primitive inhabitants of the whole island, and were driven north and west by an invasion of Cymric Celts from Gaul, just as these last were subsequently invaded and dispossessed by the Teutonic tribes; the second is—That which makes the Cymric tribes the aboriginal inhabitants, and imports the Gaelic element from Ireland; the third is—That which derives the Fenic or Irish tribes from the Gaels of Scotland, and supposes that these last came directly from the north of Europe. That the Gaelic is the older language, or, at any rate, an older state of the language, is shown by characteristics similar to those which distinguish the Sanscrit from the Zend, and the Latin from the Greek—such, for example, as the degeneracy of our initial *s* into *h* in the Cymric branch; thus in Sanscrit, Latin, and Gaelic we have *svar*, *sol*, *saul*; but in Zend, Greek, and Welsh we have *hvarə*, *ἥλιος*, *heol*. The position also occupied by the Cymric and Gaelic tribes respectively is inconsistent with the supposition that the latter invaded the former. Retrogressions of the Celtic tribes are well known in the historical ages, but this is very different from the assumption that the Gaelic race found its way into Ireland before it became acquainted with Great Britain—that it contrived to round the Land's End, or John o' Groat's House, without making the larger and intervening island its resting-place on the way. If, then, we must choose one of the three theories mentioned above, our choice would lie between the first and the third; the second, at all events, we must discard, at once. In order to see whether we can acquiesce in either of the other two, or whether we have some better hypothesis for the explanation of the facts, we must turn to those traditions which some ethnographers affect to despise, but which we regard as one of the four necessary elements in an inquiry like this. Whenever we have to explain how a nation speaking a particular language came to be placed in a particular locality, we must content ourselves with the four following criteria:—the philological investigation of the language; the prevailing ethnical, geographical, and personal names of the race; the historical traditions, if there are any; and the physical geography of the country. In the case of an island like our own, the last of these is not very available.

The first is already a settled point, for it is known that the Gaelic is the oldest form of the Celtic dialects. It only remains that we should take the other two; and, beginning with a criticism of the ethnic traditions of the British Celts, we shall combine with this the evidence supplied by the durable records of ethnical and local names.

According to the *Welsh Triads*, the island of *Prydain*, or Britain—whether that is, as Mr. Burton says, ‘the land of tin,’ or whatever else the name may have signified,—was divided into three parts—*Albyn*, which lay to the north of the Clyde and the Forth, *Lloegria*, which lay to the east and south, and *Cambria*, which comprised the intervening districts to the north and west of the Lloegrians.* All these are assumed to be aboriginal and Celtic, and the same authority tells us† that three invading tribes permanently settled among these native inhabitants. ‘The first were the *Coranians* or *Coriniadd*, who came from the country of Pwyl; the second were the Irish *Picts*, who came to Albyn by the North Sea; the third were the *Saxons*. The *Coranians* are settled about the river Humber and the shores of the German Ocean; and the Irish *Picts* are in Albyn, about the shore of the Sea of Denmark. The *Coranians* and *Saxons* united, and by violence and conquest brought the Lloegrians into confederacy with them, and subsequently took the crown of the monarchy from the tribe of the *Cambrians*. And there remained none of the Lloegrians that did not become *Saxons*, except those that are found in Cornwall, and in the Commot of Carnoban, in Deira, and Bernicia (Yorkshire and Durham).’ This statement is as distinct as possible, and we have no doubt that it is substantially accurate. We shall make it the text of the commentary which follows.

Assuming that the aborigines of Albyn corresponded to the Gaelic tribes who now inhabit the Highlands of Scotland, our attention is first directed to the distinct tribes of Lloegrians and *Cambrians*, who inhabited all the districts to the south of the Scottish Firths. And here we come at once to a parallelism which has not been noticed by any of the writers on British ethnography. It is expressly stated by ancient authorities that the original inhabitants of Umbria in Italy were a Gallic or Celtic race. And we can scarcely deny their affinity to the contiguous Celtic tribe of the Ligurians. For we are told that *Ambrones* or *Umbrians* was another name for the *Ligydes* or *Ligurians*, who in Greece were called *Leleges*. Now we cannot fail to see the connexion between the name of the *Ambrones*

* *Welsh Triads*, No. 2.

† *Ibid.*, 7, 22, &c.

or *Umbrians* and that of the Italian river *Umbro*. And all Englishmen know that the district of *North-Umbria* in England got its name from the *Ymbra-land* through which the river *Humber* flows. Moreover, *Humber* and *Umbro* connect themselves with the Gaelic *amhainn* or *amhna*, 'a river;' and supposing that the words *Cambrian*, *Cumbrian*, *Cymru* (which the Welsh divide as *Cy-bru*, *Cym-bru*, or *Cyn-bru*), *Cimbri*, *Cimmerii* bear the same relation to the words *Humber*, *Umbro*, &c., that *cubi* does to *ubi*, the Sanscrit *kāmayāmi* to the Latin *amo*, the Phœnician *Channibal* to the Greek Ἀντίβασις, the genuine *Hetruria* to the classical *Etruria*, &c., we shall conclude that the Celtic tribe, so designated, derived its name from some great river on which they were settled, and to which they gave the name *Humber* or *Cumber*. We shall come to a similar conclusion about the name *Ligurian*. The great river of the north of France is the *Loire* or *Liger*, i.e. *lig-er*, 'the great river,' so called, just as the Arabs in Spain called the 'great river' of Andalusia the *Guadalquivir*, i.e. *Wādi-al-Kabir*. The smaller river *Lech*, in the originally Celtic district of Bavaria, probably contains the same root, which is found with the usual Celtic reduplication in *Leleges*, and without this in *Ligydes*. Now the great river in southern France is the *Garonne*, *Garumna*, which combines the Gaelic *gar*, found also in *Garry*, *Garry-owen*, &c., with the other word *amhainn*, *amhna*, *Umbro*. And as the *Lloegrians*, or Britons of the south and east, are identified with the Gauls of northern France, we arrive, with some confidence, at the following general conclusion. The older branch of this stock was the *Cumbrian*, which in Britain, according to the *Triads*, claimed the sovereignty 'by the voice of the country and the people, according to right and primeval rank.' This branch, in pre-historical times, occupied an area extending from the isles of Britain to the east coast of Italy, and were intruded upon by the kindred race of *Leleges*, *Ligydes*, *Ligurians*, *Ligerians*, or *Lloegrians*, who established their line of occupation from the *Humber-land* of England across France to the Alps, the Tyrol, and the seaboard of Genoa, and who also found their way to the southern regions of Italy and Greece, probably by the western coast of the former peninsula. This is of course a speculation, or conjecture, but it is supported by the broad facts that we have *Ligurians* by the side of *Umbrians* in Italy, *Ligerians* to the north of *Gar-umnians* or *Gar-umbrians* in France, and *Cumbrians* or *Cambrians* by the side of *Lloegrians* in Britain. If this supposition is admitted, it will follow that the Gaelic tribes of Albion were the same race as the *Cumbrians*, considered as distinct from the *Lloegrians*,

and that the present differences observable in the dialects are due to the fact that the Lloegrians gradually absorbed the entire population to the south of the Clyde and Forth, and that their dialect became the paramount idiom in the whole country, just as the Teutonic idioms subsequently overpowered the Lloegrian British in all the provinces except Cumberland, Wales, and Cornwall.

We now come to the invading, or intrusive tribes, which effected a permanent settlement in the country. And first of these are mentioned the Coranians or Coriniadd, settled about the river Humber, on the original border-land of the Celtic Cumbrians and Lloegrians. If it is a correct inference that the *Ratae Corion* or *Coritanorum* of the *Itinerary* is Leicester, this tribe must have extended their settlements considerably inland. It is stated that they came from *Pwyl*, that is, *Poland*, 'the plains,' occupied in early times by a mixture of Slavonic and Teutonic tribes; and whether or not we are to discern traces of their name in those of the *Caritni* and *Charudes*, it cannot be doubted that they were more or less German, and that they came from a district conterminous to that which subsequently supplied the swarms of Saxons and Angles.

Whatever opinion may be entertained respecting the Coranians, it seems demonstrable that the Picts were not, as Dr. Jamieson supposed, and as Dr. Latham does not altogether deny,* a branch of the Teutonic race, but that they were a Celtic tribe, nearly allied to the Welsh, united to the Scots by a common love of predatory warfare, and distinguished from them as the Cymric is always distinguished from the Gaelic, as perhaps the Lloegrian was originally distinguished from the Cymric, by a difference of language or dialect. This has been proved by the late Mr. Garnett,† one of the soundest and most original philologists whom this or any other country has produced. He has appealed to the fact that the names of the Pictish kings are not Gaelic, but may be explained from the Welsh. He has urged that the Pictish name for the eastern end of the Vallum of Antoninus was *Pen Val* or *Penn-fahel*, which is good Welsh for 'the head of the inclosure,' whereas the Gaelic name for the same spot was *Cen-ail*, i.e. *Cean-fhail*, 'the head of the wall,' the *f* being quiescent as in *Ath-ole*, from *Ath-fothlan*. Farther, he has mentioned that the Irish missionary, St. Columba, was obliged to employ an interpreter in preaching to the northern Picts. Finally, he has shown

* *Ethnology of the British Islands*, pp. 229, 256.

† 'On the Probable Relation of the Picts and the Gael with the other Tribes of Great Britain.'—*Proceedings of the Philological Society*, No. 11.

that the local names in the Pictish territory are all Cymric rather than Gaelic. For example, in the Pictish district, the estuaries are called by the Cymric name *Aber*, which has in some cases been subsequently translated into the Gaelic *Inver*. Thus, *Inverin* was formerly *Aberin*, and *Invernethy* was previously *Abernethy*. And it is a fact that *Inver* is the only Gaelic term in this sense, and that there is not a single local name beginning with *Aber* in Ireland, in the Hebrides, or on the west coast of Scotland. Another familiar example of the Cymric affinities of the Picts is furnished by the appearance of the Welsh *uchel*, 'high,' instead of the Gaelic *uasal* in the Pictish district. Thus we have the *Ochil* Hills in Perthshire, and *Ochiltree*, 'the high hamlet or dwelling,' in Ayrshire. From these indications it seems perfectly clear that the Picts were a Cymric race, and, therefore, that they did not come from Ireland. The most reasonable conjecture is, that they made their incursions into Scotland from the western borderland of the Cymric and Lloegrian tribes, and that they there came into contact with piratical rovers from Ireland, the Scots, who sometimes made common cause with them in harrying and plundering their kindred, the Gaels of Albyn.

Although it seems impossible to arrive at anything like certainty in regard to the Celtic aborigines of these islands,—although all that we can do is to derive a probable theory from the traditions of our ancestors, combined with the inductions of comparative philology, it cannot be denied that these materials furnish us with a very satisfactory explanation of the phenomena. The main difficulty will always be to establish the relation which the Gaelic bear to the Cymric tribes. Our hypothesis, that the former were anterior to the latter, or at least to the Lloegrians, who displaced them, finds many incidental confirmations. For example, the supposition that the Umbrians of Italy were Gaelic, rather than Welsh, is confirmed by the fact that the Latin words which exhibit marks of an old Celtic affinity are generally nearer to the former dialect. Professor Newman has given the following list in his little book entitled *Regal Rome*:—

Latin.	Gaelic.	English.
arma	airm	arms
telum	tailm	weapon
galea	galia	helmet
sagitta	saighead	arrow
lorica	luireach	coat of mail
spolia	spuill	spoils
monile	fail-muineil	necklace
cuspis	cusp	point
quiris	coir	spear

Important inferences might also be derived from the fact, to which we have elsewhere called attention, that the Umbrian accusative plural ends in $f = v$, and as the original form must have been $ms = mh$, this is a Celtic articulation, for in Celtic mh and bh are regularly changed into f . It is also worthy of remark, that while the word *petorritum*—the Gallic name for a four-wheeled cart, which the Romans derived from their neighbours in the north—connects itself with the Welsh *pedwar*, 'four,' their own *quatuor* comes much nearer to the Gaelic *ceithir*. A special question is raised by the fact that, while both the Gaelic and the Welsh vocabularies have many terms connected with the corresponding words in the Slavonic dialects,* the Gaelic alone seems to have incorporated, among its oldest and most necessary words, many terms which are manifestly Teutonic, or at least found in Teutonic dialects.† One of the words thus common to the German and Gaelic leads to a most singular confusion, if we do not accept the distinction which has been suggested. The Gaelic 'tongue' is *teanga*, but the Welsh is *tafod*. Now, Tacitus informs us,‡ that those of the Germans who first crossed the Rhine and expelled the Gauls, and who were in his time known as the *Tungri*, were then and there called *Germans*, and that the name spread, by Roman imposition and national acceptance, from tribe to tribe. From this we may fairly infer that *Tungri* was the Teutonic, and *Germani* the Gallic name of these invaders, who settled in the district now known by the name of the cities *Tongres*, *Liège*, *Spa*, and *Maestricht*, where Julius Cæsar's lieutenants, Cotta and Sabinus, suffered a disaster so completely analogous to the destruction of Elphinstone's brigade in Affghanisthan. But the name *Tungri* is clearly connected with our word 'tongue,' and the old High-German *zungar*; so that the *Tungri* called themselves 'the distinct talkers,' just as the Slavonic *Jazyges* derived their name from *jazik* 'the tongue,' and implied by it that they were not unintelligible barbarians, like those whom they invaded and subdued. If, however, the northern Celtic tribes, with whom the Germans thus came in contact, had been Gaelic instead of Lloegrian, this very designation, which distinguished the Germans as such, would have been equally applicable, or nearly so, to the Celts, to whom they opposed themselves. The verbal analogies between the Gael and the German are much too primitive to be accounted for by any later contact. They not only belong to the oldest and most necessary words, but they are found in districts such as Connaught, where there is

* Garnett, *Proceedings of the Philol. Soc.*, No. 13.

† *Ibid.*, No. 11.

‡ *Germ.*, c. iii.

the least possible chance of such an admixture of races. Moreover, they are not confined to nouns or appellative words. There are instances in which German affixes or pronominal terms find their explanation only in Gaelic. Thus, the affix *nas* or *nis* is common to the Gaelic and German, as in *fiadh-nis*, 'wit-ness,' and means 'state,' or 'condition,' in Irish, though it has no independent meaning in the Teutonic languages. So, too, the Irish *sealbh*, 'property,' or 'possession,' *sealbhach*, 'selfish,' explain the German *selber*, 'self.' Such words must have belonged to a time when the two idioms were dialects of one and the same language. Taking this fact in connexion with the evidences of greater antiquity furnished by the existence of cases and other phenomena in Gaelic, as distinguished from Welsh, we are disposed to fall back on the conjecture which we hazarded many years ago, and to suppose that the Gael and the High-German occupied the same or contiguous positions in the western part of Irán, and that early contact with the Finnish and Sarmatian tribes, with whom the Gaels were mingled in the extremities of Europe, have made those differences in the structure of the Gaelic language, which, as Mr. Garnett has said, have rendered it 'perhaps the most difficult problem in philology' to determine its exact place in the Indo-Germanic family. If we failed ever so much in arriving at a positive conclusion with regard to the continental affinities of the Gaelic tribes, we should be obliged to insist on the negative proposition that the British Gael did not, as an entirety, come from Ireland. That there were Irish rovers, called Scots, who joined themselves with the Picts in ravaging Caledonia, and effected settlements to the north of the latter, is probable enough, and is attested by Bede. But that there were Gaels in Britain originally is clear. Rivers bearing the name *Exe*, *Axe*, *Ouse*—apparently the Gaelic *Uisge*—are found in very different parts of England, to say nothing of the general inference derivable from the name of the *Humber*. And that the Gaels in Scotland and Ireland were originally settled in those different countries is shown by nothing more clearly than by the fact that they give different Gaelic names to the mountains which formed such a conspicuous object in both countries. The usual Gaelic name for a mountain is *Sliabh*, or *Beinn*, or *Cruach*; the Welsh term being *Mynydd* or *Mynydd uchel*. But while the greater elevations in Ireland are called *Slieve* (*Sliabh*) or *Croagh* (*cruach*), to the exclusion of the name *Beinn*, there is not a mountain in Scotland which is not also a *Ben*. Now, if the Irish Scots had given names to the mountains, it seems inconceivable that they should not have called them by one of the names which they used in their own country. If, on the other hand, the names were derived

from Welsh aborigines, it is inconceivable that they should not have been called by the Welsh name *Mynydd*. As, then, the Scottish mountains bear a name which is Gaelic, but not the usual Irish, it is a fair inference that the Gaels were at home in the Highlands of Scotland.

Before we come to the consideration of the Germanic tribes who effected a permanent settlement in this island, we must make a few observations on the intrusive elements which were either expelled or absorbed. The *Triads* speak of 'Scandinavians who were driven back, at the end of the third age, over the sea, into Germany; of the troops of Ganval, the Irishman, who came into North Wales, and was driven into the sea by Caswallen, the son of Beli; and of the Cæsarians or Romans.' That the Scandinavians, who afterwards colonized entirely the Orkney and Shetland Isles, and who gave to the northern part of Scotland its present name *Sutherland* or 'Southern land'—*i. e.*, in reference to their own previous settlements in the Shetland and Orkney Isles,—that these adventurous northmen may have made earlier attempts to settle themselves in Britain, is in itself extremely probable. That the Irish Scots, who succeeded in intruding themselves on their Caledonian brethren, may have tried the same experiment on the Cymric British, is not at all unlikely. And that the Romans were for a long time settled in this island, is as well known as any fact in Roman history. Although these last withdrew their armies under the pressure of the Gothic and Hunnish invasions, it is clear that they did not displace the numerous colonists whom they had established in this country. The officials may have followed in the train of the retiring legions, but the landed proprietors, farmers, tradesmen, lawyers, and clergy—in all probability connected more or less by birth or marriage with the native Britons,—must have remained behind to manage their estates, to bring up their families, and to carry on their professional avocations. That the Latin language was not established in Britain as it was in Gaul, is a fact established by the most striking and satisfactory evidence. If Latin had ever been the language of the ancient Britons, as it was of the ancient Gauls, it must have become the exponent of that civilization which the Romans introduced into the diocese of Britain no less than into the province of Gaul. It must have connected itself with all the business and religion of the country, and, if so, would not have given place to the Teutonic idiom of barbarous invaders. We see from the case of France, what must have been the result. Not only the Teutonic Goths and Franks, but also the Scandinavian Normans, were fain to adopt the language which they found

still spoken by the subjects of Honorius and Valentinian. In England, on the contrary, there was no imperial idiom to assert its supremacy; and even in the districts where the Anglo-Saxon has not entirely superseded the old British tongue, we find only a Celtic idiom very slightly infected with Latin. Mr. Davies, in an interesting paper which he has recently contributed to the Philological Society of London,* has called attention to the Celtic words still imbedded in the spoken language of the country, which prove that the Anglo-Saxons found the useful arts fully established among the Romanized Britons whom they conquered, but that the language which described them was not Roman, but British. 'It is certain,' he says, 'from the concurrent testimony of the Welsh records, and of the words belonging to this race still spoken in the county of Lancashire, that they were not altogether rude barbarians, but were moderately well skilled in the arts of life. A race that can forge iron and build a water-mill has taken at least the first step in civilization.' And, of course, if this appears in the case of the remote county of Lancashire, the same must have been more obvious in the more southern districts, where the Roman settlers were found in greater numbers. The monuments of Roman luxury which have been discovered in different parts of the country—villas, baths with their hypocausts, elaborate places of sepulture, &c., all show that Britain had become Roman in civilization, though, from the reasons which have been adduced, we know that it did not become, like Gaul, Roman in language also.

We have now to inquire who were the Saxons and Angles, and what was their position on the continent of Europe when they first began to plant settlements in England. It has been already mentioned that the earliest Teutonic settlers in this island were the Coranians (*Coriniadd*, *Caritni*, or *Coritani*), and that, in the *Welsh Triads*, they are said to have come to the Humber from the land of *Pwyl*; and it has been suggested that the explanation of this name may be sought in that of *Poland*, so called, in its native Sclavonian, because it consists in a great expanse of plains or fields, which in the language of the country are called *pola*. This would presume, of course, that Sclavonic tribes had found their way to the coasts of the German Ocean; and there is no doubt that in early times the Germanic and Sclavonic elements were greatly mixed in the districts now appropriated by the former race.

* 'On the Races of Lancashire, as indicated by the Local Names and the Dialect of the County.' *Proceedings of the Philol. Soc.*, 1855, No. 13.

The great chieftains, *Alaric* the Goth, and *Genseric* the Vandal, bear names quite as Teutonic as *Frederic*. Why a great warrior was called *Genseric* or *Gander-rich*, it might be difficult to discover; but if any one feels disposed to smile at such a title, he may correct the impression by recollecting that names of birds are not always imposed on the principles suggested by our modern associations. We have plenty of great names in all ages borrowed from ornithology. *Attila's* chief opponent was called *Aëtius* 'the aquiline'; this is also the signification of the Russian *Orloff*, the name of the plenipotentiary at Paris; *Woronzow*, whose name is now familiar to most of us, means 'raven-like'; and we have a similar cognomen in the case of *Valerius* and *Matthæus Corvinus*, and, with a nearer approximation to the name of *Genseric*, while one of our greatest admirals was called *Drake*, a lesser star in our naval history was a *Duckworth*. But if the Vandal king bore a German name, there must have been Germans among the Vandals. In fact, the name *Wend*, *Vindil*, or *Vandal*, always denotes a Slavonic tribe conterminous to some tribe of Low-German origin, and it is imposed not by the Slavonians, but by their German neighbours, who find in the border-tribe a *wend-point* or *end-point* of their own territory. Now, *Pliny* expressly mentions a tribe called *Carini* among the *Vindili* and *Guttones* 'the Vandals and Goths,'—that is, the half-German and half-Slavonic tribes who inhabited the north-east of Germany. If we suppose that these tribes, at an earlier period, stretched as far westward as *Holstein* and the mouth of the *Elbe*, we shall assign the first Teutonic or quasi-Teutonic settlers in England to the district which sent forth the swarms of Saxon and Anglian intruders in the fifth century. There is a curious fact which seems to record this oscillation or identity between the tribes to the east and west of *Holstein*. *Tacitus*,* mentioning together the Teutonic *Angli* and the Slavonic *Varni* or *Varini*, characterizes them as worshipping mother earth in a sacred island, and it has been well suggested by *Dr. Latham*† that there were two sacred islands instead of one, *Heligoland* being the resort of the *Angli*, and *Rügen* of the *Varini*. But the community of practice seems to show either that the same race, with the same or a similar religion, extended from *Stralsund* to *Hamburg*, or that there was an oscillation in the western frontier of this mixed population.

Be this as it may, it is clear that the Saxons and the

* *Germ.*, c. xl.

† *Epilegomena to the Germany of Tacitus*, p. cix.

Angles, who invaded and conquered England in the fifth and sixth centuries, were inhabitants of the country which stretches from Holstein and the mouth of the Elbe to the borders of the Frankish league. In fact, as the neighbours of the Franks to the south were a league called the *Alemanni*—i. e., *Pamphylians*—so their neighbours to the east were another collection of tribes, who called themselves by the much more ancient name of *Saxons*. In order to understand who they were we must glance, however briefly, at the first beginnings of Teutonic ethnography.

Tacitus, with a sort of prophetic anticipation of the important part which the Germans were destined to play in the subsequent destinies of Rome, thought it necessary to append to his *Book of Histories* the fullest and most accurate account that he could collect of the formidable tribes then known by this name. With plenty of misconceptions in its details, this treatise is the earliest and most valuable groundwork of all inquiries like that in which we are now engaged. And nothing can be more true than the threefold division of the German race, which he gives us, as is usual with the ancients, in the form of a mythological genealogy. These three great branches or families of tribes he designates as the *Iscevones*, *Ingævones*, and *Herminones*. The change in the form of the name shows that the first two—the men of the *Isk-gau* and *Ing-gau*, respectively—were generally different from the *Hermänner*, or ‘army-men.’ And this, from the position of the tribes, we know to have been the case. For these divisions generally correspond to the Franks, Saxons, and Thuringians of a later age; and while the first two are more or less Low-German, the last is the representative of the pure High-Germans of the south and east. Corresponding, generally, to the Saxon confederacy, the *Ingævones* or *Ing-gau* men find their name in that of the *Angli*, one of the tribes of which the confederacy was composed; and it is remarkable, that though we use *a* or *e* in writing our name as *Angles* or *English*, we keep the pronunciation of Tacitus, and speak of our country—the *Angle-land* or *Eng-land*—as *England*; thus reproducing the old *Ing-gau* of the opposite coast.* This previous inquiry, then, would show us that, as general terms, *Saxon* and *Angle* may be regarded as equivalent. We shall see, however, that as special designations, in reference to the successive stages in the colonization of this island, there are marked distinctions between them; and these we shall proceed to investigate.

* In the Runic inscriptions the name of this country is written *Ingland* or *Igland*.

And, first, with regard to the *Saxons*. Those who have not studied the ethnography of Europe, must be cautioned to distinguish between the ancient and original value of this name and its modern acceptation. By Saxons we now understand, the inhabitants of the Upper Elbe and of the districts to the south of the Hartz mountains, a branch of the purest High-German stock, who did not assume the Saxon name till the year 1423; so that Prince Albert, as *Duke of Saxe*, has merely a relationship of name and marriage with the late *Duke of Sussex*, although both this English county and Saxe Coburg are, in different senses, lands of the South Saxons. The old Saxons of the coast were the original representatives of the Low-German stock, and stood, in this respect, in direct opposition to the Suabians and Bavarians of southern Germany. It is a remarkable circumstance, that, although the name *Saxon* was unknown to Strabo, Pliny, and Tacitus, and was not mentioned by any ancient writer before Ptolemy, it was brought by the Low-Germans from their cradle in Asia. It seems to us that we must maintain the old opinion that the name *Saxon* involves that of the ancient *Sacæ* of Bokhara, a name as general as that of Scythian; that, in fact, it is the compound *Saca-sunu*, 'sons of the Sacæ,' and so points to the origin of the race not less distinctly than the old Slavonic name *Sauro-mata*, or 'northern Mede.' It has, indeed, been supposed that the Saxons got their name from their characteristic weapon, a sort of short sword, which was called the *saks* or *saxa*; but the case of the Franks leads to the converse inference, that the weapon got its name from the people who used it; for the battle-axe of the *Franks* was called a *franka* or *frankiska*, and we know that the term *frank* or *vrank*, 'fierce,' was a designation of the people themselves. Besides, the oldest Saxon description of the national weapon was conveyed by the words *heru*, A. S. *heoro*, and *suerd*, A. S. *sveord*; one of the Saxon tribes was called the *Cheruskans*, from the first of these words; another was termed the *Sverdone*s, from the second; and another was known generally as the *Dolgibini*, or 'wounders,' from *dolg*, 'a wound,' and *gibian*, 'to give.' Now, these names, or at least the two former, would hardly have been bestowed on the separate tribes, if the whole stock had been known as 'the short-sword-men.' That the Low-Germans of the north were eminently martial and extremely formidable to their enemies—veritable 'swordsmen' and 'wound-infieters,'—is shown by the history of their dealings with the Romans. It was the Saxon chief *Arminius* or *Irman*, belonging immediately to the Cheruscan tribe, who, in the year 9 A.D., destroyed Varus and his legions, and so inflicted on the Roman army the most disastrous defeat it ever

sustained in Germany; and the might of the emperors was long taxed to wipe out this blot on their military honour. It was not, however, till the Romans had long ceased to trouble themselves with the rude nations of northern Germany, that the Saxons appear to have distinguished themselves by that nautical enterprise which was their chief characteristic in the fifth century, and without which they could not have borne their part in the Teutonic colonization of this island. That they had been sea-rovers for some time previously is shown by their settlements in Neustria before the invasion of Gaul by the Huns. In the fourth century, they are classed with the Franks, as the most warlike of the Teutonic nations. From Eutropius we learn that, in the latter part of the fifth century, Carausius undertook to pacify the sea which the Franks and Saxons infested. Julian speaks of the Franks and Saxons as the most formidable of those who dwelt beyond the Rhine along the western sea. Ammian says that the Franks and Saxons plundered Gaul by land and by sea—probably the former by land, and the latter by sea. There was a *littus Saxonicum* in *Belgica Secunda*, as well as in Britain, and in Neustria there was a *pagus Otlinga Saxonia*—that is, a settlement of Saxon *Edilinge*, *Adalingæ*, *Athelings*, or nobles. Thus extensively diffused along the north coast of Europe, and thus active in their maritime adventures, the Saxons were certain to make an attempt on the coasts of England sooner or later, and when the Romans withdrew from Britain, it did not need any invitation from Vortigern to induce them to seek this new field of pillage and conquest. From the Frankish shores of Neustria, and from the chilly land of the Frieslanders, so graphically described as the *Chauci*, or ‘Quakers,’ to the *embouchures* of the Weser and the Elbe, the sea was alive with piratical galleys of the Low-Germans, and, at corresponding points of the English coast, their parties disembarked, at first for plunder, and afterwards for permanent occupation of the country.

We have thus far spoken of the Teutonic conquerors of England by the general name of Saxons. But it is highly important, with a view to our present object, that we should distinguish between the western branch of the invaders, who colonized the southern parts of England, and the more eastern tribes, to whom we owe the name of the whole country and language, and the population of all the eastern, northern, and midland counties. Along the line of coast occupied by the Saxon tribes, there were gradual transitions from one shade of population to the next in ethnical succession. The Saxons, or Frisians—for in that part of the country they were convertible terms,—in the Low Countries, where they were

more or less mixed up with the Franks, had more or less of High-German ingredients in their composition; in other words, they were more or less *Iscaevones* or *Isk*-men; to the north-east of the Rhine they became distinctively *Ingaevones*, or *Angles*; and as they approached the Baltic, they became more and more *Jutes* or *Goths*—that is, Low-Germans, somewhat Sclavonized. It is generally stated that the first German settlers, who came at the invitation of Vortigern, and established themselves in Kent, were *Jutes*—that is, Goths from the Baltic. This is, in the first place, contrary to the natural supposition that the invaders would make for the corresponding, that is, the nearest, part of the opposite coast—that which was directly before them. Again, Bede, who tells us that the Angles inhabited the country between the Saxons and the Jutes, on the mainland of Europe, tells us also that the Angles occupied the northern part of England; so that it would have been still more remarkable if the Jutes had gone to the south both of the Saxons and the Angles, crossing, as it were, their line of voyage. Again, the Jutes, who are said to have settled in Kent, referred the foundation of their kingdom there to a mythical *Æsc* or *Isk*, thus connecting themselves with the *Iscaevones* of Friesland. From all this we are disposed to infer that the Jutes, who first came to England, if the first Teutonic settlers really belonged to this stock, were no other than the *Corinniad*, or *Coranians*, who appear to have belonged to the Jutic or Gothic stock, and that this invasion of Jutes was long anterior to the series of invasions in the fifth century. In fact, the first Teutonic invasion has been confused with the beginning of that series of invasions which is now under consideration. There is the strongest reason for believing that the Anglo-Saxon conquest of England was primarily effected by two great branches of the Saxon race—the western branch, who occupied the coasts of the Frankish confederacy, and were called specially the *Frisians*; and the eastern branch, who occupied the coasts of Bremen, Hanover, and Holstein, and were called specially the *Angles*. This two-fold division of the invaders is shown by the mythical names of the two sea-kings who brought over the first detachment. And here let us impress upon ourselves the distinct assurance that there is no more of simple fact in the pretty story about the British King and his fair Rowena, and his two Saxon guests, than there is in the well-known description of Vortigern's attire:—

A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandson won.

The names *Hengist* and *Horsa* are two synonyms; one signifies 'a horse' in the High-German, which furnished many terms to the Frisians of the Frankish coast; the other is the Anglian, or Low-German, name for the same animal. That *hengst* or *hingst* is the special Frisian term for a horse is shown by the old Frisian song quoted by Dr. Latham:*

*Jū nöödhicht hōm en sin Hingst in
Dōd di Hingst Haaver und Peter wūn.
'She forced him and his horse in,
Gave the horse oats and Peter wine.'*

And that *horsa* is specially the Anglian name for the same animal, as distinguished from the other German forms *hros* and *ross*, is clear enough from our own mother tongue.

The white horse was the ensign of the invaders; the Frisians called it their *Hengist*, and the Anglians their *Horsa*. Now, this deduction from the mythical tale is directly confirmed by the available history. Procopius says that there were three classes of the inhabitants of Britain in his time—that is, in the first half of the sixth century—namely, the Britons, or natives, and the Anglians and Frisians who conquered it. And that, of these, Hengist belonged to the Frisians—that is, to the Saxons of the Batavian coast—is shown by the traditions of the Frieslanders and the Dutch. Thus Maerlaut, a Dutch or Flemish poet of the thirteenth century, says,—

*Een hiet Engistus, een Vriese, een Sas,
Die uten lande verdreven was.
'A Saxon or Frisian, who Hengist hight,
From out of this land was banished quite.'*

Here we see that Saxon and Frisian are synonymous designations for an inhabitant of Holland or Flanders; the old lines quoted by Verstegan tell us that the country to the north of Nimeguen was called Lower Saxony—

*Oude boeken hoorde ic gewagen,
Dat al hit lant beneden Nuemagen
Wylen neder Sassen hiet.*

and we learn from another old line:—

*Die neder Sassen hieten nu Vriesen.
'The Lower Saxons are now called Frisians.'*

That the Frisian name extended far to the east of its present limits is well known; but wherever it ended, there the Anglian name begins, and there we find the cradle of the Anglians, as distinguished from the Saxons, who colonized this island.

* *Ethnology of the British Islands*, p. 180.

We do not need any fable to tell us how the conquest of England was gradually effected by the two branches of the Saxon race, who are represented by the names of Hengist and Horsa, and whom we may term the Friso-Saxons and the Anglo-Saxons. The old Welsh annals give us a very full account of the matter.

When the Romans left Britain at the beginning of the fifth century, the leading tribe in this island was the Cambrian, which claimed, among other sovereign rights, the privilege of appointing the Pendragon, or commander-in-chief. It was this tribe alone which strenuously and perseveringly resisted the German invaders; and the great Cambrian hero, Arthur, or Uthyr Pendragon, has taken a place in English fiction not inferior to that of the worthies whose deeds are sung by Boiardo and Ariosto. As might have been expected, the *Jutic* tribe of the *Coriniadd*, or *Coranians* at once joined the invaders. Even the Celtic tribes were divided among themselves. And the *Welsh Triads* tell us that the whole brunt of the struggle fell upon the Cambrians, who, after sustaining immense losses in battle, were driven into Cumberland, Wales, and Cornwall, and the remainder of the old British race was either reduced to slavery or incorporated in different proportions with the intrusive population. 'In this manner,' says the Welsh writer, 'the primitive tribe of the Cambrians, who preserved both their country and their language, lost the sovereignty of the isle of Britain on account of the treachery of the refuge-seeking tribes and the pillage of the invading Saxons.' In the fifteenth *Triad* we are told that the Cæsarians, or descendants of the Roman colonists joined the Coranians and Saxons in their successful attempt to wrest the sovereignty from the Cambrians; and special traitors among the Cambrians themselves are stigmatized—as, for example, Gwrgi Garwlwyd, who went over with all his forces to Edelfled, King of the Saxons; Medrod, or Mordred, who joined the Saxons in order to establish his claims against those of Arthur, 'in consequence of which treachery,' says the *Triad*, 'many of the Lloegrians became as Saxons;' and Aeddan, 'the traitor of the north, who, with his men, made submission to the power of the Saxons, that they might be able to support themselves by confusion and pillage under the Saxon protection.'

Thus divided among themselves, and forsaken or betrayed by their Roman conquerors and colonists, the British tribes naturally succumbed to the warlike vigour of the Teutonic invaders, who swarmed to England in vast hosts, and were continually recruited from the opposite coasts. The three ships which are assigned to the first expedition of Hengist

and Horsa are not more historical than the three ships which brought the Goths from Sweden to Germany. As those three ships are stated, even in the legend quoted by Iornandes, to have corresponded to the three main divisions of the Goths—namely, the Ostrogoths, Visigoths, and Gepidæ,—so it is plain that the three ships of Hengist and Horsa indicated the three divisions of the invaders—namely, the Frisians, or old Saxons, the Angles, and, perhaps, the Jutes. Something to the same effect is implied in Geoffrey of Monmouth's statement that 300,000 Saxons obeyed the summons of Hengist. It is quite clear, that in this, as in other conquests, the tradition gives the first leader the credit of the whole success. For example, the settlement of the Angles in Northumberland, Berwick, and the Lothians, which took place under Ida just one hundred years after, is said to have been the result of the counsel which Hengist gave to Vortigern. We know that the Saxon conquest of this island was effected piecemeal and by slow degrees. It was, in fact, a gradual migration to this island of a large part of the population of Germany between Holstein and the Rhine; and in the time of Bede, the country from which the conquering intruders came was almost desolated in consequence of the numbers who had left their homes. We are still able to trace the successive stages of the Anglo-Saxon establishments in this country, and to give the dates of the different conquests.

1. The first invasion took place in 449, and its leaders established the Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Kent. If we believe the legend, this was a mixed invasion.

2. The second settlement was purely old Saxon, or Frisian. It took place in 477. The leader was Ella, and the kingdom established was that of Sussex, or the South Saxons.

3. The third settlement took place under Cerdic, in 495, who established in Hampshire and the Isle of Wight the Saxon kingdom of Wessex, or the West Saxons. This was ultimately the leading tribe.

4. The fourth settlement was the last of those which bore the Saxon name. The invaders established in Essex the kingdom of the East Saxons, in the year 530.

5. The fifth settlement was that of the Angles, who conquered Norfolk and Suffolk, and founded there the kingdom of East Anglia, at the time when Cerdic was establishing himself in Hampshire.

6. The sixth settlement was also Anglian. A tribe of the Angles, in 547, established themselves, under Ida, in the district between the Tweed and the Forth; and this was the last distinct invasion, and took place, as nearly as possible,

one hundred years after the first intrusion of Hengist and Horsa.

This enumeration of the six successive invasions of Britain by the Saxons and Angles, indicates only the parts of the coast on which they effected their first settlements. It was only by constant fighting that they forced their way inland, and effected the results which have left an indelible impression on the history of England. In the words of Gibbon, 'resistance became more languid as the number and boldness of the assailants continually increased. Winning their way by slow and painful efforts, the Saxons, the Angles, and their various confederates, advanced from the north, from the east, and from the south, till their victorious banners were united in the centre of the island.' The full consolidation of the Anglo-Saxon power in England is generally referred to the reign of the West Saxon Ecbert, who died in 836. By this time, the original invaders had fully occupied the whole county of Kent, where they were established with laws and customs peculiar to themselves. The second invasion had Saxonized the adjoining district of Sussex and part of Surrey. These, the first two invasions, were probably most resisted at the first, perhaps undertaken with the smallest means, and therefore did not produce such extensive results as those which followed. The third invasion, or Cerdic's, extended Saxondom from Hampshire to Wilts, part of Somerset, Dorset, and Gloucestershire, and to Surrey, Oxfordshire, Berkshire, and Bucks, thus constituting Wessex a very important kingdom. The fourth settlement extended the Saxon dominions from Essex to Middlesex, and part of Herts. The fifth introduced the Anglian domination into Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, and parts of Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire. But the most widely influential of all these settlements, was that of the Anglians under Ida, a settlement which, branching away to the north and west, furnished the Lowlands of Scotland with the basis of their Teutonic population, and which, extending itself southwards, gradually Anglicized Northumberland, Westmoreland, Cumberland, Durham, Lancashire, Cheshire, Yorkshire, Nottingham, and the other midland counties.

If any one will compare this general sketch with the map of England, he will see that, with the exception of the Britons in Cornwall, and of the Jutes in Kent, and probably in the Isle of Wight,* the south of England, including the counties on both banks of the Thames, was mainly Saxon; and that the whole of the northern, central, and eastern districts, were

* *Bede*, I., 15, and the *Saxon Chronicle* distinctly state this.

more or less Anglian. It is the design of the present essay to show that these broad distinctions between the two branches of the same Teutonic family have left a permanent influence on the country; that we have been, and are still, not only more Anglo-Saxon than we are Celtic or Danish or Norman, but even more Anglian than Saxon; that our national characteristics, and no small portion of our national eminence in literature, arts, commerce, and political freedom, are due to those of our German invaders who, coming in the largest numbers, occupied most permanently the widest and most important portions of the island; in a word, that we best describe ourselves when we call this country and the language on which the sun never sets, by the name of *England* and *English*, and so mark our affinity to the *Ingaevones* of ancient Germany.

And here we are met by counter-pretensions of precisely the same nature on behalf of the Danes, who followed the Anglians in most of the districts which they occupied. Mr. Worsaae,* as we have already mentioned, claims the main glories of England for the kindred of his own countrymen, and will hardly allow the Anglians or Saxons any share in those qualities which have made England so great. Throughout the whole of the Anglian district, properly so called, he finds influential settlements of the Danes; and the following extract will show how completely he substitutes the latter for the Angles in describing the distinctive characteristics of northern Englishmen:—

It deserves at least to be mentioned, as affording a remarkable analogy to Normandy, that England's most celebrated and successful admiral, Nelson, bore a genuine Scandinavian name (Nielsön, with the characteristic Scandinavian termination of *Son*, or *Sün*.) He was, besides, a native of one of the districts early colonized by the Danes, having been born in the town of Burnham-Thorpe, in Norfolk, or East Anglia. In fact, the perceptible difference of character still actually found between the people in the old Saxon South-England, and in the more northern old Danish districts, is very remarkable. The southern Englishman is softer and more compliant. The northern Englishman is of a firmness of character bordering on the hard and severe, and possesses an unusually strong feeling of freedom. The Yorkshireman is well known in England as a hasty and touchy, but determined and independent character. Great political movements have therefore not only found reception and encouragement among the population of the

* *An Account of the Danes and Norwegians in England, Scotland and Ireland.* By J. J. A. Worsaae, p. 177. Lond., 1852.

North of England ; but this population, from the interest it takes in the progress of public affairs, and from its love of freedom, has played a leading part in the great internal revolutions which mark the recent political history of England. Public men regard it as a great honour to represent the northern districts of England in Parliament (for instance, the West Riding of Yorkshire) merely from the intelligent political character of the voters ; and it is certainly through the adherence of the lovers of freedom in the North that Cobden has been able to struggle so successfully for the promotion of free trade, for financial reform, and for similar liberal measures.'

It is scarcely worth while to criticise this passage in detail, otherwise we might object to almost every one of Mr. Worsaae's particular instances. We will content ourselves with remarking, that although *Nelson* may have been a Scandinavian name, it might also be Frisian or Anglian, and that his mother was an undoubted Angle ; and though there may have been a Danish post at Burnham-Thorpe, a clergyman's living is not always, or even generally, his native place. Again, it is not the West, but the East Riding of Yorkshire which was specially Danish, and Mr. Cobden, the hero of the passage, was, we believe, a Sussex man, that is, a South Saxon ! But Mr. Worsaae, though a learned man and a most useful collector of information, shows in this book that his patriotism is greater than his judgment. For example, he thinks it worth while to inform us that his Scandinavian admiral, Lord Nelson, could not succeed in conquering the genuine Danes at Copenhagen. 'Nay,' he says,* 'it is certain that almost the whole of Nelson's fleet would have been destroyed, or taken, if the Crown Prince of Denmark—for fear of engaging in a lengthened war with England, and from other purely political reasons, as well as, it must be observed, at Nelson's own request—had not put a stop to the battle.' When a gentleman reads modern and recent history through spectacles so highly coloured, we may be pardoned for declining to accept him as a perfectly safe guide in ethnographic speculation ; and we will rather determine for ourselves the real nature of Danish influences on the destinies and character of Englishmen.

We first hear of a Danish invasion in the year 787 ; and by the middle of the ninth century, when Ecbert had established the supremacy of the kingdom of Wessex, they had begun to establish themselves in the North, and to carry their inroads into different parts of the country. In the reign of Alfred they were often predominant, and at the beginning of the

* Page 187.

eleventh century, their king, Canute, reigned at Winchester as King of England. Although the Saxon line was nominally restored by Edward the Confessor, who was the half-brother of his Danish predecessor, Hardicanute, the effects of Danish conquest were not removed, and the hard-fought battle of Stamford Bridge, in which Hareld, himself half a Dane, conquered the Danes called in by his brother Toste, so weakened the military power of England, that the Normans, who had settled in France about two hundred years previously, were enabled to establish themselves in this island as an aristocracy of conquest. These facts are sufficiently patent and notorious. No one denies that many bands of Northmen settled in Great Britain—directly from Norway, in Scotland; directly from Norway and Denmark, in North England; indirectly, that is, from France, though with many volunteers from the coasts of the German Ocean, in the southern counties. What we deny is, that these settlements—whatever were their political results—produced any considerable effect on the ethnical characteristics of the country. We deny that the Danes or Normans, though they sat on the throne, and ruled in the provinces by the power of the sword, ever introduced such an amount of population into this island as to qualify its language or oblige us to call the realm of England by the truer name, in that case, of Dane-land or Norman-land. We should be the last to question the conquering valour of the Scandinavian race. We believe that, at an age long anterior to any which appears in English history, they extended from the North Sea to the Adriatic, and that the mysterious Etruscans belonged to this branch of the Teutonic family. We are aware that they colonized Iceland, and that their characteristic designation of *Ros* is found in the modern names of Russia and Prussia. But neither their native Danish, nor the French which they brought from Normandy, has superseded the Anglian dialect which they found in this island; and it can be shown that in both cases—namely, both in the Danish invasions, which obtained their highest success when Canute was seated on the throne, and in the Norman domination, which was founded by William the Conqueror—the Scandinavian settlers were rather chieftains and soldiers despotically established in certain districts, than bodies of emigrants who affected the whole texture of the population.

To begin with the local names which still attest the nature and extent of these Danish settlements; it is a familiar fact, that the termination *-by*, especially when accompanied by a hard guttural instead of a palatal, is the general mark of the presence of Danes in a given locality. Thus, we should say

that *Carl-by* is genuine Danish, but *Charl-ton* as unmistakeably Saxon. And it is to be remarked that this affix distinguishes the Danes and Swedes from other Scandinavians. Consequently, as the names in *-by*, which are so common in England, are hardly, if ever, found in Scotland or Ireland, it is fairly inferred that, generally, the English Scandinavians were Danes only; that those who settled in Scotland or Ireland were Norwegians; and those who are found in Northumberland, Durham, and the Isle of Man, Danes or Norwegians, as the case may be. Taking this criterion of the towns in *-by*, we shall find that Danish settlements are scattered all over the district occupied by the Angles. They abound especially in Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, Derbyshire, the East and North Ridings of Yorkshire, in Durham, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Lancashire, Cheshire, and Caernarvon, and near the Yare in Norfolk. Dr. Latham has inferred that these places were generally small, 'from the extent to which the names are compounded of *-by* and a noun in the genitive case singular.' It does not follow that all of these places with Danish names were settlements of Danes. Some of them were conquered by the Danes and re-named by them; thus *Fris-by*, in Leicestershire, seems to indicate a settlement of Frisians, just as *Dan-by* denotes an establishment of Danes. Conversely, the Anglians gave this name to places where they found the Danes quartered. Thus *Dun-church*, close to *Rug-by*, gives us a place where the oscillating borderland of the Anglian and Danish settlers came in contact, a region, it seems, illustrated by the conquest of the *Dun-cow* (= *Dena-go* 'Danish district*'), by the Anglian champion, Guy of Warwick. Since, then, it appears that the Danish settlements are not found closely together, except at moderate distances from the sea, or along the courses of rivers,—since they are otherwise scattered up and down the country, and are generally derived from the name of some individual, we must conclude that they were rather the head-quarters of chieftains than the municipalities of a considerable number of colonists. And this would be our inference, even if it were perfectly certain that all places ending in *-by* were necessarily the settlements of Danes who invaded the country after the Anglians were established in it. But there still remains the probability that the Anglians and North Frieslanders may have derived this and many other terms from contact with their neighbours in the modern kingdom of Denmark.

It is a disputed point (says Mr. Davies)† whether the Scandi-

* Cf. *Ing-gau*, *Isk-gau*, above, p. 14.

† *Proc. of Phil. Soc.*, 1855, No. 13, p. 260.

navian or Danish element, which undoubtedly exists in our standard English, and more evidently in our dialects, is due to the Angles, that were joined with the Saxons in the earlier invasion of the country, or to the fierce Northmen who afterwards ravaged the country from the Thames to the Solway Frith. It would be erroneous to argue the question on the supposition that the Scandinavian languages were as distinctly separate from the Teutonic in the fifth century as they are now. Many words are found in the Old Friesic which have been retained only by the Icelandic or Old Norse, but these must have been common even in the ninth century to all the races that occupied the countries that lay between South Friesland and Norway.

With regard to Lancashire in particular (he adds) the Northmen were evidently unable to take possession of this part of the country (*i.e.* from Manchester to Todmorden, and from Kirkby to Balderstone); and yet there are many words spoken in the dialect of this part that belong now to the Danish language. If the number of these words were small, it might remain doubtful whether they had not been part of the common inheritance of all the races from the Ems or Weser to the Sound, but their number is such as to make it much more probable that this is properly a Danish element; and the facts already related make it almost certain that it had been imported by the Angles. There is also a Danish element in the Anglo-Saxon, as it has come down to us in writings of an early date, and this may confidently be ascribed to the same race.

But while there is good reason for the supposition that the names of towns in *-by*, and the many supposed Danish words, may have been Anglian also, we entirely miss in English any traces of the distinctive peculiarities of the Danish language. We do not find the article postfixed, there are great differences in the numerals, the substantive verb follows a different form in the plural, and the peculiar negative particle, *ikke*, is never used in this island. From this last circumstance alone, we feel convinced that the Danes exerted only a transitory and limited influence on the language and national characteristics of our ancestors.

The true description of the English language seems to be contained in the following statement. The main and essential part of our modern English is Anglo-Saxon; and it would still be possible to write whole pages of English without introducing any word of Celtic, Danish, Norman, Latin, or Greek origin, although all these languages have contributed, and the last two are still contributing, to swell our vocabulary. We have to consider, however, that while the bulk of the language is thus of Low-German origin, its state or condition is defined by the known ethnological facts, that the Anglo-Saxons permanently conquered, and to a certain extent incorporated

themselves with, the Celtic tribes whom they found in this island in the fifth and sixth centuries; and that they were themselves permanently conquered, in the eleventh century, by Normans who had learned to speak French. It has been already suggested, that many of the Scandinavian words found in English may be due to the original affinities of the Angles, North Frisians, and Holsatians. But in any case, the language of the Danes was too nearly allied to that of the Anglo-Saxons to produce any great change in the idiom of the country. And as we have seen that they did not permanently conquer large districts—as they were inferior in numbers and in civilization to the Anglo-Saxons—they necessarily adopted, even when they remained settled in any locality, the language of the surrounding country, just as the Franks did that of the Romanized Gauls, or the Normans that of the French. On the other hand, the Anglo-Saxon invaders of the fifth and sixth centuries were so numerous, that they either drove into the hill country the Celtic tribes, whether Cambrians or Lloegrians, who resisted their progress, or incorporated the remains of the race in their own population, either as slaves or subjects. Anglo-Saxon literature tells us that the Teutonic grammar of the invaders completely asserted itself, and that no fusion of races took place of such a kind as to interfere with the inflexions which marked the state or condition of the language. But although the remains of the Celtic tribes adopted, as a whole, the language of the German conquerors, they must, from the Roman civilization which flourished among them, have taught their ruder masters both the use and the names of many objects of civilization and refinement, and consequently introduced into Anglo-Saxon a considerable proportion of important and significant words, which we can still discriminate, if we take the necessary trouble, though they are generally overlooked and supposed to be pure Saxon. A long list of these words has been given by Mr. Garnett,* and the Celtic words in the dialect of Lancashire have been collected by Mr. Davies.† The latter writer enumerates some of the most interesting of the Celtic words still used as English in the following passage:‡—

The stoutest asserter of a pure Anglo-Saxon or Norman descent is convicted, by the language of his daily life, of belonging to a race that partakes largely of Celtic blood. If he calls for his *coat* (W. *cota*, Germ. *rock*), or tells of the *basket* of fish he has caught

* *Proc. of Phil. Soc.*, vol. i., pp. 171-176.

† *Trans. of Phil. Soc.*, 1855, No. 13, pp. 226, foll.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 211.

(W. *basged*, Germ. *korb*), or the *cart* he employs on his land (W. *cart* from *câr*, a dray or sledge, Germ. *wagen*), or of the *pranks* of his youth, or the *prancing* of his horse (W. *prank*, a trick, *prancio*, to frolick), or declares that he was *happy* when a *gownsmen* at Oxford (W. *hap*, future, chance, Germ. *glück*; W. *gun*, Ir. *gunna*), or that his servant is *pert* (W. *pert*, spruce, dapper, insolent), or, descending to the language of the vulgar, he affirms that such assertions are *balderdash*, and the claim a *sham*, (W. *baldorddus* idle prating; *siom*, from *shom*, a deceit, or sham), he is unconsciously maintaining the truth he would deny. Like the *M. Jourdain* of Molière, who had been talking prose all his life without knowing it, he has been speaking very good Celtic without any suspicion of the fact.

One of our Celtic words has come into use in a very singular, and, we might almost say, in a retributive manner. As we are not aware that this has been noticed, we will bestow a few words upon it. *Mollt* is still Welsh for 'a wether, or mutton.' The same word must have existed among the Gauls on the other side of the Channel, for we find that in mediæval Latin *multo* was 'a sheep.' Ménage quotes an old document in which we have '*deinde, multonem, urum, et porcum.*' And a particular gold coin with the *agnus Dei* impressed on it, was called *multo*—i.e., 'denier, ou florin, à l'aignel,' as Du Cange translates it. From this Latinized Celtic we get the French *mouton*, anciently *moulton*, and the Italian *montone*. From the French the Normans got the word, and imported it into England, with the result so well described by Wamba in *Ivanhoe*—namely, that when the *swine*, the *ox*, the *calf*, and, we may add, the *sheep*, required tending by Saxon serfs, they were called by Saxon names, but that when they passed into articles of enjoyment, they became Norman-French by the names *pork*, *beef*, *veal*, and *mutton*. It appears, however, that the last of these has avenged the Celts on their Anglo-Saxon conquerors, and only reasserted itself through the tyranny of the Normans. But while the language of the Britons has given us a great number of common words, without producing any effect on the structure of our idiom, which remained pure Anglo-Saxon until the invasion of the Normans in 1066, the effect of that invasion was not only to give us many French terms, but also gradually to break up the inflexions of the conquered language, and, to use a phraseology which we have recommended elsewhere, to introduce a syntactical instead of an etymological condition. With the exception of a genitive not always used, two forms of the plural, and a few verbal endings, we are reduced altogether to a system of expletives and auxiliaries, instead of the copious declensions and conjugations which were used by our ancestors. The result, in

fact, was much the same in England as it was in France, in regard to the language which the Normans adopted and introduced into this country. The Franks accepted the language of the Latinized inhabitants of Gaul, but obliged it to relinquish its machinery of cases and persons. The Normans at last condescended to use the spoken language of their Anglo-Saxon subjects; but while they imported into its materials a great number of Latin and French words—the terms of their religion, their law, their warfare, and their sports,—they so altered or abolished the inflexions that a learner of modern English is troubled with no accident except that of the irregular verbs. In the confusion which gradually took place, we had semi-Saxon from 1150 to 1250, old English from Henry III. to Richard II., middle English from the beginning of the fifteenth to the end of the sixteenth century, and modern English from the days of Shakspeare to our own time—four periods nearly corresponding to those of Early English, Decorated, Perpendicular, and miscellaneous architecture.

Starting with this description of the English language in general, we pass on to the particular question—How far did the language spoken in the northern and eastern districts, occupied by the Angles, differ from that spoken in the southern and western districts, occupied by the Saxons? And, independently of any peculiarities which may have distinguished the Anglian, as such, from the Saxon, it is to be remarked that the former was, on the whole, more saturated than the latter with Celtic terms, and less completely influenced by the effects of Norman conquest. This may be explained from the history of the two conquests which made the Anglo-Saxons and Normans successively lords of this country.

With regard to the former, it is to be remarked, that as the different tribes of invaders pressed inland, they gradually advanced the border-territory of each state until they came to a point of convergence. Hence the centre of England was called the *Myrcna*—‘the Marches,’ or border-land,—and in 626 became the kingdom of Mercia, bounded on the west and north-west by British territories, on the north and east by Anglian settlements, and on the south by Saxon kingdoms. It was mainly and formally Anglian, but necessarily contained more of the old ingredients of the population than any of the kingdoms of the coast. For, as the invading hosts advanced, they necessarily left part of their forces behind them, to occupy and secure their communications; and the coast-population gradually increased in Teutonic intensity by every contribution to the German population of the centre. The

greater the extent of the Anglian dominions, the less was the concentration of the Germanic inhabitants in each, as compared with that of the Southern Saxons, who did not advance so far inland, who were generally earlier in their first arrival, and, from their greater proximity to the coasts of the Continent, were continually receiving fresh reinforcements from their original stock. We may thus explain the accidental circumstance that Ecbert, who first consolidated the Anglo-Saxon power in this island, and Alfred, who gave us the beginnings of our free laws and customs, were both West-Saxon Kings. We lay no stress on the fact that the conversion of our Teutonic tribes to Christianity began in the South. It is to be remembered that, according to the interpretation of the tradition, Kent, where the missionaries first landed, was peopled by a mixed race of Jutes, Saxons, and Angles. And though Canterbury was the first seat of the re-established Faith, this was little more than a geographical accident; for it was the beauty of the *Angles* of Yorkshire which induced Gregory to compare them to *angels*, and led to the mission of Augustine; and all the Anglian settlements were converted about the same time as Wessex, and before the conversion of Sussex. Nay, our royal martyr, St. Edmund, was emphatically an East Anglian King. Although the greater martial vigour and greater concentration of the Germanic element in the kingdom of Wessex led to the preponderance of that branch of the invaders, it seems likely that the central kingdom was at least equal to the others in civilization. And Alfred is careful to say in the promulgation of his laws,—

I was unwilling to interpose much of my own, because we know not how far they may please posterity. But what I found existing in the laws of King Ina, my kinsman, or of Offa, king of the Mercians, or of Aethelbryht, who was the first baptized king of the nation of the Angles,—whatever of them appeared to me more equitable, I collected, and rejected the rest.

That the Battle of Hastings did not give William the possession of all England, and that he had a great struggle before he got even a partial acknowledgment of his sovereignty in the midland and northern counties, is well known. For twenty years there was continual fighting between the Normans and the Angles of the North, who were occasionally assisted by Danish kings anxious to re-establish themselves in this island. And even after the North was subdued, it was rather a dependance of the Normans than an integral part of their English dominions.

The Norman kings (says Thierry) who succeeded the Conqueror, dwelt with perfect safety in the southern districts, but did not

venture north of the Humber without some fear; and a chronicler, who lived at the close of the 12th century, assures us that they never visited that part of the kingdom without being accompanied by a strong army.

To such an extent was this separation of North and South-England carried, that not only was England divided ecclesiastically into two provinces, York and Canterbury, but in a feudal, or heraldic, sense there were two districts, each with its own King-at-Arms—the *Roi des Armes des Norroys*—i.e., 'King-at-Arms of the Northmen,' to whom the jurisdiction north of the Trent was assigned; and the *Roi des Armes des Surroys*—i.e., 'King-at-Arms of the Southern,' who had the control of the cis-Trentane district. This latter officer is now called the '*Clarenceux* King-at-Arms,' because, as we have shown at length on a former occasion,* the whole of the southern district eventually fell under the feudal control of the great *De Clare*, or *Clarence*, family, who have given their name to an English town, an Irish county, a royal dukedom, and a Cambridge college.

From these causes it is evident that the Anglian districts were likely to be less Norman and more Celtic than the Saxon counties of the South. And special investigation has shown this to be the fact. Mr. Davies, in the paper to which we have more than once referred, while he finds that, in Lancashire, 'about one sixth part of the dialectic words may be traced directly to a Saxon source,' and thinks it not an extravagant supposition that 'one fourth of the population (south of the Ribble), at the time when the Saxon authority was established, had derived its origin from Celtic ancestors,'† tells us on the other side that 'there is scarcely the slightest trace of the Norman baron in the local names of the county, and only a faint evidence of his race in the dialect!‡' Similar inferences might be deduced from an examination of other northern and properly Anglian branches of our general language.

When we pass from the extent of Celtic or Norman influences upon the idiom to the distinctive features of the Saxon and Anglian, respectively, in reference to the common or Teutonic elements, we embark on a much more difficult question. Mutual intercourse, change of abode, literary culture, and general centralization, have been so long at work in this country, that the points in which all Englishmen agree

* 'On the Origin of the Duchy of Clarence, &c.' *Proceedings of the Suffolk Archaeological Institute*, 1848.

† *Ubi supra*, p. 243.

‡ Page 281.

are much more obvious and prominent than those in which they differ. And there are evidences of this community stretching back even to the Saxon times. Mr. Kemble has called attention to the fact that in all parts of England, the Saxon no less than the Anglian, there are names of places derived from a patronymic in *-ing*. Thus, *Billings-gate* means 'the street of the Billings;' and we have sometimes, as in this instance, a compound of the patronymic with some word, as *-gate*, *-borough*, *-town*, *-worth*, *-ham*, *-hurst*, *-wick*, &c., sometimes the simple form in *-ing*, originally *-ingas*; and Mr. Kemble suggests that the places distinguished by the additional word were 'filial settlements, or as it were colonies,' from the others.* Now, these forms appear in the most distant parts of England, the greatest number, in proportion to the size of the counties, being found in Kent and Norfolk, the counties in which the first mixed and the first Anglian settlements, respectively, were planted. These names are also found across the water, in Germany. And the fair inference is, not only that there were common elements in the whole population of Teutonic England, but that some mixture took place in the different hordes which invaded and conquered us by instalments. Supposing that these identities sprang from a community of personal designations in the kindred races of Angles and Saxons, we shall derive from this a caution against building too much on the proper names of men, or even those of places. We have seen that Mr. Worsaae has been led into somewhat unsound reasonings, from the name of Nelson and the preferment of his father. Mr. Ferguson has more fully indulged his fancy on this subject. He says:—

It might be curious to speculate further on the northern origin of names. We might ask whether the well-known Dick Turpin (*Thorping*) was not a genuine descendant of one of the Yorkshire vikings?—whether Thurtell (*Thorthill*), the treacherous murderer of his friend, did not preserve the worst form of Scandinavian ferocity? But though a characteristic trait seems sometimes to start up like a family likeness after many generations, Saxon and Dane have long been blended into one people, and in many and varied spheres the descendants of the Northmen have obtained renown. Arnold (*Arnolldr*, 'old eagle'), and Tait (*Teitr*) have successively developed the intelligence of the youth of England—Alderson (*Haldorsen*), and Rolfe (*Hrólfr* 'mighty') maintained the dignity of the British bench—Brodie (*Brodði*, perhaps from *broddr*, 'a spear,' 'dart,' 'goad,' anything sharp, a *lancet*), has taken off his limbs with a deference to humanity—Urling (*Erlingr*, 'indus-

* *Saxons in England*, i., p. 479.

trious') is famed for lace—and Gunter (*Gunther* from *gunn*, 'battle') presides peaceably over wedding-breakfasts. The descendants of the Northern Skalds seem to have found a congenial occupation in bookselling, for amongst our most eminent publishers, five, viz., Cadell (*Kadall*), Colburn (*Kolbiörn*, *Kollr*, 'helmeted,' and *barn*, 'a child'), Hall (*Hallr*, 'a flint' [?] rather *halr*, 'vir liber et liberalis'), Orme (*Ormr*, 'a serpent,' the old English 'worm'), and Tait—bear names of Scandinavian origin.

This author has himself suggested the difficulty of tracing characteristics merely by the family name. No one can say how many crossings of Anglian, Saxon, Norman, or even foreign blood may have qualified the descent to which the name gives a *prima facie* approximation; and besides this, names are so corrupted that it is very difficult, in many cases, to determine their origin or meaning. One of the most eminent collectors of our day, the late Mr. Davy, of Ufford, in Suffolk, whose books are now in the British Museum, sent us some years ago the following list of Suffolk names, in the hope that we might be able to explain some of them. We print it, that our readers may have some idea of what remains to be done in this department:—

SUFFOLK.

LIST OF SURNAMES, ORIGIN OF WHICH HAS NOT BEEN DISCOVERED.

Allam.	Beniss.	Blowers.	Bunster.
Allengame.	Bestney.	Bluck.	Burwell.
Aphecoe.	Beynston.	Bodgner.	Burwood.
Asherd.	Bidbank.	Bodwell.	Bushaway.
Asting.	Bignold.	Bolom.	Buskard.
Audeham.	Billistre.	Bondemale.	Butterall.
	Birchinall.	Bonham.	Byam, Byham.
Backlog.	Bisbie.	Bonicwel.	Byng.
Bacog.	Biskeley.	Bonner.	
Baddiston.	Blackerby.	Boswaite.	Calvert.
Bagley.	Bladwell, or	Boutflower.	Cannop.
Bagnold.	Blodwell.	Boyer.	Cansdale.
Balding.	Blague.	Boyston.	Cardion.
Barclay.	Blain.	Bretham.	Cardwell.
Barkesworth.	Blamon.	Brewington.	Carsboul.
Bartlam.	Blanchard.	Brooley.	Casborne.
Basevi.	Blasby.	Buffham.	Casbough, or
Basey.	Blaythwaite.	Bullard.	Castbolt.
Basting.	Blikingham.	Bumford.	Cathold.
Bastray.	Blissingham.	Bunce.	Cattermole.
Bayning.	Blizard.	Bundock.	Chabrok.
Baytham.	Blobold.	Bunnett.	Chalker.
Bearcroft.	Blow.	Bunning.	Chalkey.

Chalkley.	Cubley.	Enwood.	Godpyel.
Channing.	Cucksey.	Eskerell.	Godsalve, or
Chateril.	Cudby.	Etherington.	Godsell.
Chatten.	Culisle.		Godspring.
Chauncey.	Cunliffe.	Fagg.	Goldwell.
Chedleffe.	Cunnell, or	Fairbrother.	Gonville.
Chelmsey.	Cunnold.	Fairweather.	Gosnold.
Chickett.	Curdy.	Fake.	Goult.
Chickley.	Curling.	Fanwade.	Gourlay.
Chittock.	Cutchey.	Faris.	Goward.
Chitty.	Cutting.	Farman.	Gowt.
Chiverton.		Feavour.	Greatorex.
Choat.	Darnefield.	Ferris.	Gridley.
Clabon.	Dassett.	Fieldbank.	Grinling.
Claggett.	Daundy.	Filiol.	Grudgefield.
Claryvinee.	Dauns.	Filmer.	Gulling.
Clears.	Deave, Deeves.	Finley.	Guthorp.
Clissold.	Dendy.	Finney.	
Clyatt.	Dewing.	Finter.	Habberton.
Cobbin.	Dines, Dynes.	Fison.	Habnett.
Cold.	Dishill.	Flimworth.	Hadcraft.
Coldham.	Diver.	Flindell.	Hailens.
Colk.	Doby.	Flowerday, or	Hallum.
Collis.	Dorrett.	Flowerdew.	Hankes.
Collor.	Dowsing.	Fludyer.	Hankey.
Colls.	Drave.	Fones.	Harebred.
Colmer.	Drewitt.	Freskerne.	Harmer.
Comin.	D'Urban.	Fruish.	Harsant.
Conex.	Dugate.	Frewer.	Hartridge.
Connold.	Dwite.	Funston.	Haselfoot.
Conolly.	Dyball.	Fynderne.	Haslam.
Consel.	Dyson.		Hasley.
Considine.	Dynes.	Garlett.	Haswell.
Consiters.		Garnham.	Hatcher.
Cordingley.	Ebbage.	Garwood.	Havel.
Cordy.	Eday.	Gassington.	Hawles.
Coswell.	Edhouse.	Gee.	Haxell.
Cotmall.	Edwick.	Gelgate.	Haytess.
Courthope.	Elenger.	Gelham.	Hempson.
Cowsell.	Ellershaw.	Geribb.	Hibbs.
Crampin.	Ellisden.	Gernovng.	Hickeringill.
Crapnell.	Ellynott.	Gigoll.	Hilber.
Creamer.	Elsdale.	Gilman.	Hilding.
Creb.	Elsden.	Girdleston.	Hinard.
Creffield.	Elsington.	Gitters, Gittus.	Hinchloe.
Crickmay, or	Emsden.	Gladwell.	Hislip.
Crickmer.	Enefer.	Glasson.	Hitch.
Crotler.	Ennals.	Goddell.	Holirop.
Croughton.	Enners.	Godeholte.	Hollick.

Hollingshead.	Ketello.	Monson.	Peckston.
Honings.	Kidgell.	Mothersole.	Pendred.
Horrex.	Kidman.	Moutle.	Penfold.
Horth.	Kilderbee.	Mulley.	Pennock.
Howers.	Kilgom.	Muney.	Pepys.
Howarth.	Kimm.	Mussett.	Perryman.
Hudgell.	Kimmance.	Mullitt.	Pettingale.
Hullock.	Kitren.	Myers.	Peverett.
Hunlock.	Kitteridge.		Philbrick.
Huntevald.	Kynaston.	Nasilton.	Pickering.
Hurlock.		Neden.	Pickerum.
Hurnard.	Lackett.	Neobard.	Pickess.
Hurrell.	Larmouth.	Nettlefold.	Pinborough.
Hurrould.	Later.	Nettleship.	Playle.
Hurry.	Leaver.	New.	Pofford.
Hurton.	Lefftle.	Niker.	Pogson.
Hurwood.	Lelam.	Ninner.	Polding.
Hymus.	Lepingwell.	Nolley.	Posway.
Hynard.	Lessey.	Nooth.	Postans.
	Libenham.	Notteline.	Presnie, or
Ide.	Lillyat.	Nottige, or	Prestney.
Inclodon.	Liversedge.	Nottage.	Priditon.
	Livock.	Noy.	Puggett.
Jaggard.	Lodwell.	Nudd.	Pym.
Jayot.	Lumsden.	Nutton.	
Jegon.	Lusher.	Olignant.	Rackham.
Jellicoe.		Ollett.	Ramblance.
Jerwood.	Maberley.	Olson.	Ramplen, or
Joddrell.	Magub.	Ong.	Rampling.
Jory.	Makouns.	Orams.	Ranfield.
Joycers.	Maltheal.	Orbell.	Redington.
Jurdi.	Mamen.	Oreck.	Reeman.
	Mannall.	Orpwood.	Regen.
Kanting.	Marfrey.	Orris.	Repington.
Keble.	Marskler.	Orvis.	Resedene.
Kechlo, or	Mathams.	Outing.	Resham.
Ketchler.	Mattin.	Owers.	Rickwood.
Kedby, Kidby.	Maullin.	Ownsworth.	Risworth.
Kedgeley.	Mayes.	Oxer.	Robolin.
Keely.	Metcalf.		Rolton.
Kemer, or	Merest.	Pace.	Root.
Keymer.	Messent.	Packard.	Rootsey.
Kemesek.	Millican.	Paglar.	Rossington.
Kenniken.	Mingay.	Pandle.	Rumsby.
Kensett.	Modlin.	Parlby.	Runting.
Kenshall.	Moese.	Parnthe.	Rusbell.
Kentwell.	Moldick.	Parrington.	Rutherford.
Kestrick, or	Mounings, or	Pearman.	Ryby.
Kistruck.	Munnings.	Peckover.	Ryboeef.

Salion.	Shulver.	Terr.	Websdale.
Salsby.	Shutting.	Tharman.	Wees.
Saltonstall.	Siday.	Tice.	Welholm.
Salvey.	Sidnor.	Tickloa.	Welley.
Sandes.	Sillett.	Titlow.	Wenyeve.
Sanderford.	Simwood.	Tokelove.	Whimper.
Sandwer.	Sinnott.	Tollady.	Whiskin.
Savary.	Siree.	Torlesse.	Whistock.
Scanderett.	Skennard.	Tozer.	Whybrow.
Scarlynn.	Skingley, or	Trantur, or	Wiburgh.
Scarnell.	Skinley.	Trenter.	Wickerton.
Scarrow.	Skippon.	Trapnell.	Wiffin.
Scatetyn.	Skitch.	Tratt.	Wilder.
Skoulding.	Skrene.	Trave.	Wiles.
Scotchmer.	Skutting.	Traylen.	Wilgress.
Sculham.	Smee, Smye.	Trayce.	Wilmora.
Scutt, Skutt.	Snazell.	Tructon.	Window.
Seaber.	Snowling.	Trundell.	Winds.
Seago.	Soane, Sones.	Tuffen.	Windwood.
Seakens.	Sore.	Tuffnell.	Winney.
Searanke.	Sparshall.	Tunks.	Winterflood.
Searson.	Sparting.	Turpen.	Withered.
Seecul.	Spatchett, or	Tuson.	Woby.
Secker.	Spatchell.	Tutton.	Womack.
Seedon.	Sproule.	Twaddell.	Woodey.
Seffrey, or	Spurgeon.	Twitcher.	Woolby.
Saffery.	Spurler.	Tymen.	Woolspiton.
Sekum.	Stennet.	Usborne.	Worby.
Senton.	Sterrett.	Usson.	Workley.
Setterfield.	Sterry.	Valeines.	Wormool.
Shalders.	Stileman.	Varty.	Wotling.
Shalston.	Stiles.	Vary.	Wretherton.
Shearcroft.	Stinton.	Voyce.	Wretts.
Shearling.	Stocking.	Vyse.	Wyatt.
Shebley.	Stoddart.	Wakeham.	Wybarne.
Shelber, or	Stokeley.	Walcker.	Wyfolda.
Shelver.	Stollery.	Walne.	Wymer.
Sheren.	Strowger, or	Wancy.	Wynall.
Sherwin.	Stroulger.	Wanton.	Wyock.
Shewell.	Stuck.	Warse.	Wysham.
Shillito, or	Suckam.	Warwell.	Wytherton.
Sillitoe.	Tatlock.	Wathen.	Yallop.
Shorto.	Teavour.	Watty.	Yeings.
Shrimpton.	Tenderlife.		Yell.
Shuckford.			

In general, the question of proper names of men deserves and requires a much more searching examination than it has received from Mr. Lower or Professor Pott, whose works must

be regarded as, to a certain extent, supplementing one another. Though generally very much corrupted in orthography and pronunciation, these names often preserve forms of words which have been lost in the vernacular language of the country, and so constitute a sort of living glossary. But, as proofs of the continuity of a race, they have but little value; for if an isolated Dane married a pure Anglian woman, and his lineal descendants continually intermarried with the same race, what amount of pure Scandinavian blood can be recognised in such a representative? For example, the late Lord Hardinge belonged to an old Danish family settled near the Danish town of Der-by; but, with the exception of his name, the gallant hero of Albuera and the Sutlej had but an inappreciable connexion with the brave men who fought at Idstedt and checked Germanic revolution in 1848.

If from the proper names of towns and men we pass to the more general relics of the language of our forefathers—namely, the designations for the days of the week, and for the main roads in England,—we shall not, of course, be able to distinguish in this way between the Saxons and the Angles, but we shall have an additional argument against the extensiveness of Scandinavian influences. The old heathen nomenclature for the days of the week has been preserved more exactly in England than in any country of Europe. The practice of calling the days by the names of the planets originated in Egyptian astrology. According to Dio Cassius,* the day belonged to the planet of its first hour, the hours beginning with the first hour of Saturday being assigned to the planets in the following order:—Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Sun, Venus, Mercury, the Moon. And the French and other languages derived from the Latin, preserve the classical names of the planets, only substituting ‘the Sabbath,’ in some corrupted form, for Saturn’s day, and *Dominica*, or the ‘Lord’s day’ for Sunday. In the German languages, however, especially in Anglo-Saxon or English, there is no compromise with Christianity. The names of the classical gods are represented by their Teutonic equivalents:—*Mars* by *Tiv* or *Tu*, *Mercury* by *Wodan*, *Jupiter* by *Thonar* or *Thu*, the god of thunder, *Venus* by *Friga* or *Fria*, the goddess of love, and *Saturn* by *Säter* or *Loki*, a representative of the Evil Being. Now, in this last day we have a marked distinction between our Anglo-Saxon and the Scandinavian languages. For while in all our group of idioms the seventh day is called *Saturday*—i. e., in old Saxon, *Saters-tag*, in Netherlandish, *Saterdach* or *Zaterdach*, in old Frisian,

* XXXV., 18.

Saterdei, and in Anglo-Saxon, *Sæternes-dæg*—in all the Scandinavian idioms this day is called 'the bathing or washing day;' i. e., in old Norse *laugardagr*, in Swedish *lördag*, and in Danish *løverdag*. The Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian names for Saturday are jointly alluded to in a Frankish poem of the ninth century referring to the battle of Fontenay, which was fought on a Saturday:—'This was not a Sabbath,' says the poet, 'but a *Devil's bath*,' (*Saturni dolium*).^{*} It is also to be remarked that our fourth day represents the god's name under the form *Wodan*, whereas the Scandinavians commemorate him as *Odin*.

We have another curious relic of our Anglo-Saxon heathendom in the names of the great highways which traverse the country. From the earliest times, England has been divided by certain main thoroughfares. Two of them, the *Foss* and *Watling-street*, play a prominent part in that laborious effort of antiquarian versification, the *Polyolbion* of Michael Drayton. In one of his songs he says, in his quaint language,—

Hence, Muse, direct thy course to Dunsmere, by that cross†
Where those two mighty ways, the Watling and the Foss,
One centre seem to cut. The first doth hold her way
From Devon to the farthest of fruitful Anglesey.
The second south and north, from Michael's utmost mount
To Caithness, which the farthest of Scotland we account.

And in a subsequent part of the book he personifies the *Watling-street*, and makes her recount to the *Ver* or stream of *Verulam*, anciently called Watling-Chester, how she and the three sister-streets traverse this island, as four military ways made by King Mulmutius. The other two roads which he mentions are the *Ickenild* and the *Rickenild*. This last is another name for the *Erming-street* which ran from the north to Southampton. The *Ickenild* extended from Yarmouth, in the country of the old Iceni, to St. David's, in Wales. Originally, no doubt, these were all Roman roads; but they connected themselves with the mythological associations of the Anglo-Saxons. Thus, we find that the *Watling-street* was supposed to correspond in direction to the milky-way, which in our old poets is called by this name. Chaucer says distinctly,‡—

Lo ! there, quod he, cast up thine eye ;
See yonder, lo ! the galaxie,

^{*} Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 115, second edition.

† The 'high-cross,' supposed to be the middle point of England.

‡ *House of Fame*, ii., 427.

The which men clepe the milky way—
 For it is white—and some, parfay !
 Ycallen it han *Watlingestrete*
 That once was brente with the heat.

But the most interesting designation is that of the *Ermings-street*. While the other roads seemed to lean to one side or the other, this causeway appeared to be straight, or to go northwards in a perpendicular direction. The Anglo-Saxons therefore compared it to the *Irman-sul*, or pillar of *Irman*, or *Hermann*, the marching Mercury of the old Low-Germans. There is not a more ancient or more interesting name in the hero-calendar of the Old Germans than this. *Irmin*, *Armin*, *Eorman*, *Hermann*, is the oldest deity of our race. He combines the functions of the two later deities *Tiv* or *Ziv* or *Ziu*, corresponding to Mars, and *Wodan* corresponding to Mercury; and therefore claims as his own both the third and the fourth days of the week. He is the *Er* or *Eor* of the Scythic tribes, and the *Ares* of the Greeks. He appears equally in the heroic *Arminius* of the Low-Germans, and in the heroic *Herminius* of the Roman fable. That this identity was real, rather than fortuitous, is proved by the etymology of the Latin adjective, *omnis*. The Romans had several words to express with different shades of meaning the idea of completed plurality; but *omnis* meant 'all,' considered as made up of separable parts—'all,' as a collection of individuals; so that it might be rendered 'everyone,' or 'that which belongs to everyone.' But this in the oldest German is *eoman*, in modern German *jemand*; and in England our commoner, as distinguished from the great men of the land, was called by our Saxon ancestors a '*yeo-man*,' an 'every-man,' an 'anybody,' ὁ *τις* *ὅς* *τις*; whereas the aristocracy are a collection of 'somebodies,' just as the proud Spanish grandee calls himself *hidalgo*—i. e., *hijo d'alguno*, 'a son of somebody.' So that there could have been no slight relationship between two races of men who expressed by the same compound an idea so elementary as that of *omnis*. This, however, is a very wide question. Confining ourselves to our present object, we remark, that as *Irman* combined the functions which were subsequently divided between two gods—one of them being *Wodan*, the special divinity of the Gothic tribes,—it is an interesting relic of our ancestors' oldest thoughts that as late as the time of Henry of Huntingdon, our great north road bore the name of the Panteutonic Hermann.*

A full examination of the characteristics which distinguish

* It is still marked as 'the Ermine-street' in the Ordnance maps.

the provincial dialects of the districts occupied by the Saxons and Anglians respectively, would carry us into details not exactly suited to an essay like the present, and, at all events, would require more space than we now claim for ourselves. The glossaries which have been already published—such as that of the *Dialect* of Craven in the West Riding of the county of York, Moor's *Suffolk Words and Phrases*, Forby's *Vocabulary of East Anglia*, Wilbraham's *Glossary of Cheshire Words*, and the *Glossary of Provincial Words* used in Herefordshire and some of the adjoining counties, drawn up by Sir G. C. Lewis,—would furnish materials for the inquiry. We will here only touch on a few prominent distinctions which we observed while residing at different times in Dorsetshire, which represents the most distinctly Saxon part of the old kingdom of Wessex, and in Suffolk, which belongs to that part of East Anglia where the Anglian element was purest. Now one of the most striking distinctions which we observed was the tendency, in the former dialect, not only to retain the broad *a*, but even to substitute it for *o* in certain cases, as before an *r*. Thus, the country people always said *Darset*, *Gearge*, *starm*, &c. On the contrary, it is a marked peculiarity of the Anglian dialects to substitute *o* for *a*. Thus they say *lond*, *mon*, *stond*, &c. for *land*, *man*, *stand*, &c. This is regular Frisian.* Again, the Southern English retains, as far as it can, the sounds *e* and *ee*, which, in Suffolk, at all events, are in most cases turned into *i*. The South Saxon says 'I *geez*,' the East Anglian 'I *guiss*.' And we were once puzzled by a rustic who spoke of a *ship-yard* (i.e. an enclosure for *sheep*) about fifty miles from the sea. Here we have the old pronunciation which Tacitus has preserved in the *Ingaevones* and *Vindili*. The South Saxons give you the full benefit of *r*, which the East Anglians prefer to drop before another consonant. We heard of *parrtrudges* and *shurrt's* in Dorsetshire, but the gamekeepers of Suffolk were acquainted only with *pattridges*; the parish clerks talked of the *chutch potch*; and the laundresses got up our *shutts*. And this was still more striking when the words were intoned. In one church in Dorsetshire a volunteer choir insisted on beginning the service by chanting '*Rrrend yourr hearrrts, and not yourr garrments*,' but in Suffolk no musical exigencies could extract a hirient syllable. The South Saxon dialects retain their hard *g*, but the Angles give us palatal sounds when they can, as in *aitchorn* for *acorn*, *muckinja* for *muckender*, 'a handkerchief,' *coksedge* for *cocks' heads*, *them* for *team*, and often, like the

* See Grimm, *Deutsche Gramm.*, i., p. 271.

Low-Germans of the Continent, substitute *y* for *g* or *h*; thus *yate* is pronounced for *gate* and *yowl* for *howl*, and *y* is sometimes prefixed arbitrarily, as in *yearth* for *earth*, *yebble* for *able*, and *yow* for *ewe*. In the south there is a greater tendency to the use of weak forms of verbs and auxiliary adjuncts, whereas in Anglian districts we have a retention of the genuine perfects. A Dorsetshire man would say, 'he did yield 'nself up,' but in Suffolk this would be 'a yelt' a'self up.' The fondness for analogous affixes in East Anglia is often carried too far. There is a wonderful superfluity in the Suffolk superlatives: we have not only *dociliseest*, *lisseeest*, and *worseest*, but even superlatives for verbs, as *eatenest* and *lastenest* for 'most devouring' and 'most durable.' There are some words which have lost their primitive and more general meaning in the southern dialects, but have still a reference to the etymology in the Anglian use. Thus a *lobster*, in common Southern English, is merely a particular kind of crustaceous animal. But in Norfolk we have, according to Mr. Forby,* 'lobster, the smallest of the weasel tribe, the stoat or mouse-hunt.' And in Yorkshire the same animal and the fox are called *club-start* (A. S. *steort*), i.e., 'a club-tail,' and the word, thus explained, is applicable to all animals which have a bush or fan-like termination to that extremity. Such pronunciations as *yow* or *yeow* for *you*, or *tyeu* for *two*, belong to the northern element in our language. It is also to be observed that the anomalous *wh* for the original *hw* gains a value in articulation in the North which it does not possess in the South. A Yorkshireman would pronounce *whole* something like *wole*, the Southern calls it *hole*. Before *r* it seems that *w* is quite lost in modern English. No one makes a distinction between *wright* and *right*; and a popular novelist, wishing to make a concealed attack on a clergyman at Harrow on the Hill, thought she had both disguised and expressed her meaning by calling her hero 'the Vicar of *Wrexhill*,' i.e. Rake's Hill—the *rake* being an approximation to the *harrow*. With the same sort of transparent veil to his meaning, Southey, in his *Doctor*, makes Q in the Corner appear as *Ke-winthe-kawerner*.†

To leave these details, which would require a volume for their satisfactory development, and to pass to the general question, there cannot be any doubt as to the simple fact that the Anglian districts of England have most distinctly exhibited

* *Vocabulary of East Anglia*, ii., p. 199.

† The Suffolk use of the verb 'to imitate,' as a synonym for 'to attempt,' seems to be the converse of the expression in Persius, *Prolog.* 9: 'verba nostra conari.'

and most consistently preserved those characteristics to which this country owes its greatness. Whether we consider the eminent individuals who have been reared in the Anglian as compared with the Saxon counties, or the communities which have been formed in the northern as contrasted with the southern parts of the island, we shall see in the former a preponderance in these respects which is not in proportion to the extent of territory and population represented by the respective branches of our Teutonic settlers. The greatest literary and scientific men of this country, and those who have played the most conspicuous part in our history or in our commercial activity, have been of Anglian extraction. To take only a few names: Wycliff was born in a parish of that name in Yorkshire; Newton first saw the light at Grantham, in Lincolnshire; James Watt, at Greenock; Cromwell, at Huntingdon; Francis Bacon's learned father and accomplished mother were both natives of Suffolk, and Wolsey was born at Ipswich. Jeremy Taylor's birthplace is still shown at Cambridge; Bentley belonged to the West Riding of Yorkshire, and Porson to the Anglian village of East Ruston, in Norfolk; Arkwright is claimed by Preston, Brinkley by Manchester, and Stephenson by Wilmington; and above all, Shakspeare's name is indelibly connected with the central county of Warwick, where the legendary Guy arrested the conquering progress of the Danes. All these men, to pass by many others whom we might enumerate, were connected with Anglian counties, and bear Anglian, as distinguished from Danish, names. And here we have our first reformer of religion, our greatest mathematician, our author of the modern steam-engine, our great warrior-statesman, our founder of inductive philosophy, our ablest Roman Catholic priest, our most eloquent Protestant bishop, our two greatest scholars, our inventor of machinery, our makers of canals and railroads, and that man whom Carlyle calls 'the greatest intellect who, in our recorded world, has left record of himself in the way of literature, the finest human figure that Nature has hitherto seen fit to make of our widely diffused Teutonic clay.' What have Celts, or Normans, or Franks, or Goths, or even Saxons, done to surpass this galaxy of world-influencing talents? To find their compeers we must go to classical antiquity, or perhaps take some man, like Napoleon Buonaparte, of Greek extraction and Greek name, who is an isolated specimen of qualities that once belonged to a race.

That it may not be alleged that these examples of individual eminence are merely fortuitous, we will consider the communities or gatherings of men who have been formed in the northern or Anglian as opposed to the southern or Saxon

districts. And we assert that the influence of the Anglian character is shown not only in single men, but that the whole realm of England, and especially those districts where the Anglians were most numerous, and where they most preserved their identity, indicate the permanence of peculiarities which this race introduced into England—peculiarities which are not observable in any other race, except, perhaps, in the people of Holland, who are the descendants of the old Frieslanders, and in the subjects of the King of Denmark, who represent the ancient Angles, or a very nearly-connected race. The qualities which we claim for the English, properly so called, are commercial enterprise, patient industry, solid courage, sound practical sense, and a true love of freedom. We find these qualities more or less developed in our kinsmen, the Dutch and the Danes. But they stand most prominently forth in Englishmen, and especially in those districts which belonged to the old Anglians. Not to speak of London, which is a point of confluence for all the elements of our mixed population, or even of the Anglian University of Cambridge, which, receiving its sons chiefly from Anglian districts, has produced more eminent men than any University in the world,—are not our greatest cities, our emporiums of manufactures and commerce, especially found among the modern representatives of the tribe which came and conquered with Ida? Are not Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Nottingham, and Norwich, mainly Anglian communities? Have not these Anglians made for us the glorious Constitution on which we pride ourselves? Have they not carried the English language, English literature, and English industry across the Atlantic to an Anglo-Saxon empire scarcely less important than our own?

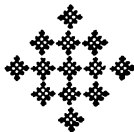
With regard to our Continental cousins, it might seem precarious to rely on the permanent characteristics of our race. But when it is an established fact that the inhabitants of England and of Holland are ultimately members of the same family, and when we find, in the history of these two nations, correspondences which do not appear in the records of any other European states, it is scarcely possible to resist the impression that the resemblances are inherited, that they belong to the same class of phenomena as those which are included in the term 'family likeness.' The perseverance with which the Dutch have fortified their territory from the encroachments of the sea,—their noble struggle for freedom in the sixteenth century,—the wide extent of their commercial enterprises,—the valour and skill with which their navy has combated ours,—their ingenuity in arts and manufactures,—even the

peculiar character of their learned and scientific institutions, —show that, with much fewer advantages, they are the same race with those who won for themselves a free government, who have colonized North America and conquered India, whose flag flies triumphant in every sea, whose hand, like that of Nürnberg in the middle ages, is in every land,* and whose higher education still rests on the old basis of profoundly accurate discipline; and we should almost infer our affinity with the citizens of Amsterdam and Leyden, even if we had no old rhymes to tell us that our Hengist was a banished Frieslander.

For all these reasons, we think we may safely venture to claim 'England for the English.' And though it is not only idle, but mischievous, to insist on provincial or local distinctions in a great country so thoroughly united as our own happily is, and though we would recommend our readers to maintain the absolute brotherhood of all Englishmen, yet, when questions are raised as to our origin and affinities, and when we are requested to believe that we bear about the same relation to the little kingdom of Denmark that the citizens of the United States of America bear to ourselves, it is worth while to examine the question. And we hope that we have established, by an adequate review of the existing knowledge on the subject, that the English name, on which we pride ourselves, is not a misnomer.

J. W. D.

* It was an old proverb in Germany,—
'Nürnberg's hand
Durch jedes land.'





OLD STUDIES AND NEW.

WHAT is education?

But, first of all, does the question mean anything? Is there any general idea of education which we can describe?

Suppose we settle to mean by the word, 'the placing of the growing human creature in such circumstances of direction and restraint, as shall make the most of him, or enable him to make the most of himself.' Here we make abstraction of religion, and it may be doubted whether, if we wish to come to any practical results in matters of education, it is legitimate to do so: however, we will suppose it.*

The object of making a definition or description like the above, can be in reality little more than the exhibition of the various directions in which the views of men about education diverge, for it is very clear that there is no unity in these; and one of the main reasons why the perpetually occurring questions of detail about education come to be treated in a

* It is because of this abstraction of religion, so that it is not of the real and highest ends of education we are speaking (our starting-point being the view of it on its intellectual side only, and on its moral one only so far as it is connected with this), that I use the expression 'make the most,' instead of, for instance, 'make the best,' (if, indeed, this latter expression is analogous to the former), or any expression of a directly moral character. For education in the complete view of it, we may take Milton's magnificent description: 'The end of learning is to repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection.' He descends by only two steps from this grand generality to Greek and Latin, the first step being 'that we can only arrive at this knowledge by orderly conning over the visible and inferior creature;' the second, 'that seeing every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kinds of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after wisdom: so that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known.' This last clause, which he proceeds to insist farther on, we would ask our readers to bear in mind.

manner so vague and unsatisfactory as they often are, is that people argue as if they were agreed about the substance and essence, when they are not.

Every portion of the above description gives us an educational problem; unless we like to say, as we may, that some of the doubt goes deeper and wider than anything which we can call education, namely, to philosophy or anthropology. What is 'making the most of a man,' or 'a man's making the most of himself?' What is the ideal which the imaginative parent or tutor is supposed to form of his perfect son or pupil that is to be? And how far is such a general ideal conceivable, or the difference, on the other hand, of capability and disposition radical and unconquerable?

Keeping as close as we can to intellectual considerations alone, we feel that there is here a broad gap dividing aspirations, whether of youths dreaming of their future selves, or parents and tutors of those they are anxious about, into two thoroughly distinct divisions. Which is the highest type of man, and which answers best the vague imagination of this, (that which, in one case and another, makes what we have called above an ideal), the most complete ordinary man, or the most eminently distinguished one? the square (or round) and perfect, or the lofty and conspicuous?

The three degrees of educational ambition, beginning at the bottom, perhaps we may set down to be fortune, fame, and excellence. The man who wishes his son to cut a figure in the world, has mounted a step higher than the man who only wishes his to be a well-to-do or rich man in it. But, then, what is the higher step still, excellence? Is it to be measured within or without, by nobleness of character, or by service done? And is the ideal of it to be consistency and completeness of character, or one-sided cultivation and special distinction?

Here are problems and varieties of opinion enough, starting from one portion only of the description above; and surely nobody can say they are problems in the air.

Can we say that with people who think at all, and who have anybody whose welfare is dear to them, these matters above are not sometimes matters of anxious consideration? Unhappily, they are hard to settle, and we are disposed to shift the consideration of them on others, and so, for instance, the youth is sent to the University, and it is supposed the people there know what education ought to be for, and give it accordingly; and certainly they are the people who ought to think about it.

Generalities about education are easy, but dangerous; and

passages are now and then repeated for the magnificence of the expression, as if in matter they were truisms, when, if we dismissed this idea, and turned our attention to the meaning, we should find they were not quite so. Such is Milton's description of a complete and generous education (followed closely by Locke in his account of the education of a gentleman), 'that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.'

Though the term 'private' is vague, yet the expression 'offices of peace and war' must be considered to involve the assumption that definite serviceableness to the community is the end of education. But are those who quote this prepared to consider that a man's relation to the community is the whole of him? Are we to educate the growing man simply for the business and particular position in which he is to do his service to the world, or are we to educate him, perhaps mainly, for what he is *besides* this, or at least for a character of which such usefulness is only a result or part?

This is the widest form of the question between professional and special education, on which another word will have to be spoken presently. Now, however, it is about the human creature being made the most of we are speaking, and it remains, it may be feared, too much an open question with parents and educators whether they mean by this wealth or reputation, or something different from these; and this something, whether usefulness to others, or individual high character; and if this last, whether general excellence of character or special greatness. In regard of some of these, it may be said that particular aptitudes of the educated will determine the line taken; yet with some this cannot be. And if it is said that education is to aim at all at once—very well, if it could; but it is much to be feared that no one road will lead to all, or to much more than one of them.

If there are all these doubts about the *purpose* of education, we cannot expect there will be much agreement about the *means*. We described these means as being 'the placing the growing human creature in such circumstances of direction and restraint as shall make the most of him, or enable him to make the most of himself.' As to these, of any two people we meet, it is a chance that one will consider *restraint* as the essence and substance, while the other will think there should be little or nothing of it, but that *direction* should be all. So far, in fact, as we know, would some go in this course, that even *direction* with them would vanish, as having something in it of the nature of restraint, and education would be nothing but

supplying the mind with what it hungered after of itself. In this point of view, considering that restraint must anyhow exist for some purposes, if it does not for intellectual ones,—viz., for moral training, or at least as a matter of juvenile police—education positive comes to have a sort of value, not for what it is in itself, but for the reaction against it, to be a straining of the spring, in order that education natural, so to call it, may take place in the recoil. The point, of course, of the question is, ‘Is what we are mainly to care for in education the energy or the guidance?’ Energy without guidance is what is called self-education, which must, from outward circumstances, have much of chance in it; guidance without energy, so far as we can conceive it, is mere disciplined dulness;—the second is not of much account, but the first, in the world’s history, is of great practical importance, and the value to be given to it needs much consideration.

Education, then, in the more *general* discussion of the *means*, is liable to all the variety of opinion above alluded to; and to much more arising from particular physical circumstances of human nature or facts of society, as, for instance, in regard to the age at which it should mainly be carried on or should cease, the difference of it in regard of sexes and ranks of life, &c. It is only, however, of the higher and university education that we shall speak now.

With all this uncertainty as to the purpose of education and the general question of the means of it, the determination of the *particular* means or instruments, (the subjects of instruction, that is, and the books,) must be liable, of course, to more uncertainty still. And, as was not altogether unnatural in such a case, it may be said to a certain degree to have taken care of itself, if we may so speak—to have determined itself in most times and countries by historical circumstances, by something of the nature of accident.

The stoutest defenders of what we call classical education would not, probably, say that if we take the general idea of this, abstracted from the circumstances under which we find ourselves practising it, it is what, as the ideal of education, would ever, from *à priori* considerations, have been set on foot and started. There is almost something of contradiction in the language in which we must, of necessity, speak about it. ‘The Greeks, neglecting all languages but their own, and considering them barbarian, created a perfect literature; and the best thing, therefore, that we can do for our literary purposes, is to study this.’ Anyhow, without saying that the exclusive attention in Greece to Greek *was* the cause of the excellence of Greek literature, we feel that the application of

the classical type of education to those times, which in matter of civilization were not far different from ours, is a sort of thing which we cannot suppose. If the University of Athens in Plato's time had been occupied in lecturing in such Sanscrit or Egyptian literature as might then have been in existence, we should not have had Plato, or anything like it, to study now.

The general principle, then, of making at any time, for instance, the staple of education the antiquated literature and long dead language of a foreign people of different habits and religion, is not very readily defensible, and, in most circumstances of its application, would by all be considered absurd. Still, such an education, as a matter of historical fact, has established itself with us, with *some* reason, we must suppose, and very probably with good reason.

The reason must lie in the particular circumstances and nature either of the literature in question or of ourselves, or of both. The literature may be peculiarly excellent, or it may, for some reason or other, be of peculiar interest and value, either universally or in its special adaptation to us. The historical manner and circumstances of the origin of this fashion of education, will probably bear in some degree on the face of them the motives and view with which it was adopted.

If we look, however, at the history of classical education, at the views which its starters and defenders have had of it, and the reasons of its value in their eyes, we find, as we might have beforehand imagined, that it is hard to form a consistent and uniform idea of what it is, and in what its value consists. The arguments used for it in one place or stage, make against it as it appears in another.

The great interest taken in classical literature, when it reawakened at what we are accustomed to call the Revival of Letters, arose from a double principle or feeling, one portion of which we may call love of truth or knowledge, curiosity or criticism; the other we may call taste or feeling for beauty of style and elegance. The literature which existed at that time in use, was felt by men to be built upon narrow foundations, and limited in its range of actual knowledge, in consequence of which, though the mind of man was active enough (far more active, in fact, in the Middle Ages than it had been in the Roman imperial period, when knowledge was everywhere at hand and abundant), yet its efforts were often abortive and its results unsubstantial. The disentombing of the classics thus, so far as it was a fact, was mainly for the sake of their substance and the knowledge contained in them, and the feeling

with which men studied them was very much the same feeling as that which caused men, at the same time, to open their eyes wider on the nature around them ; the desire, that is, to test, correct, and enlarge the philosophy and knowledge which they had, but were getting rather distrustful of. The substance of the revival of letters was the reawakening of what we may call true and intelligent criticism, simultaneously with that of a more active and systematic observation of nature.

Changes, awakenings, and reforms of *taste* of every kind have no right to be put on a level with awakenings of real *intelligence* such as the above. So far as we can be certain of the former having value, or being real steps of progress, it must be as results or concomitants of the latter that they will have it. The course of *knowledge* is by the nature of it *progressive*, and though various causes—such as periods of barbarism or destruction of records—may prevent actual progress, yet there is necessarily a tendency to it. The course of *taste*, as taste, is oscillatory: the constructive impulse, desirous of novelty, and impotent to produce it, recurs to the past, and the imperfect manner in which, at the best, this is recoverable, invests it with charms for sentiment and imagination, which cause what has succeeded to it to be looked at not merely with contempt, but with hatred.

The change of taste, then, at the Revival of Letters (or rather which had been gradually growing long before what we call so), or the disinterring of the ancient authors as models of literature, is merely a phenomenon similar to the change in artistic taste which substituted by degrees Greek and Roman architecture for Gothic. There are, doubtless, general principles of artistic and literary taste, and the superiority of one literature (as to mere form and manner) to another, and one style of architecture to another, may possibly be establishable by demonstration, but there is no appearance of historical progress in such matters from worse to better.

Be this, however, as it may, the classical form, style, or taste came into vogue in the fifteenth century on a double claim, both because it was a reaction against Gothicism or barbaric classicalism, which had worked out a noble ideal of its own ; and because the intrinsic value of the literature in matter of knowledge gave value to its outward form. Classicalism had then on its side imagination and curiosity, in their direction both towards the past and the future. Gothic cathedrals were the new and unruined, classical manuscripts and works of art the ill-treated and dilapidated ; and the unearthing and restoration of the manuscripts was something more than that of the works of art, for *they* extended the

knowledge of nature which men were thirsty for backwards in time, at the same time that vigorous observation was extending it around in space. And so 'the tongues' became in all respects the fashion.

Though classicalism has, since that time, taken, as has been said, so many different shapes that it is hard to say what is the real idea of it, yet its life has depended upon one variously manifested fact—its intermediate character, that is, between the other different principles or schemes which in these later times have been conceivable for education. Owing to this, it has means of defence against them all. At the Revival of Letters it presented itself to men singularly as the new and the old together—a new mass of definite knowledge in a fresh style and tone of thought, but in languages, especially, which had both been always revered, and one regularly studied, and in a certain way used; and in a form so far fragmentary, ruined, and dilapidated, as to awake the interest and employ the imagination. *Now*, as regards definite knowledge and extension of ideas, it has lost its charm, and what was once for it is against it. The substance of Aristotle, Pliny, and Plutarch has passed into the mass of science and history, and for additions to this we look elsewhere; and the style or tone of thought, whatever other charms they may have for us, have no longer those of novelty. Other languages have taken their degree in literature, so that the classical ones have no longer a monopoly of this; as a means of communication, except in certain ecclesiastical respects, they have ceased: they are old and familiar as matters of study, but not associated with any use and practice; and the work of criticism and emendation, which of course may go on for ever, cannot have now the charm which it had with the early finders and restorers. Whatever interest classics then had, something else has got now.

Taking Greek and Latin, then, as they are read at this day, it may be at once said, first, that they are read for no purpose of positive knowledge: for physical knowledge they are superannuated; and even the historical knowledge which the regularly read classical authors can furnish, is very limited: the most important author for the ancient historical world as a whole (small portions of which Thucydides and others describe to us in detail), the delight of our fathers, and the main source of the interest, we may say, which the classical world has excited (I mean Plutarch), is no longer considered a classic, and is only known at second hand. Nor are they studied in the Protestant world for any interest which we have in the use of Latin or Greek as languages: even university statutes and

physicians' prescriptions have had hard work to preserve their Latin. For reading, Latin and Greek authors are more likely to be accessible in translations than French or German ones, and since all the world travels, these latter may be useful, while the former cannot. Again, the fact of the classical literature being, from the circumstances of its preservation, such as to call forth eminently the faculties of criticism for its restoration, though an important element in the *interest* of classics, has not been, and cannot be such in their adaptation for education: the pupil's business must be to construe, the tutor's to provide, if he can, for construability.

What, then, *are* Greek and Latin *now* read for? In the case of Greek (it may be supposed), on the assumption of the peculiar and special excellence of the literature; the feeling of which excellence, upon the whole, may be considered, I should think, to have increased during the time in which classics have been a study, instead of diminished; for in the earlier times of the Revival of Letters, various circumstances contributed to direct a greater amount of attention to the Latin. This feeling of the excellence of the literature is quite a different thing from an idea of peculiar excellence of the *language*, independent of the literature. Great attention has been paid to Greek grammar, and the Greek authors being much in men's eyes, minuteness of idiom and usage have been traced and illustrated with great felicity, and those who have done this have been able to give a tone to men's thoughts about the matter, so that Greek has been considered a language unique, one which, in a manner or degree peculiar to itself, could 'give a soul to the objects of sense and a body to the abstractions of metaphysics.' The merits of languages, as such, cannot be decided in quite such an offhand manner, and comparative philology has yet to give us (for it has not done it) the principle upon which such merits are to be determined. Every language is a methodical organization, and perfectly fulfils its purposes; and though very probably one language may be of a higher type or order than others, yet we must know more before we can say so. In the meantime, the most useful preparatory axiom is, that since in any language people do express what they mean and understand each other, there is a certain degree of compensation, and that deficiency in one direction is supplied in another, and providing for a thing in one way renders useless another. The Latins, for instance, would not have needed, or perhaps developed, the artistic complication of their sentences if they had used a definite article, and would have let their potential formations drop out of use, except for paradigms, as some of the Greek

did, if they had developed, like the Greeks, a potential particle.

Carefully, however, distinguishing between the philological comparison of languages as instruments of thought, and their literary comparison as actually used or as expressing thought, or rather calling this latter *literature* as distinguished from language, Greek literature may be said to have risen in men's judgment as they have known more of it. Philologically, to maintain the study of Greek as better and more useful than that of Sanscrit, or even than that of French or German, is surely unreasonable. Greek will do as a type of language for us, if we like to make it so (our own language we perhaps cannot look at *ab extra* enough to make such), but so will any language, for all have the same elements, general organization, and results. *Amount* and quantity of literature is requisite, in order that the language may be seen in sufficiently varied action and application; but *quality* of literature, as regards mere philology, is not of prime importance. And if for type we want the most perfect and complete language, I cannot think, as has been said, that we are in a condition to pronounce Greek so.

But in a *literary* point of view, it hardly seems that the partisans of modern literature, or of other ancient literatures to which attention is given—such as the Sanscrit or the Arabic,—are disposed to claim for them a place above, or even by the side of the Greek. Modern literature has almost precluded itself from the right of claiming for itself a place superior to the ancient models, by the manner in which it has formed itself upon them; and great as may be the interest of Sanscrit literature, I suppose its champions would hardly consider that if *it*, rather than Greek, had had the moulding of the mind of Europe, the result would have been as good, or therefore that there is any reason it should supersede Greek now. Supposing we put Greek as a language only on a par with other languages, and consider Greek taste and feeling as to art and architecture as something which must now give place, whether to restored mediævalism or to some other revival or invention; we can hardly say that Homer, Herodotus, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Plato, Aristotle (and more might be mentioned), are not as much to us as they always were, or that any single literature will furnish us with anything like such an array of examples.

It may be said that there is no meaning in the idea which I thus give of *literature*, as something between the mere language, on the one side, and positive or definite addition to knowledge on the other: as I have said that Greek, as a

language, is much like others, and that it is not positive and definite increase of knowledge we should now seek in it.* But I think it will be admitted that there is something very real in the excellence of any one of the above—Homer, for instance,—and that this is something neither in the language nor in the thought detached from the language, but something between the two, the language as an instrument being what conveyed the excellence to us, but no part of the excellence itself. Every individuality of the Homeric language may appear in an imitation like Apollonius Rhodius, and every individuality of the thought in a good translation, but there is a charm or excellence independent of either of these, and between them.

And not only does Greek literature as a model, as *the* literature, or what has given us the idea of such a thing, appear to have lost none of its value, but it is by no means exhausted as a line of study; many veins in it are still actively yielding, and new points of interest turning up. There is, indeed, a certain tendency to illusion in these cases, and as we have seen how the genius of the writers has led to a mistaken idea of some peculiar virtue in the language, their instrument, so it is possible that that same genius may make us see in magnified proportions the things it touches, and exaggerate the importance, as compared with other portions of human experience, of some particular events or characters. This, however, is an evil, if it is one, which in some respects tends to correct itself; and in this day, at least, enthusiastic

* When we say that Greek and Latin are now not much read for their substance, independently of the manner in which it is conveyed, perhaps exception ought to be made for the *philosophy*. In poetry, the substance and manner are inseparably connected, so that a translation becomes quite another thing, and does not at all represent what the book is read for. In mathematics or physics, on the other hand, the manner is comparatively nothing, and a translation may entirely represent what the book is read for. We have no more idea of requiring Euclid to be studied in the Greek, than we have of considering that Homer could be adequately understood from a translation. Philosophy stands in an intermediate position. Independently of the beauty of language in which much of the Greek philosophy is drest, the philosophy, as in fact all philosophy, is associated with the terms expressing it, in a manner which makes it something different in the original from what it can be in any translation: the transference into another language will destroy not only the beauty of effect, but also not unfrequently the point of argument, and periphrasis or annotation are but imperfect remedies against this. Of course what translation in this way *cannot* exhibit is but a trifle compared with the vast mass of thought which it does and can; but it is enough to make it allowable for us to say that the original must be read if we would have a true idea of the substance of the philosophy.

interest in the ancient world is quite compatible with good sense in judging and exhibiting it.

But we must leave Greek, the eternal interest of which thus appears to be in the excellence of its literature, to turn to Latin. And what is, so far as we can see, the acting reason, independent of conservatism, for the continuance of the study of this? Not, it may be supposed, as in Greek, the excellence of its literature.

The golden thread of excellence which ran through all Greek literature, not merely in classical times, but in post-classical, and what we consider debased ones, that *good taste* which belongs to Plutarch as much as to Herodotus, and which never seems to have degenerated into affectation, distortion, and exaggeration, scarcely, but for a short period, belonged to Rome at all, and then only under circumstances connecting it with Greece. Roman literature had no native and trained development. What was native in it never received its fair cultivation, and what was borrowed never made itself truly at home, except, indeed, in a very few instances. Roman literature, then, as a course or whole, is more imperfect, not to say than Greek, but than most modern ones.

The interest of Roman literature has probably, on the whole, during the course of modern classical study, declined, and the feeling of this is causing at this moment something, perhaps, of a reaction in favour of it. Owing to its nearer affinity with modern languages and thought, and to the peculiar fitness of some of its authors to be models, not indeed of natural and genuine literature, but of the finished elegance of an age of high refinement, it has been more connected than Greek has been with what we may call Classicalism as a style of thought or matter of literary taste, as developable in modern languages and opposed in the last generation to what was then called Romanticism. Horace, for example, has had more actual influence upon modern thought and literature than anything Greek has; and Cicero, Virgil, and Tacitus, in their various ways, not very much less. Virgil, indeed, was, perhaps, greater before the Revival of Letters than he has been since. Ovid, and still more the secondary Latin poets, have been greatly shorn of their honours. Tacitus is probably the author whose influence on modern times has been the most solid and durable—the one we could least do without.

Rougher things, in the shape of Porsonian scholarship and grammatical philology, have had their turn, and have rather interfered with the devotion to classical literature, simply on the score of its elegance. For philosophical, also, and historical (though no longer for strictly scientific) purposes,

attention to authors on account of their substance (and, therefore, principally to Greek ones, as the original and more important), has tended to supersede that given on account only of style. The Latin models of literary elegance, and the youthful efforts to imitate them, continue in school importance, but have lost much of the out-of-door importance which they once had; and I think we may observe, that the advocates of classical study on the ground of literature and taste are now disposed to have Greek in their eye, rather than Latin.

The ground of defence of Latin as a study is probably, in most cases, now, that which really has at all times been the main *reason* of its importance as such, though it was a view of the matter rather beneath the attention of those who looked upon the Latin authors as, in a literary view, perfection. This is the relation of the Latin language to our own and modern languages.)

There are two facts of the relation of Latin to our own language which give it a special value to us: the one its singular *dissimilarity* of syntax and construction, the other its relation of parentage to half of our language, I suppose we may say, at least to a large part of it. The logical value of learning a language besides our own is, of course, very great, for the purpose of comparing the manners of expression, and in this way understanding better what expression by language is in general, and entering the better by the comparison into the force of each of the languages, our own in especial. Were it only for the purpose of practice in writing English, the learning a different language merely to translate from, would not be unreasonable, and in default of it various questionable expedients have to be resorted to, such as themes upon subjects where thought is null, or the practice of *paraphrasing* standard English authors, which is, of course, really translating out of good English into what, the more the original has hit the good expression, can the less itself be good. But the value of a language learnt for purposes of comparison is, certainly, the greater, the more distinct this language is in the points of comparison. It is merely for this reason that Latin grammar, and the study of Latin construction by translation and composition, is a better logical exercise for an Englishman than German grammar or French.

The *similarity* (arising from its relation of parentage, or more properly of grandfatherhood) between our language and the Latin in many *words*, is, of course, as really (and more apparently) a reason for our learning it, as the dissimilarity of construction spoken of above. In this respect, however, it does not probably very much differ in importance from French

or Italian; but both in this respect, and with a view of proceeding to any other European language, the father (or mother) language is a better starting-point than the brother (or sister) one.

Speaking generally, then, Greek and Latin appeal to us now with distinct claims: the one from something in itself, its furnishing us with a model of literature; the other from something in its relation to us, its being the language which, if we are to learn any language besides our own, will best help us to clear thought, explain to us much of our own which would otherwise be insignificant, and if we want to go on to other languages, lead us part of the way to two or three of them. Such being, then, as it appears to me, the main reasons in the minds of men, independently of conservatism, for the continuance of the study of Latin and Greek in the present day, it may be as well just shortly to go over the main points or directions from which they are liable to attack, or have been attacked.

Classical education may, I suppose, be defined or described as a course of education,—(1.) uniform or the same for all, whatever their destination or profession, that is, general, not special or professional; (2.) in literature, not in science; and this literature (3.) that of past times, not present ones; and (4.) that of a foreign country, not our own; (5.) in a limited portion too, also, of this particular literature, much of it being excluded as unclassical and unworthy of our attention; and, finally, (6.) this literature being that of people of another religion, offending, in many respects, not only our religious feelings, but our moral ones.

On each one of these particulars, of course, adversaries may be expected to rise up, and, in fact, have risen. In the abstract, as has been said, the classical ideal of education is one which has the presumption against it. If we were organizing a Utopia and imagining an ideal scheme of education, we should probably be inclined to give it some, if not all, of the opposite particulars to the above. We will just skimmingly notice each one of the points of difference.

I. About *professionalism* in education, we must refer back to the opening of this Essay, for, in one point of view, the question entirely depends upon what it is we mean education for. If the profession is not *all* the man, and we do not wish it to be so, then, of course, it will be our object to make education as *unprofessional* as possible; and since the man, after a certain time of his life, will be obliged to give his best thoughts to his profession, we shall try all the more before that time to direct them to something else, and to save what we can of him

from the absorption. The more constantly he will be kept in harness after he has once begun, the less we shall be inclined to put him in harness before we can help.

In this respect, I suppose, the view of preparatory education with most intelligent people is, that it will have an eye to two things, not far remote from each other: the one to furnish certain springs of activity and sources of interest independent of the profession, for such hours as are not required for it; the other to lead to the taking an intelligent and large view of the profession itself. These two have, as was said, a tendency to coincide, because, though under certain circumstances the mind may be likely to move reactionally, and may wish its leisure thoughts to be of something the farthest possible removed from the subject of its business ones, yet this is not the healthy or normal state. It argues overstraining in the first instance, followed by over-recoil in the second. A man's business will *naturally* employ the best of his thoughts, and give the tone to them all; so that if we wish to provide for general exercise of intelligence, and against vacancy or over-absorption, we shall probably best do it by trying to make a man take a more liberal interest in his profession than is implied in the adoption of it as a mere means for money-getting, self-establishment, or rank.

It is evident that classical study lends itself very well, in the general, to the idea of preparatory education of this kind. The subjects which it is concerned with have enough of literary charm, when pursued far enough, to make them come in, when recurred to in after life, as a mental recreation, and enough of business character to make them preserve the regard of practical and intelligent men, and to keep them in relation with the habitual manner of thought of such. They help to enlarge and liberalize the conception of our own work on earth, by bringing into comparison with it other people similarly employed under different circumstances, whose views on the subjects which interest us we may compare with our own, and so at once correct our views and relieve our attention.

At the same time, classical study, or any course of instruction, would probably not be the worse pursued for those who direct it keeping in mind the destination in life of the studiers; and a certain degree of particular adaptation it does admit, and would be the better for. The cause, it can hardly be doubted, of the sort of decline of interest in Latin literature in our country, which I have alluded to, has been the smaller degree of attention given to that important part of it which is concerned with *law*, the special Roman art and distinction, as taste and literature were the distinction of the

Greeks. It is for those to whom the subject more properly belongs to consider how greater attention to this might be made to bear upon practical life in our country, but it can hardly be doubted it can most closely.

The question of professionalism, or specialism, in education is closely connected with one to which I can but allude, that, namely, of the suitable ages for different parts of education. It may, however, be said at once, that with regard to youths between eighteen and twenty-two, the average age of English undergraduateship, their studies should not be a mere continuance of those of school, but should have a reference, if not a professional reference, to the life they are now entering upon. Classical education, at that age, can only be defended against professional on the supposition of its being something more than mere construing and verse-making,—on the supposition, that is, of there being something actually tending to enlarge the mind in the matter which is taught (and not only in what is *taught*, but in what is *learnt*—very different things), and of there being a direct effect of logical and moral discipline upon the mind in the manner of learning it. If, through defect of previous study, or from whatever cause, sufficient progress has not been made for this to be possible, it would be far better that some other studies more directly tending to have an effect in life afterwards should be resorted to.

What I have said has been on the supposition of professional eminence *not* being a man's *summum bonum*, and of education having, in consequence, other objects in view besides that. Supposing, however, even that it is so, or at least (from the point of view of education) is to be considered so, the early beginning of directly professional education does not necessarily follow. In fact, the very practicalism of the English has guarded them against much mistaken and superficial practicalism, which is more common out of England than in it. The English tendency has always been rather to have no play about a thing, no preludial education, but to begin a thing in earnest when it is begun, and till then to have nothing to do with it. In this point of view, professional education is definite apprenticeship, and the nature of education before this does not enter into consideration, as regards the employment or profession.

What is the real truth of fact as regards this, and the course which is abstractly the best, is a matter of longish consideration. The English have probably carried their way of thinking too far, and the tendency now is, to wish for professional preparation in several cases where previously practice was considered likely to be the best instructor. Whether any general

rule can be laid down is doubtful. The entering upon a profession with faculties full grown, but not yet fixed or stiffening, and practised by moral training, direct and indirect, to patience, intrepidity, and alertness, the looking upon the future definite duty of life thus with a fresh eye at the time when it has *to be done* in earnestness and without trifling, this has a certain degree of advantage, at least with some characters, which has a tendency to be lost in the previous pottering about things which what is called professional education must involve. Whether a man will preach the better sermon when he gets into a real pulpit for having been well practised in preaching, without other interest than that of excelling others, to his fellow students,—whether, in fact, the learning any business in the kind of shadowy outline, the sort of pantomime of it, which is the way in which it must enter into education, is a help or a hindrance to the practical, serious exercise of it, is a question rather unsettled. The strength of the argument for professionalism is, that a profession anyhow requires certain moral habits, and, in fact, perhaps habits of body too, which will be best formed by beginning even a sort of play practice of it, and that the learning many things, which really *can* be learnt, before they are wanted, will both save much valuable time in later life, and will ensure their *being* learnt, whereas possibly afterwards, for shame of asking and appearing temporarily ignorant of them, they would never really be learnt at all. However, to leave this.

One argument which is a good deal used at this moment in favour of more of professional education—that, namely, of the narrow-mindedness, want of largeness of view, and activity of interest, and openness of eye in one's profession, which is supposed to characterize those not educated for it—is not so much an argument for actual professional education, as one against the scheme of education, whatever it may be, which produces the defect above. The unprofessional education may be deficient in calling out the faculties, in making the youth broad awake to all that is around him, and alive to the interest of it; but the mere professionalizing the education will not better the matter; it will merely substitute one sort of narrow-mindedness for another, or rather, perhaps, narrow-mindedness for what is really sleepy-mindedness. The education that is needed as to this, is one so far unprofessional as to give a man an eye for other things besides what is his immediate business, and so far professional as that the business of his profession shall keep it alive in him, and furnish occasion for the making it useful, and throw his mind back sometimes, or habitually, upon it. If Englishmen, in their employments and profes-

sions, for instance, as some say, are not active-minded and observing, and interested for their own and their country's advantage in what goes on around them wherever they are thrown, it cannot be because their education has not been sufficiently professional, but rather, that whatever it has been, it has not sufficiently waked them up, and given them any sources of interest outside of the very straightforward professional teaching, supposing any education could do so.

Those who think that no professional education is possible or desirable but regular apprenticeship, will only be anxious about the previous education so far as that the habits it tends to produce should be such as almost any business requires, and that it should not be likely to encourage any temper of mind unfavourable to professional methodicalness and patience. A certain activity of the imagination is desirable, and necessary, perhaps, to professional eminence, certainly to any liberal and large-minded practice of a profession, and exercise of intellect outside of it. But too much activity of imagination, short of genius (which, after all, is imagination regulated), is just what education must be mainly directed to discipline and restrain. This, of course, is nothing new to say, and we are only concerned with it here because the observation and activity of mind mentioned above is not to be supposed such as may degenerate into attention to all sorts of things, to the prejudice of the more regular business. Business or profession is a bondage (though idleness is a worse one): the first thing is breaking in to it; the *next* thing only is the providing that the breaking in shall not be too severe, exclusive, and absolute.

Against those, then, whom we may call *professionalists* the classical system will have to say, that *some* portion of education must, by the admission of all, be what is called liberal, that is, unprofessional; and that where there is a reference to future profession, this reference must be to a great extent *indirect* or general, leaving *direct* professional instruction to actual apprenticeship; and that Greek and Latin furnish, in respect of the unprofessional part of education, a thoroughly good mental discipline, and are, in respect of the indirectly professional part, capable of being so taught as to help a man to a large and liberal view of his profession, which is *one* most important element of utility and success in it.

II. The next direction from which what we call classical education has been and is often attacked, is by those who would disapprove of it as not being sufficiently what would now be termed *positive* or *real*,—as being, in fact, *literature*, not *science*—talk, not substantial knowledge.

The distinction, however, in this point of view, between literature and science, is not easy to draw, and there is sometimes, consequently, some want of clearness in discussions on the subject. If the distinction is drawn as to the *matter*, then literature will probably be defined, 'all that large part of knowledge which has relation to man,' and science 'that part which has relation to abstract truth and to nature;' the limit between these two provinces being very vague and doubtful. If the distinction be drawn as to the *manner* or *method*, then literature will be defined 'the study of actual results of literature, and the knowledge in general arising from and connected with such study,' study of books; and science will be study of subjects, of one or more branches of knowledge, each on its definite scientific method.

It is very important in the discussion of this matter, to bear in mind which view of the distinction we are taking. The very large mass of science or knowledge which is not mathematical or definitely physical, all that we call social or moral science, and the knowledge connected with it, falls, in the one case and the other, on different sides.

There are sure to be many persons who, like Dr. Arnold, take no particular interest in physical science, or, at least, would very much, so far as their own feelings go, subordinate it in value, for education, to science relating to man. The same sentiment would be felt by many in regard of mathematical science also, as compared with social or moral: such would consider knowledge relating to life and action more likely both to engage the students, and to be of advantage to them, than abstract inquiries.

These, then, making the distinction, in the first instance, as to the *matter*, would consider that at least some considerable part of education in general should be in this sense *literary*, not scientific.

The question would then arise as to the *manner* and *method*, and would, in the main, be—Is the best way of following out this study of man and human nature the method of books, or the method of subjects? Or (in the language of those who would use the terms literature and science in relation to the manner) is it literature we should teach, or science and philosophy, historical, social, moral?

Literature in general, and science and philosophy (in this latter way of using the terms) are, of course, employed about the same thing. They run, too, in certain points together, for we must learn the science in books, and these may be as well good and standard ones, and each work of literature has its method and system, which is the higher the more standard

and classical the book is. *Quicquid agunt homines* is the burden of both: in the one we have the thread tangled, and are to amuse ourselves in disentangling it; in the other it is given us free and loose, or so much so as can be, and we are to follow it.

Each way has its own interest and its own dangers. The literary method has the interest of sympathy, of reality, and yet of imagination as well; and the danger, on the other hand, of degenerating into vapid criticism, loose commentarialism, or superficiality from imperfect comprehension. The scientific method has the interest which must attend such a method,—the perception and consciousness of the growth of knowledge, the observation of its successive steps, the power of retracing them and refreshing what we know: it has its dangers, of what, for instance, we now call unreality (that is, defect in its applicability to real circumstances), as well as of theoretical falseness and logical unsubstantiality.

Now, in reference to the application of the above to Classical Education, those who find fault with this in the way we are speaking of now, would, some of them, say that it is inferior as a kind of education to education in the strictly demonstrative or abstract sciences; others, to education in the positive or physical ones; others would say, that if not the matter, yet the manner of its literary education is faulty, and that its method is one, not of subjects or sciences, but of books, so that we learn only what *has been said* about things, not what is really the fact or is true.

One phrase used in a discussion of this kind, and which, like all phrases, is very deceptive, is, 'We want that *things* should be taught, not words.*' If those who use such a

* The intellectual value of the study of different languages is most usually depreciated on this side, which we may call that of *positivism*, though it may also be so on what is in some respects an opposite ground, and which we may call that of *philosophy*. That is, the superficial and common idea of the relation of different languages to each other is that the learning a new one is merely the learning a new set of sounds to apply to the same things which the old ones applied to, so that nothing is gained which can be really called knowledge. Some, however, who have more entered into the difficulties of philosophy, have been inclined to take exactly an opposite view, and to consider that so great is the want of correspondence between the abstract or more important ideas in different languages, that the way to clearness of thought is by keeping strictly to one, and that knowledge of more than one language is not indeed a mere idle power of varying the sounds we talk in, or a familiarity with the accidental ways in which men have varied them, but is worse than vain—namely, what is likely to puzzle and bewilder us. It is clear that the truth lies between these two views, the last of which is in fact a mere sceptical despair

phrase would tell us how things are to be taught without words, or what words are in teaching other than the signs of things, or the necessary way by which what they mean by things must enter into knowledge, the phrase might possibly stand for an argument. If it merely means that education should be carried on with a constant reference to real nature and actual practice—that we should not wish to produce mere bookworms or theorists, but open-eyed and active-bodied members of society, prepared to take their part in its duties, and to look after the best ways of doing so,—none will gainsay it. But by education now, as is implied by our calling one species of it classical, we mean that part of the general youthful training the terms of which are teaching and learning, and the material such things as are taught by words: many most useful things—bodily exercises, for example—may be taught without them, but we have not now to do with these.

So far as teaching of words without things corresponding to them is conceivable, it is a failing to teach at all, a mere *coup manqué*, which is possible whatever it is that the attempt

of human reason, analogous to the tone of feeling which an extensive acquaintance with the varieties of customs and manners among men may produce, in which the idea of unity of morals and civilization is lost. The knowledge of fresh languages and literatures, to such an extent as it exists, is like the knowledge we gain of foreign countries by travelling, and what we see and come to know is something new, but is part of what, in the whole, is a repetition of the old: the great features are the same, the small ones are different. The great features of all languages, and the mass of idea in each of them (more or less carried out as to extent), correspond, while the details only correspond where the unity of the particular idea is stamped at once by nature, and is universal over the world, which conditions apply but to a small part of language. Languages are organizations, and the comparing ways of expression in one and in another (in anything beyond the merest matter of sense and sight) is like comparing the leg of a man and of a horse; there is new positive knowledge gained by the comparison of them, and yet we may make it without puzzling our idea of a leg altogether. The true value of a new language is, that it introduces us into a new world of thought, sufficiently like that with which we are familiar to be capable of being brought into relation with it, and sufficiently different from it to interest us, and not to be merely the same thing over again. Real philosophical questions will stand the transference, and the exhibition of them in a new form of language will help the understanding of them: it is frivolous ones, or logomachies, which probably will not. On this view of language, though for the direct purposes of human society the diversity of languages is a calamity ('linguarum diversitas hominem alienat ab homine . . . ita ut libentius homo sit cum cane suo, quam cum homine alieno,' in S. Augustine's words, *De Civ. Dei*, xix. c. 7), yet for the intellectual, which are in some measure the higher, purposes of society, for distinctness of thought, and for perception of truth, we cannot consider it so, but an advantage.

is being made to teach, if it is possible in anything. It may indeed be that the word itself is the thing, as in the case of all teaching of language, and that what is meant by 'things, not words,' is 'Do not teach languages, but the matter which languages are meant to express.' On this two things are to be said: one is, that language, with the mental laws which regulate the production of it, and with the various forms and organisms which it takes in the actual use of men, is a phenomenon as real and positive as, for example, vegetation with its physiological laws and its development in genera and species; and that the fact that it stands in closer relation than the laws of vegetation do to the history and nature of man, is what surely cannot make it less worthy of our study, whatever it may do. But this is to be said also—that this science, which, in different stages of it, we may call the philosophy of languages or comparative philology, is not the main or direct subject of Classical Education.

Opinion has to a certain degree changed, since the time when people considered Greek and Latin as 'the Tongues,' and had that idea of grammar which caused a school for teaching *them* to be called a 'grammar-school.' At present, they are two out of many languages with various claims on people's attention; and the particular claims which they severally seem to me to have, I have endeavoured to exhibit above. Comparative Philology may take them, or either of them, as a type of language to start with (*i. e.*, may adjust the scheme of scientific treatment and nomenclature which is to be applied to language in general by *their* special organism in the first instance), or any other language instead: the best, it may be presumed, for the purpose is the one whose grammar has been most scientifically treated. This, in the opinion of some most able to judge, seems to be the Greek grammar. But though the grammatical labours of classical philologists for so long a time may have produced most valuable results, and may have raised the philosophy of grammar, as applied to Greek, far higher than Indian, or Rabbinical, or Arabian grammarians have raised it for their languages (on which let those judge who can), yet I think we have no right to imagine that the application of what is often called scholarship—the classical tone of philology, I mean—to other languages than Greek and Latin, will be productive of any effects of much importance. This has been at all times mixed with various elements of no permanent or philosophical value, has followed fashion, been directed to unimportant specialities, satisfied itself with laying down usage, &c.—it is hardly fully adequate to a more extended atmosphere.

Of course, as general philology is supposed to be improvable by what I here call scholarship, so scholarship may be improvable by general philology; and attempts have been lately made, with great success, so to improve it. But, as has been said, philology, if we mean by it classical study in any way in which it has hitherto been considered, and philology, if we mean by it the general study of language, are two distinct things, and it is only leading ourselves into error to use the same word for them. Each of them has certain things which enter into the other, but their main range is quite different. When we speak of Niebuhr as a philologist, we mean by the term a man whose subject was Greek and Latin literature, and whose range of knowledge, in his case so vast, grouped itself round this as a centre: to describe further the unity or leading idea of the mass would be difficult. It would not be language, for we include Niebuhr's knowledge of the matter of his authors, and his researches into classical history, all under the head of his philology. If we speak of James Grimm or W. von Humboldt as a philologist, we mean a man whose subject is language itself, or some department of it, the unity or leading idea being perfectly distinct, however large may be the range of acquirement: with him Greek and Latin, if he is concerned with them, are like any other language. Some people may be, and are, philologists in both senses; but that does not make the one the other.

Comparative philology is, in some respects, a fresh and rising science, and the present phase of classical philology may be a kind of approximation towards it; and connected with this is the feeling of those classical philologists who wish, while enlarging and liberalizing their own subject, to make it a kind of platform on which to build a general science of language. But classical philology, in this course, will have to give up so much, and stretch itself so wide, that it will scarcely retain its identity. Still, it is a noble course for it to take; and being, as it is, *a fact*—being in possession, it might fairly be allowed to remain as introduction to (if it cannot properly be called foundation of) any more special study of language following it. After having, to a certain extent, disciplined the youthful mind, it might give up some of its students to the study of another language, according to their destination in life—those for the Church to Hebrew, those for India to Sanscrit, &c. *Some* such idea of the classical platform is certainly necessary for the continuance of it in general education.

Classical education, then, is not the science of language or languages, and must neither arrogate to itself the merit, nor bear the blame of such a study. It deals with but two lan-

guages, and its grammatical or really philologic concern with them is but a part of it; the remaining and larger part being the study of the literature and thought embodied in them. To those, then, who think the study of language or grammar useless, and in *this* view disparage classical instruction, answer may be given by pointing to this latter fact, as well as by maintaining, what however there would not be much difficulty in maintaining, that the study of words and grammar is most valuable. But, independently of philology, there may be some who think lightly of classics considered as thought and literature; supposing the *substance* of them inferior in value to mathematical and physical science, and the manner of the study of them immethodical and defective.

I have mentioned that at the Revival of Letters, one main point, we might say *the* main point, was the positive knowledge contained in them. At present mathematics and physical science stand in opposition to them; and as the claims of these latter are undoubted, classical study, with reasonable people, will claim but a portion of education, however we estimate that portion, in numbers or in time. The question of the relative merits of the studies, and the way in which they should divide the field, is too long to enter on here.

One word only on the value of physical science, as distinct from literature of any kind. This value is so great, that it may probably be said, the reason why physical science does not enter more into the higher education is the difficulty of making it a regular mental training, a matter of direct learning, in the way in which much of language and literature can be made so. The physical sciences are so specialized, and kept by their cultivators so distinct—there appears so little common understanding among these in regard to any general mental training which might be of the nature of a preparation to the subsequent full carrying out of any particular one of the sciences, that it cannot be wondered at that the advocates for *literary* education, whose ground is clear before them, have it very much their own way. If the physical sciences, indeed, as may be, *have* no such common ground for education, but the special facts and results of any one of them are all that can be begun with, then, though education in them may be of value for many purposes, it is hardly so in the point of view we now take.

Leaving, then, to mathematical and physical science its province, and speaking of the remainder, we find still classical study excepted against, on the ground of its dealing in *books* rather than in subjects, and failing, therefore, in method; and, consequently, in the effect of mental discipline. And, no doubt,

under certain circumstances, it is fairly open to this charge. The essence of what is called *cram* is want of method; and knowledge is *cram* or not, not according to what it is in itself, but according to the way in which it coheres with other knowledge. A considerable part, it may be considered, of the grammatical and historical knowledge of some classical students is open to this name, as it frequently bears it, it having come into the mind on no other method or system than the simple commentarial one, from the accident of a passage in some author which has suggested it. Nothing, indeed, continues *cram* in an active mind; for, however it came there, in such it will make itself at home, and grow and attach itself to whatever knowledge has any relation to it; but the mind is not always active enough to methodize things itself, nor, if it does so, is it always in the best way.

The study of books, as distinguished from that of subjects, seems to be valuable or not, according as the studying mind has power to enter into the unity and method of them, and is able to fuse into this all the detached knowledge which different parts and passages in them may suggest. In this case, these are like eyes or germs, which have a life of their own, as well as an incorporation in the memory by what they are united with: imagination and curiosity may be developed from them, and a better and more coherent body of knowledge may be produced than perhaps would have been from the simple methodized subject. But if the mind is not powerful enough to do this, then the book, in fact, is nothing but a string on which to hang all sorts of incoherent comments. A lecture on a perfectly arbitrary succession of words would be as valuable, and the observations such a casual miscellany might suggest as worthy to be called study.

Not, however, to say any more on this just now, it may, perhaps, be considered, that on the question between literature and science for education, there is a fair agreement so far as this: that if we mean by science, knowledge physical and mathematical, these will be insufficient to fulfil all the purposes for which we require education; and that both for the conduct of life and for the drawing out the mind, we need much attention, if not most of it, being given to subjects more intimately connected with human life—that part of knowledge, namely, which has value and interest to us as social and moral beings. That if, again, we mean by science, knowledge systematized and taught on scientific method, the social and moral knowledge mentioned above is of such a nature, that often it is likely to take more hold and tell more if not given upon such method, but rather in the concrete form which it

takes in good works of literature. Still, if this last is done, it must not be to the exclusion of, but rather as furnishing a running illustration to, actual methodical instruction, so far as this can be given, in these sciences concerned with man: still less must it be given upon any sort of despairing supposition, that positive results in them, and significant or satisfactory system, are impossible. The thinking this is the despairing of human intellect and education altogether.

I do not prejudge or say anything about the attempts which have been or are being made to give to such of these social or moral sciences as it is supposed ought to continue to exist, a character more resembling that of the definitely mathematical or physical sciences—a *positive* character, as it is called. Whether or not this may be done, the difference will still remain between them and the others, that they ally and involve themselves with human feeling and literature in a manner which the others do not, and therefore will constantly offer themselves to the attention concretely and in combination, and the same reasons for studying them in that form will still continue. The most perfect giving to them a scientific form, whatever that may be, will not alter their relation to literature, or supersede their study in that. Even if we had a perfect system of sociology, we should still read the concrete history of England.

Against the second class, then, of objectors, whom, for want of a better name, we may call *positivists* or *realists*, the defenders of classical study would have to say, that they do not claim the *whole* field of education, but give up at once the half of it—we will say, to mathematics and physics: that in the remaining portion they will be satisfied with a divided dominion, making it their business to teach by deep study of the use of languages in particular recognised works of literature, what they think may in many respects be better taught in this way than in any other, or what, at least, if taught in other ways which as to method may be better, yet needs some teaching of this kind to vivify, actualize, and illustrate it. In the disciplining of thought, and in the study of sciences concerned with human nature, they may fairly claim a place, and a considerable one, for the express examination of important instances of the thought, and exhibitions of the human nature.

III. Supposing, however, education, or at least some part of education, is to be in literature, *what* literature is this to be? And here it is that classical education has had in these later times, and has now, to make the hardest fight. At the time when it came into use, there was no modern literature at all to be compared with the classical for taste and value, and the vernacular,

Third Objection—Our own Literature the best for us ? 99

its history and any possible knowledge connected with it, was looked upon with a great degree of contempt: now this is all altered. Latin was still, at that time, something of the nature of an universal language, and had a value in use—a modern value: now it has not. More than one modern literature—our own, for example—rival the extant Greek and Latin in amount and substance, have as wide a range, and books on every subject; and so far as it is not developed literature, but its commencement and growth, we take an interest in, we have got over any idea that the origines of Italy or Hellas are more worthy of our attention than those of England or Teutondom in general, and are disposed more *towards* these for being our own and near at home than against them. And now, whatever language may be or tend to be the most universal and useful one, it is not Latin.

Classical Study, therefore, stands upon ground wonderfully different at this time from that on which it once stood; and whatever were the arguments then for it, the same will not do now. Let us survey the state of the attack upon it, first by Patriots, and then by Modernists.

The first of these have doubtless much to say. That in the country of Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, Clarendon, Dryden, Locke, we should entirely neglect them even for Homer, Æschylus, Plato, Tacitus, Virgil, Cicero, is hard to defend; that boys should be trained in making Latin verses whose English spelling perhaps now and then halts, and who, in any case, would very likely find it difficult to write the simplest story or argument in good English; and that so much pains should be taken to explain the proceedings of Thespis—a sort of knowledge which, why it should be taught us about Greece rather than about England, no one can say, except that in this case we should at once see there might be something better to teach than theatrical antiquities;—this side of the fortress is not strong, if it is defensible.

One thing of consequence as to this is to ascertain what is *the fact* in regard of youths, and to discover not merely what is taught them, but what they have learned and know. Suppose the average youth coming up to the University; compare his knowledge of classical and of English literature. The results of such an examination, if it could be made, would be curious. Probably they would be, in the main, making allowance for exceptions, that in different youths the knowledge would be not far from proportional, and that those who knew the most of the one would know the most of the other.

On this I would assert nothing, but should be disposed to

think that the main difference was between youths who do not take and cannot be made to take interest in books of any kind, and those in whom mental activity exists or can be excited. With the first, a certain amount may be driven in against the grain: the question with them is, of what sort this should be. With the others, still, as I have said, allowing for exceptionalities, it may perhaps be considered that in proportion to the mental activity which will apprehend what is directly taught, will be the mental activity which, so far as there is leisure, will turn itself to other subjects of knowledge besides those directly taught,—such, namely, as, for one reason or other, may be of interest.

The exceptions allowed for will probably be mainly of two sorts (and may, for what I know, be so numerous as to leave but little substance to the principle): the first sort being, where there is more of moral energy (together with physical strength) than of really intellectual activity; where, therefore, there is a resolute persistency in a definite line of studies for an end besides themselves, and an equally resolute contempt for anything of the nature of knowledge which does not fall in with this. The other sort will be where there is a corresponding deficiency in this moral energy, or from outward circumstances no strong call for its exercise. In this latter case, the direct education or commanded studies failing in stimulus and interest, the mental activity will, all or most of it, be directed to self-chosen subjects of knowledge—those of the most interest to it: in the former case, the reverse will be the case, and there will be no self-choice or independent interest in knowledge, except, at least, in one rigid course.*

In regard to the determination, in correspondence with these facts, of the subjects of direct education, it depends a good deal on the answer we give ourselves to the question, Is that which will *itself* have the most interest for the mind what we ought to choose, or is it not? It is to be remembered, that whatever we do choose loses, to a certain degree, the inde-

* Though I would speak with caution, yet I think that the *rule* is as I have stated it, that is, that in the majority of cases the activity of mind in reading for interest's sake will be in proportion to the activity at lessons or direct instruction. But I am disposed to think, that the majority of cases of *intellectual eminence* come under one or other of the two exceptions, that is, arise either from strength of character and purpose concentrating the attention, independently of intellectual interest, on some one subject, everything else being resolutely disregarded; or else from intellectual interest and curiosity so eager and vivid as to be incompatible with any effective discipline, and to revolt against it. However, minds are so various that this can only be said very vaguely.

pendent interest which it had before: becoming matter commanded, it gains a *moral* hold and claim, but loses its attractions, in some degree, for the free intellectual curiosity and imagination. If, therefore, we make the choice above, we leave for the mind no natural intellectual path open for such of its activity as we do not press into the service of the direct study: the question is, is this disadvantage counterbalanced by the greater vigour with which the direct study will be pursued, from its being intellectually interesting as well as morally incumbent?

In cases where there is no intellectual activity, the question, of course, hardly applies. There are many youths who would probably never read a book of themselves, English or Latin either; and in such a case the consideration is simply what is the best thing for them to know, and they must be got to take it in as they can be got. Certainly, knowledge of English literature is more valuable to an Englishman than knowledge of Latin, and being able to write English of more value than being able to write Latin. Latin and Greek ought only to be taught for their own sakes, on the supposition that English will anyhow be learnt otherwise. English *is* taught, to a certain degree, in the learning of Latin and Greek, and in some points of view it is a good way of teaching it; but this is the only meaning and value of classical study with the youths now being spoken of. And classical study, with such, cannot be considered a *sufficient* teaching of English: it is to be feared that not a few leave our Universities every year with very inadequate power of writing their own language, and with an entire ignorance of its literature; their knowledge, such as it is, consisting of what is entirely valueless to them—classical grammar, a certain amount of Greek and Latin words, and the few portions of classical authors they have got up. Of course, however, it is easier to see the wrong than to prescribe the remedy. For cases where there *is* intellectual activity, the question, What should be the matter of direct study? will, I suppose, be answered by saying that it should not be so far remote from the sphere of the activity as to be devoid of interest. We should be glad of the student liking his book of study, but at the same time we should be glad of his liking some other books better, which might engage his attention out of study times, and be instruction and recreation together. And this is the natural place of ordinary English literature; a place which it cannot have if it fills that of direct study.

No doubt, the interest, so to call it, and such as it is, which is taken by the youthful mind in learning everything which is matter of direct teaching, is little more than the pleasure taken, to a certain degree, in any sort of activity or employ-

ment; a sort of pleasure in getting a thing done or having done something. So much is this the case, that there is nothing more fallacious or disappointing in general than any attempt to make direct teaching or lessons what is considered pleasant and attractive. The pupil will persist in thinking them lessons and a duty, agreeable, in this respect, only in the getting them done, however much the tutor may try to make him look at them in the same light as his play, as what should be pleasant in the doing: it is the constraint or freedom, not anything in the nature of one or another study, which makes the difference. So far as the pupil is concerned, whatever he is obliged to learn will have a tendency to be looked on as much the same.

Of course, however, as age goes on, a degree of more enlightened intellectual interest, different from the mere pleasure, such as it is, in mental exercise, may be supposed to arise in the mind, and the subject of instruction should be one which will allow of or inspire it. But even, perhaps, through the whole of education, it is for some minds not undesirable that there should be different lines of mental action, and the distinction between work and play still has its uses. Not to dwell, however, on this, what is to our present purpose is, that in direct instruction we shall be wise to count upon and recognise an activity of the mind independent of it, and to dedicate the moral, or not so directly intellectual, force which must enter into positive education, to matters or subjects of value which will not take care of themselves otherwise.

The reasons, such as they are, of the value of Latin and Greek, I have alluded to above; and, at the same time, the interest of these, as will be allowed, is not salient and prominent, so as, in cases of fair intellectual activity, to ensure attention to them, as may be considered to be the case with English literature. This, I suppose, coupled with two other considerations which I will mention, is the main reason why they do hold their ground in direct instruction against English literature.

The considerations are, first, what I have on more than one occasion alluded to—that the study of them is, or at least may be made, almost as effectual for the teaching of English indirectly, as it is for its own direct purpose. If this is borne in mind by those who teach them, and it is considered that every translation into English should be an exercise in English as well as in Latin, and every translation from English a test of the degree in which the force of the original is entered into, it is not easy to see in what way English could be taught better.

The second consideration is, that *system* in teaching the literature of one's own language, and certainty that anything is actually learnt, that there is an actual result, are hard to provide for. When literature is taught in conjunction with a new language, we are certain that something is learnt, and something of the nature of a course or progress is given us; but in the case of our own language, our familiarity with it, in certain respects, renders our habitual and superficial power over it so much greater than our real and reflective knowledge, that what is knowledge and what is not is not easily determined. We fancy ourselves to know all already, and find it hard to distinguish between this knowledge and that which comes of thought or study, and change the one for the other.

So much for the general attacks on classical study on the ground that we should learn our own language and literature before we do that of other people; but there is another point of view of these to which we must allude for a moment. Granted that mere English is not to be made an object of direct instruction,—is it not better that something, some language, for instance, more connected with English, and more specially interesting to Englishmen than the classical languages are, should be so?

The reasons assigned for the present learning of Latin were, the logical value to us of the language on account of its artistic syntax, so different from our own, and the fact that so large a number of the words in our language are descended from it. The latter of these reasons applies not much less, for the same part of our language, to French: and for the other part of it, would apply far more, to the study of Teutonic dialects preceding our own language, and to the earlier phases of this. In the way in which we consider, if we do so, the knowledge of Latin to add to our actual knowledge of the force of our own language, we should have to consider that knowledge of Anglo-Saxon and of cognate Teutonic languages would add to it in a greater degree.

So far, therefore, as we prefer Latin to them, we must bear in mind that it is for other things than this, and we must make our use and treatment of Latin according. If, for instance, leaving the developed and literary state of the language, which is the state in which it is of *instructional* value to us, we wish to investigate its rudiments and antecedents, we should remember that there is no more reason why we should be interested in Latin archæology than in any other, and that there *is*, of course, a special reason why we should be interested in our own. Some time ago, Latin and Greek were considered languages *sui generis*, unapproachable in value by others, and everything [at all connected with them of value similar.

Now, we hardly go so far as this. And though old Italian or Hellenic archæology may preserve all the interest which it ever had for those who specially follow it out, yet it is recommended to us on grounds different from those which recommend that distinctive classical study which we make part of the education of all. It has the same but no more educational value than any other line of archæological study, for example, which a man's tastes or circumstances may lead him to take interest in; and so far as one should think any to be generally recommended, it should be rather the archæology of one's own country.

It may be hoped, then, that in regard to antiquities and history, and matters which are not classical study itself, though they may be made appertinents to it, more attention will be given to things which are to us of more native interest, and that the claims of Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic philology on us will not be disregarded. And in another point of view, while Greece and Italy absorb so many intellects in finding out the same thing over and over again, some attention might be spared for the literary and historical interest of our great Oriental Empire, which seems in this point of view more interesting to other nations than to its proprietors. Here it will probably be said, 'What has this to do with the matter?' Do you mean that Gothic and Sanscrit are to be made classical languages? for we are talking of what is to be a *general* system of education—one to a certain extent for all. No doubt, with the opinion which I cannot think exists strongly now, that Greek and Latin are languages *sui generis*, is likely to vanish the opinion that there is any urgent and strong reason for cultivating them alone. Now, for anything like general instruction, certainly two classical languages are quite enough, and it would not do to add any other languages or subjects: the question then arises, are we to break in upon the idea of one general classical education for all?

There would seem to be the more reason for saying we should not, if even classics themselves could keep within such limits as to preserve the character of a single subject, and a subject of universal education: but we well know they hardly can. The classical range is restricted withinside of Greek and Latin literature in a manner hard to give good reason for; and yet the complaint is abundant that the range is too wide, and that we are leaving the friends of our school-boy days for subjects and authors which, though they are Greek and Latin, yet are too wide-spread and difficult for the youthful mind to compass. On this the alternative presents itself, either to limit our subject, or relax our demand

for uniformity; and from a consideration even of classical literature itself, it is probable the latter part of the alternative is what we should choose.

Attempts to restrict the circle of study where there is a strong stimulus of emulation are (and the same appears in other things besides classics) not very likely to be successful. But if unrestricted, classical study now tends to run out into wide regions in directions far diverging: one man takes interest in Latin, and another in Greek, one in philosophy, another in criticism, another in philologic archæology; and amongst these there is no more bond of union, than between any one of them and several subjects not called classical. In this case, the natural course of proceeding is to contemplate classical study as *one* up to a certain point, and then to let it diverge; and to consider the man classically educated to be the man who has followed it through its unity, and then has made his choice among the branches of it. And if we once admit this principle of divergence (and we soon can hardly help doing it), other things besides what now would be considered so may be admitted to a place among the branches or developments. The youth who, after his schoolboy training, begins upon Aristotle, for instance, with any view on the part of himself or his tutor of his making a study of it, and following out the philosophy to any purpose, might just as well, so far as connexion with what he has done before and easiness of acquirement go, begin upon Sanscrit, associating its grammar as he learns it with his previous knowledge of that of Greece and Rome: which of the two studies would be more profitable for him depends upon circumstances, upon his mental tastes and future destination. But the one study (and the same might be said for a variety of other studies) would have quite as much to do with his previous course as the other.

Our point, however, *now* is only this; that however we may keep classical study as in all cases our *school* staple, and the development of that study into the higher philology, the study of ancient philosophy, &c., for those whose tastes so lead them, there is not the same occasion for uniformity at the University which there is at school; and there would be more mental activity, as well as more advantage to society at large, if the range was widened.*

* The distinction between what may be considered fit for school, and what for university study, is connected with a very important point of consideration as to study in general, which may perhaps just be alluded to. It is that no study (pursued on intellectual grounds alone) is fit to be a general one, or a part of a scheme of education for *all*, in the manner in which most school education is carried on, unless it admits

Individuals need not learn more, except so far as their greater interest in their subject might make them do so; and the number of subjects, increased for the whole, would for the individual be diminished. And in this way, our own native

of being *mindless* without being positively nonsensical or hurtful; and most of the studies which are intellectually the highest will not admit of this. In all such general studies we must make up our mind that a vast quantity of what is done or learnt will be simple knack, or cram, the result either of practice with some special sort of quickness and aptness, or else of memory; and the study ought to be of such a kind, that when we cannot manage to bring out any higher faculties, the employment of these lower ones may be of service. There are two sorts of studies which seem pre-eminently of this character, and these are, that of languages, and those parts of mathematics which have relation to computation (have no reference, that is, to geometry, and do not involve mathematical imagination) as primarily arithmetic. These will call out thought and reason if there is any to call, but can make shift without them, or do with very little; while yet something is learnt, and the mind is really exercised. If on the other hand we make anything of the nature of philosophy, logic, or (I should say) of geometry, a juvenile and general study, then in the minds which it takes hold of all is well (better perhaps than in the other case); but in many instances it will go for nothing, or for worse than nothing, because the *mindless* learning or practice of it is of no value. In these latter cases, that all-important element of knowledge, the previous sensation of ignorance, is wanting, and we try in vain to teach solutions where there is no perception of a difficulty. The difficulty of declining *Musa*, or doing a sum in Long Division, is very perceptible; but those of dividing a straight line into two equal parts, and of proving that if a cow is a quadruped, and a quadruped an animal, then a cow is an animal, are of a more refined character, and do not present themselves readily to the youthful observation.

But though *mindless* learning and practice are very well in boyhood, where we can often get no better, they are not in youth, or at least must not be acquiesced in where anything can be found which will set the mind in action. It is for this reason that the university ought to be a place of greater variety of study than the school, and while the old school studies are properly pursued by those whose taste and talent fits them for carrying them forward, we should try at least if the humdrum cram of the others, which now they may be considered to have had enough of, cannot be replaced by something which they will have some understanding of or interest in. At the university age, a less valuable subject, pursued with mind, is better than a more valuable one drudged on in without it. I am aware that to this answer will probably be given, by pointing to the entire absence of interest in any kind of knowledge which appears to characterise a considerable portion of the academical population, and to the very limited result which, when the examination screw is applied, their dozen years of education can be made to yield, though they have toiled hard. To which it has to be answered, that many of those in these circumstances when they get out into the world and have their wits called for, really find the use of them, sometimes in no small measure, and that if we had known how to set about it, something might have been done with them, and

philology, antiquities, and history—which surely are more interesting to us than those of Greece and Rome, and are quite as good matter of education—might come into our education, and our philological faculties find useful employment at home.

The great difficulty, of course, practically is, and no one would deny it, to reconcile such a widening and diversifying of the course with the mainspring of University activity as it stands at present—the stimulus of concentrated emulation. Some, probably, consider this *now* too strong, and would be glad to diminish it; and certainly the encouraging, as a motive along with it, the pursuit of knowledge from special taste and interest, the love of knowledge for its own sake, would by all be considered an advantage. But still, it would not do to weaken the mainspring, and destroy the power which exists at present for calling forth and marking merit. We must graft on the old as well as we can.

Against those, then, whom in regard of education we may call *patriots*, the defenders of classical study will say, that they do not dispute the paramount claim upon us of the literature of our own language and country; and that where there is not a fair prospect of some acquaintance being gained with this, *there* it must be made a main object of direct education. But they may say, that this has a tendency to provide for itself better than it can be provided for, and that it is well to wait and see whether it does; and in the meantime to make the subject of direct education, what will indirectly help the knowledge of our own language, without interfering with the independent interest of it; what has permanent and independent value as literature and as a training of thought, and, having this, need not attempt to dispute with our own country and language its peculiar interest with us on its own grounds. The general and direct dominion of the youthful mind, till independent curiosity and particular interest either develop themselves or may be concluded to be non-developable, must be intrusted to some study, and in the determination what this should be, Greek and Latin would probably have a Themistoclean majority, or be thought better by each of their

their early life not have been so intellectually wasted as their examination performances would lead one to suppose it had. And in any case, absence of intellectual interest and of desire of knowledge, however it may be a fact, is not to be acquiesced in as a necessity for any, in an university, the very basis of which is the consideration that there is such a thing as mind to be called out, and that knowledge is in itself a boon and blessing, the desire and acquisition of which both are sources of happiness and of usefulness too.

opponents than anything except his particular scheme: but classicists will not be right in wishing to prolong the provisional or school empire, thus entrusted to them, over the whole period of growing intellect, except where such prolonging is a matter of individual choice and genius. The honour of classics should be that along with their disciplining the mind, they stir up and awaken its independent talents and energies, not that they succeed in confining them within the two hedges of their own high-road, which, in spite of the pleasant literary pasture at the side of it, is but one out of many as good and valuable.

IV. The attack upon the classical form of education by those who may be called specially *modernists*, which is what comes next to be considered (though it is time to draw to an end), is carried on in many respects upon the same ground as that by those who would have education more professional or more scientific. It is considered that the world we actually live in, *its* languages, literature, and business, is what we have to do with; and that we may let bygones be bygones, and the past sleep in quiet.

In this feeling of modernism, as I have called it, so far as it is distinguished from the professional and scientific feelings above, there is something which seems naturally to belong to an age of much communication, as if everybody had something to do with everything, and ought to be able to do everything. Often, of the things or subjects which it is desired to teach because they may be possibly of use to the individual, the chances are ninety-nine to one against their ever coming to be of use, and the use is very often infinitesimal. The modern languages we may know, several of us, are likely to be, a good part of our lives, as much dead languages to us as Latin and Greek are; and there are not many to whom the modernness or not of things matters in regard of the *business* of their lives.

By those, however, of whom we are now speaking, Greek and Latin are considered to fail in being a preparation for life on account of their *obsolete* character. Let us see what this means.

Greek and Latin, at the Revival of Letters, had modernism, so to call it, with them, and the antiquated was looked upon to be Duns and his fellow-schoolmen. Now, these latter were certainly very modern, so far as the time at which they wrote, compared with the Greek and Latin authors: it appears, therefore, that the more ancient writers in point of date may be more practically modern—that is, useful in application to present circumstances and actual life—than those which, as to date, are the later.

This is a thing which we are all perfectly aware of, and no

one for an instant would consider that, because a thing was written yesterday, it would, *of necessity*, give us more knowledge of actual life, for any purpose we may have to serve in it, than if it was written a thousand years ago. Whether it did or not would depend on the purpose for which it was written, and the abilities of the writer.

Modernism or ancientism is thus not simply a question of time, but a question of subject and actual value. The way in which the case of the former would be put against classics, would probably be, that the classical authors had and have a substantial practical value, as to education for life, independent of time, which made them far better for education than the even comparatively modern scholastic writings they superseded; but that since that time, partly, indeed, by their help, other literature has been produced, having equally substantial value, and more applicable to circumstances which may turn up, and to life as it is led now. It cannot be doubted but that there is much truth in this.

The comparative magnitude of the two concomitant tendencies in any literature, to produce on the one side, to preclude on the other, a superior literature in succession to itself, varies, probably, under different circumstances. But in general, the better the literature, the more, we may suppose, it will increase men's *power* to produce other, and, at the same time, by diminishing the necessity for this, diminish *their will* to produce it. And these, in some degree, contradictory effects, are irrespective of continuing sameness in the language. The more, for instance, the classical literature, supposing it good, influenced the minds of men, the more would good modern literature *tend* to arise from men's awakened power, and the less, in some respects, it actually *would* arise, on account of men's remaining satisfied with their classical models.

Whether classical literature has or has not, in the points in which once it excelled or stood alone, generated its successor and superseded itself, or, if it has not done this, whether this successor has or has not arisen independently, or by other means, is here then the question. Tacitus, for example, and (in many parts of him) Thucydides, are historians whose descriptions of human action are altogether as applicable to practical life and business now as they were a hundred years after they were written, or as if they had themselves been written a hundred years ago. If, about the fact of which I say nothing, it be supposed that history, as different from personal knowledge of and life with men, is of any real value to produce wise dealing with them (any *pragmatic* value, as the Germans call it); then, *in substance*, the only reason why any modern

history should be better to study for this purpose than Thucydides or Tacitus, will be, must be, because it is better written.

In saying in *substance*, I mean to imply that in one point of view—which, nevertheless, I do not consider in *substance*, but in *circumstance*—modern history is undoubtedly better, that is, that it deals with things of which remembrances, associations, and, perhaps, not distant consequences, are actually at work among us. But the considering of all this as *circumstance* only, and not as *substance*, appears to me, if I may venture to say so, the cardinal point of the right view of history. History substantial is the—I will not say penetrating, for it may be to be feared there is not much of this, but—trying to penetrate into the actual counsels, motives, views, purposes, with which things were done, and the exhibiting the things accordingly; not so much, usually, by what is often called secret history (that is, making much of closet intrigues and so forth), but by the reproduction or preservation of the view and feeling which some certain persons—the historian, for instance, a contemporary, or able from circumstances to put himself in the position of one, concerned with, or at least interested in, the affairs, and yet willing to make himself a fair spectator of them—had about them. All that I mean by substantial history resolves itself in some way into this, though often it cannot be such a view itself, but only the candid effort, from fragments, by inferences, even by conjectures, to reproduce such. By circumstantial history, on the other hand, I mean the presenting to the inquisitive imagination, so far as it can be presented, the mass of incident and detail which makes up outward life, and the desire to know some part of which is suggested by every person or place we see, and every name we hear. Everything has its history: our imagination sets us at work to guess this, and our feeling of truth to hunt it out.

Now, the active and the imaginative sympathy—the interest, that is, in the feelings and views of the actors and the imaginative interest in the circumstances and accessories—need by no means coincide. The practical body of history must always consist in these latter; but these, with any one who writes or reads history for its higher purposes, have interest mainly so far as from them we can judge of the thoughts, will, feelings, of the actors in the events. And it is not, therefore, the possibility of great abundance of these circumstances, nor is it the association of these circumstances with objects striking our imagination now, which gives history its most important interest. If, from any reason, history of ancient times exhibits to us more of actual human thought and feeling, it is more

important than others, and the time and place of it go no further into the substance of it than the fact of people being then dressed in pallium or toga, instead of in coats and waist-coats.

The fact of the political struggles, so to call them, of modern history being part of the same in which we are ourselves engaged, affects the value of the history both ways. It increases our concern, while at the same time it blinds and distorts our view. To what an extent it is likely to do this latter, may be concluded from the fact, that, even as regards ancient history and times long past, if there is any resemblance between the politics then and now, we seem scarcely able to look fairly at them. A certain degree, then, of remoteness in the objects of history is desirable, though not always effective against prejudice similar to our prejudice now, and quite necessary against the actual mixture of our present prejudiced views of things with the history: we want it for every reason to stand well off from us.

The real distinction, in this point of view, between one sort of history and another is, the consideration whether it is, or is not, any part of anything which is going on now, and in which we are likely to be concerned.

A great part of what is called modern history and literature is of as little concern to us in the way of action as the ancient is, and the resemblance of it to what does concern us is, for the most part, only superficial—a matter of dress, scene, and circumstance,—compared with the great resemblances of feeling and action which are what is of consequence.* In regard of that part of modern history which does concern us, as being about what we ourselves may be actors in, its importance to us cannot, indeed, be exaggerated; but the fact of its concern to us rather takes it out of the category of pure history, and for its being properly made a branch of instruction special care is, of course, requisite. And all history which lies beyond this barrier is in effect *one* to us; that is, it is so multifariously divided, that there is no sense or meaning in our making one single arbitrary division having respect to one difference only,

* A good deal of the sort of knowledge before alluded to, which makes the difference in a man's business, employment, or profession, whether he looks upon it in a liberal and intelligent manner, or otherwise, is knowledge of history. In this point of view, even for the simplest duties of an Englishman, and a member of the community, knowledge of the history of our own country, its laws and institutions, should be, as all I suppose would consider, a main part of education. This would form a link between history considered generally, and the simply useful political or legal knowledge.

that of the time of the occurrence of the events; such a division, namely, as that into ancient and modern. Out of this mass of history the best portions for our study are those which have been best brought out and narrated, those in which, to a certain degree, we can trace counsels, purposes, and motives. The earlier the time, speaking generally, the less extensive, of course, is society, and the less complicated the history, while as *literature*, this is what we may call more first hand than it afterwards becomes; that is, its authors are in manner of narrative examples, not imitators. As historical time advances, history, as regards the *matter*, becomes more rich and varied, but less simple; while, as regards the *manner*, its authors have the advantage and disadvantage both, of models to imitate. Some modern parts of history are probably more interesting, and as well, or better, exhibited to us as the ancient; in *this* respect, there is just as much, or more, reason that we should study them.

As regards history, then, and literature in any way connected with it, the conclusion we seem to come to is similar to some we have come to before; namely, that it appears unreasonable that at an University, and with youths so far advanced and entering into life as are our students, *the whole* field of it should not, more than it is, be laid before them—not, indeed, with the view of mastering it all, but, to a certain extent, of choosing from it. The reasons which have been given above for the peculiar study of Greek and Latin as language and literature, do not demand that, independently of this, the attention of students should be concentrated upon the details of history of that time alone, to the exclusion of others. The tendency of classical examinations to embrace at present, besides what is called definite scholarship, a knowledge of ancient history, especially of literary history, though in some points of view good, is perhaps not so in all. So far as history enters into University study, it should be systematically, methodically, and on its own ground, not as an appendage of classics or of anything else—a certain degree of looseness being very likely to be given to both by this relation between them. I have already alluded to the confusion of ideas involved in the calling the mass of knowledge of such a man as Niebuhr *philology*; it being quite evident, that in any historical discoveries he may have made, his vast knowledge of *modern* history, as we call it, came quite as much into play as his knowledge of ancient authors. And we shall promote the real knowledge of the ancient world far more by encouraging that of the modern to compare with it, than by forcing the attention of students to minute details of ancient literary

history, of great interest, doubtless, to some of them, but in no respect contributing in the general to any intelligent idea of what man has done on earth, or ought to do, or of anything which history is of value for.

So much, then, for the question of special modernism against ancientism, as regards the consideration, in education, of the history and literature of one time and period or another. I said, however, that the question is closely connected with the previous ones, of general against professional, and literary against scientific education. They are all cases of the great question, whether direct, foreseen, particular utility, or something wider and higher than this, is the main thing which education is to be directed to. As I wish now to close this paper, I shall just set down certain principles, the consideration of the rightness or wrongness of which may help any who care about the question to come to a conclusion about it for themselves.

1. Education is, speaking generally, to qualify a man for a place in society, and though self-helpfulness and readiness for all emergencies is an important thing (and the *disposition* to it more especially to be encouraged), yet we may suppose a man likely to meet with others to do things for him, if he knows how to do anything for them and to make use of them.

2. For the primary or simple purposes of civilized society, what we need to teach a man, if we can do so, is to understand *himself*—that is, to see clearly what he is thinking about; and to understand *others*—what it is they say to him, and what they are likely to wish for or think; to be able to do something for them or to know something which may be of use to them.

3. For the secondary or more refined purposes of civilized society, what we should wish to produce by education would be a degree of independent activity of thought, and yet of intellectual sympathy, so that the intercourse among the members of the society (which we call sometimes the society itself), independently of their material or merely useful concern with each other, should be a common pleasure and advantage.

To these principles I would append three corollaries.

To the first: Education, as *useful*, is a speculation, for we never know into what circumstances a man may be thrown; and the more we look to the lower utilities and possibilities, the less, in general, can we look to the highest. The *safest* education would be to make a man a good Robinson Crusoe, but in trying to ensure his being so, we might lose the chance of his being something better, both for himself and for others.

If we call our state of society civilized, we should surely have sufficient faith in it to believe that it will furnish opportunity to any one really well educated to be of use to it, and to benefit by it to such an extent as ought to satisfy him.

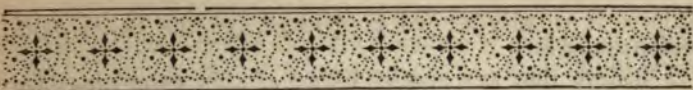
To the second: A great deal of what is considered useful for intercourse with men, such as knowledge of different now spoken languages, and of actual history and customs, is what will come very rapidly when it is wanted, if the mind is clear and active, and possesses two habits—one of them that of trying to make its own thoughts clear, the other that of attending to what passes before it. And when we feel vexed, as perhaps we do, that we cannot understand a man talking French, it will be well to reflect that we understand but imperfectly the meaning of much in our own language, and the thoughts of those whom we talk with every day.

To the third: Classical study, as we call it, is a point of intellectual sympathy among men over a considerable surface of the world, for those who have forgotten their actual Greek and Latin bear still generally about with them many traces of its influence, and in fact it is this which, more than anything, makes them, in common parlance, educated men. That any one subject should be thus extensively cultivated, so as to make such sympathy possible, is a most happy circumstance, supposing it simply historical and accidental. The destruction or disuse of it will destroy one bond of intellectual communion among civilized men, and will be, in this respect, a step not of improvement. And though studies more definitely useful might succeed it, there is an utility lost, and one which will hardly be considered trifling.

I will now close this paper, though two points of the general charge against classical study remain untouched—namely, its not giving us a perfect and complete idea even of Greek and Roman literature, and its offending against our ideas of religion, and even of morals; but there is not time to treat of them here. My object has been neither to draw conclusions nor to propose reforms, but to exhibit, so far as I can, the state of the case, and to help any who care to do it to draw conclusions for themselves.

I. G.





THE TASTE FOR THE PICTURESQUE AMONG THE GREEKS.

THE accidental character of that faculty, or rather habit, of our minds which commonly goes by the name of taste, is in nothing more distinctly marked than in the late growth and local development of that which is now considered the indispensable mark of a refined and cultivated intellect—an interest in the external aspect of Nature, a sympathy with all her various moods, and a love of *all* her scenes of beauty and of grandeur. Speaking generally, we may say that this eager and passionate enthusiasm for the humbler, the sterner, and wilder of her aspects—for the beauties of the roadside, the cottage, and the ruin, of the Alps and Sinai—as it is displayed on the walls of our Academies, in the works of our poets, and the lectures of our critics, is the growth of the present century, and if not absolutely confined to our own country, at any rate, perhaps with the exception of Germany, very feebly shared by any other nation.

Many good and substantial reasons may be assigned for the increase of this kind of taste amongst ourselves: to account for the comparative absence of it in the Frenchman* and the

* The following description by a modern Parisian of the lively satisfaction with which he escaped from the pass of the Splügen and the defile of the Via Mala, presents, I think, a tolerably faithful picture of the feelings with which the average Frenchman regards the sterner features of mountain scenery:—

‘Tel est l’étonnement, telle est la terreur, dont vous êtes saisi à ce passage du Splügen, qui s’appelle la Via Mala. Triste route, en vérité remplie de terreurs, mais admirable! Et après ces premières angoisses, jugez du bonheur! quand à l’instant de revenir sur vos pas, comme si vous étiez le jouet de quelque songe terrible, soudain entre deux rochers escarpés, vous trouvez un léger pont de bois, que vous franchissez au milieu de ces bruits épouvantables. Et cette fois, vivat! vous avez échappé à la Suisse déserte, vous entrez dans la Suisse habitée: les chalets commencent; et vous les reconnaissez pour les avoir tenus dans vos mains, rapportés tout blancs et tout fins comme d’élégantes miniatures de ces maisons rustiques, qui ne sont elles-mêmes que de frères miniatures, comparées à ces pierres taillées de l’Italie.’—JULES JANIN, *Voyage en Italie*, xi.

Chinese is equally beyond my powers and the limits of the present inquiry.

I believe that any special liking of this nature may very easily be acquired, and that our preference for one class of beautiful objects over others depends more upon the associations amongst which we happen to be thrown, and the language and tone of thought current amongst those upon whose judgments we have been taught to rely, than upon any essential superiority in the objects themselves, or principles inherent in our own minds; not that we have no sense of beauty, either natural or artificial, when it is presented to us, but that amongst the infinitely varied forms of beauty it is hard to fix upon what is *most* worthy of admiration, and impossible, though the attempt is constantly made, to lay down any general and incontrovertible canons to which all men in all ages are bound to conform their taste and judgment. Thus, in respect of the ideal beauty of the human form, very different opinions have been entertained by the Hottentot, the Negro, and the Athenian statuary: in architecture, at one period the preference is given to the symmetrical arrangement of the so-called classical styles; at another, to the picturesque raggedness and irregularity of the Gothic: in painting, at one place and period, the love of colour, at another, that of form predominates: in music, we have the stern simplicity of the early Italian masters contrasted with the florid exuberance of modern composers: and so in landscape, at one time the prevailing taste shall be for the softer and milder characters of scenery, for objects which minister to sensual enjoyment, as shaven lawns, rich meadows, cool streams, umbrageous groves, clear skies; at another, nothing will pass current but towering Alps, dashing torrents, sheer precipices, solemn pine forests, cloud and storm. Indeed, the universal judgment, as expressed in the familiar language of proverbs, seems to condemn the attempt to fetter the liberty of choice in the objects of our admiration and regard; and the very word taste, by which we express the faculty of selection, bears silent witness by its primary signification to the right possessed by each individual to be the 'measure' of his own enjoyment of nature or art; so that, supposing each object to be excellent in its kind, a critic shall have no more right to impugn the taste of one who prefers Dante to Shakspeare, or a French to an English tragedy, or the Parthenon to Amiens Cathedral, or the scenery of Surrey to that of Switzerland, than to find fault with one who is better pleased with the plain chop of a London tavern than

with the varied *cuisine* and delicate wines of the Parisian *restaurant*.

We in these latter days have learned to look upon the wilder sort of scenes as those in which Nature puts forth her highest powers of attraction; we have learned to prefer the ruin to the complete building, the mountain to the fertile plain, the foaming rapid to the smooth stream, the rough, bare precipice to the level down, and to regard as the *ne plus ultra* of the sublime and beautiful, the waste of desert glacier, walled in by its ramparts of towering rocks and peaks crowned with eternal snow, standing out in dazzling whiteness against the brilliant background of the Alpine sky. Far indeed am I from asserting that such objects are not deserving of all the admiration and regard that we can bestow upon them, or that they are incapable of exciting a genuine enthusiasm and love. I have not the smallest desire to run down the mountains in any but the most literal sense of the words; only if every Englishman would bear in mind how completely, in such matters, he is the creature of education and association—would consider what his feelings with regard to Nature would have been if Wordsworth, Scott, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, had not written—if Turner and Stanfield had not painted, or Forbes, Agassiz, Sedgwick, and a host of naturalists carried their study of nature into the heart of her mountains—how easy it would have been for him, had he been born in the last century, to have pronounced Lincoln or Salisbury Cathedral barbarous, or to have *improved* either of them by substituting a flat ceiling for its groined roof—or, if he lived in la belle France, to regard the long, sweeping, monotonous undulations, and featureless but fruitful plains of its northern and central districts, as the only true beauty in landscape—we shall, perhaps, learn to look with less scorn upon a people who, for all that appears to the contrary, regarded a chain of mountains in no other light than as a convenient natural boundary, or a highly inconvenient obstacle to locomotion, according as their domestic or migratory propensities happened for the moment to be uppermost; and the sea less as a source of sublime and pleasurable emotions than as providing the readiest means for the importation of corn and colonial produce from Egypt or the Euxine.

But the term ‘picturesque,’ which expresses this object of modern idolatry, is susceptible of two different significations. In the wider and more comprehensive sense, which must have been its original import, everything is picturesque which is a fit subject for a picture; every great action, every noble or

beautiful form, animate or inanimate, which can be brought within the scope of the pictorial art; but in the signification in which, at any rate since the time of Dr. Syntax's famous tour, it has become usual to employ it, it is suggestive of a much more limited range of associations—it is now almost entirely confined to a certain class of objects of external nature; it lends a charm to roughness and raggedness, equally in the cliff feathered with wood, the shaggy hawthorn, and in Dr. Syntax's 'raw-boned mare' Grizzle, or in the cow

On whose high hips and horned head
So true the light and shade are shed,
The unshorn sheep, the shaggy goat,
The ass with rugged, ragged coat,

and invests with dignity scenes of ruin, desolation, and decay. It is this latter and more modern meaning to which Mr. Ruskin's definition* of 'parasitical sublimity' applies—a definition which brings prominently forward those secondary and subordinate associations upon which the distinction between it and the beautiful or sublime mainly depends; and one is almost startled to find that Mr. Alison's notion of its meaning is very similar.†

Now, this feeling for the picturesque in the second and more generally received signification, as well as the sentimentalism which is so near akin to it, seems to have been almost entirely wanting to the Greek mind. The love and study of Nature for her own sake was almost, if not quite, unknown to that lively and ingenious people. 'The description of nature in her manifold diversity,' says Humboldt,‡ 'as a distinct branch of poetic literature, was altogether foreign to the ideas of the Greeks; with them, landscape is always the mere background of the picture, in the foreground of which human figures are moving.' Nay, we may go further, and say that it is often entirely absent, just as in the sister arts of sculpture (as, to take a familiar instance, in the frieze of the Parthenon), and of painting, in the best periods of Greek art,§ the human figures and their necessary adjuncts are the

* *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, ch. vi., § 12. *Modern Painters*, iv., ch. i., § i.

† *Essay on Taste*, vol. I., p. 42, 5th ed.

‡ *Cosmos*, vol. II., p. 7, Sabine's Translation.

§ None of the great painters of the most flourishing period of Greek art seems to have paid any attention to landscape. So much as this may, I think, be gathered from the long catalogue of paintings by all the great Greek masters given by Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, Lib. xxxv. Amongst the works of Polygnotus, Timagoras, Parrhasius, Zeuxis, Pamphilus, Apelles, Protogenes, Pansias, and many others of less note,

sole objects of delineation. It would be interesting to trace in detail the growth of this feeling in the two arts of painting and poetry, from the age of Dante* and Giotto, through Tasso and Ariosto, Chaucer and Spenser, in the one case, and the early Florentine and Venetian schools of painting in the other, down to our own times, when it has become so far predominant, that we have not only entire poems and an entire school of painting devoted to landscape, but it occupies a very large space even in works of imagination, of which the main interest rests upon other matters. But all this, *spatii*

which he enumerates, no nearer approach to landscape art than grapes (in the famous story of the contest between Zeuxis and Parrhasius), horses, dogs, and oxen is recorded. A certain Pyreicus (c. 37) was held to have degraded himself and his art by painting—what we now prize so highly in the Flemings—barbers and cobblers' shops, asses, eatables, and such like. Of another, Serapion, it is said 'that he could paint scenes (most likely for the stage), but not men.' The art of painting landscapes in fresco *on walls* was introduced in the reign of Augustus by one Ludius. It does not follow from this that landscapes had not been painted at all before this period; all that Pliny seems to mean is, that they had not been used earlier as ornaments for rooms. They may, of course, have been introduced by the great masters as accessories and backgrounds for their figures; but, if so, it is at any rate evident, from the general tenor of Pliny's remarks, that they were of very subordinate interest. All the paintings of antiquity that have been preserved, amongst which are some landscapes, are unfortunately of a period not earlier than the second of the Roman emperors (WINCKELMANN, *Gesch. der Kunst.*, B. vii., K. 3, § 33). Winckelmann, who quotes from Pliny the passage about Ludius in support of this opinion, treats no further of Greek landscape, and leaves us in the dark as to the extent to which the elder and better masters carried this branch of art. Lessing (*Laocoon*, § xix. ult.) justly observes, that the want of knowledge of perspective, which appears even in the later works that have been preserved, would alone have operated as a bar to a successful cultivation of landscape-painting. But the motto of all Greek artists, painters included, might have been 'The proper study of mankind is man.' 'Art has occupied itself especially with man, and might say of him with more justice than Protagoras, that he is the measure and the rule of all things.'—WINCKELMANN, *Gesch. der Kunst.*, B. I., § 4.

* One example of what I have called the sentimentalism characteristic, as well as the love of picturesque, of modern art, I will mention by way of illustration: it is the well-known and most touching description of Evening in the *Purgatorio*, Cant. viii.:

'Era già l' ora che volge il disio
Ai naviganti, e intenerisce il core
Lo di' c' han detto a' dolci amici addio;
E che lo novo peregrin d' amore
Punge, se ode squilla di lontano
Che paia il giorno pianger che si more.'

The last line of which is borrowed, and not improved, by Gray in the opening of his *Elegy*. I doubt much if anything *parallel* can be pro-

exclusus iniquis, I must leave to future inquirers. Humboldt believes that it was not that sensibility to the beauties of nature was absent where the perception of beauty was so intense, but merely that the expression of it was withheld from their literature, which was devoted exclusively to human interests. Of this, however, we can only judge from their extant literature; and it seems more reasonable to suppose, as literature must be the reflection of the national taste, that had the feeling existed amongst the people, it *would* have found expression in the poets and painters. Humboldt also refers to several passages which he places to the credit of the Greek writers as exceptions to the general rule, some of which we shall afterwards examine.

Our object, then, in the following essay, is to endeavour to ascertain from the indications offered by the literature of the Greeks, to which of the manifold aspects of external nature their interest was chiefly directed, and in what respects their taste differed from that which has been recently developed amongst ourselves; and our evidence must be derived as well from particular passages, chiefly, of course, of the poets, from which their opinions may be in part gathered, as from the general principles by which they appear to have been guided in the different branches of art.

The first thing which we have to notice in their literature, as compared with that of modern times, is the extreme scarcity of passages descriptive of scenes of natural beauty. Such descriptions are, one might almost say, so few are the exceptions, *never* introduced merely for their own sake, and as if the objects described possessed an independent interest of their own, and were worthy to be dwelt on with fond attachment—such, for example, as abound in the works of Scott, Wordsworth, and Shelley; but such notices as do appear occur either in similes* and epithets, as in Homer and Pindar

duced from ancient poetry. Or, again, take as an instance the following lines from Iphigenia's first speech in Göthe's adaptation of Euripides' play:—

‘Denn ach mich trennt das Meer von dem Geliebten,
Und an dem Ufer steh' ich lange Tage,
Das Land der Griechen mit der Seele suchend:
Und gegen meine Seufzer bringt die Welle
Nur dumpfe Töne brausend mir herüber.’

Though, at the same time, it is to be observed, that Göthe has entered so fully into the tone and spirit of his original, that there are very few passages of this character to be found in his version.

* As, for instance, the well-known lines at the close of the eighth book of the *Iliad*, so curiously travestied by Pope, in which the thousand watchfires of the Trojan host encamped before their city, are

(the latter often formal and customary, or descriptive, as the *ζείδωρος ἄρουρα*, "*Ἄργος ἵπποβότον*" ['*aptum equis Argos*,' Hor. *Od.* i. 7] *οὐρεα σκιάοντα*), or in casual allusions, or in local and topographical designations, or, finally, where some moral interest is attached to them, which gives them special meaning and significance.

As a single instance of the last of these cases, I will refer to the famous address to the powers of Nature by the chained Prometheus, at the opening of the second scene of Æschylus' play. As soon as the ministers of vengeance of the new sovereign of heaven, who have been employed in executing their master's savage behest, are no longer present to triumph in his weakness, and the Titan is left alone chained to his solitary rock, he can no longer refrain, but breaks out into an indignant appeal to the old divinities, the various powers of Nature which surround him, to witness and sympathize with his sufferings. The rock to which he is fastened, which is supposed to be at the utmost extremity of the earth, commands a view of the sea or ocean river that encompasses the world, as appears from the chorus of Oceanides who rise from it to comfort him, and the words *ζυντεάρακται δ' αἰθὴρ πόντω*, at the end of the play; and thus, in the midst of his agony, whilst he is smarting under the injustice of the gods and the ingratitude of men, the sea before him, by the reflected light of its dancing ripples, still suggests an image of gladness and of hope, and the appeal to the 'countless smile of the ocean waves' acquires a deeper significance.*

compared to the stars shining about the bright moon in the calm serene night when the winds are still, and the shepherd's heart is gladdened or, as Pope has it—

'The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.'

We shall, however, as we proceed with our investigation, see good reason to believe that, however tame and prosaic the epithet 'useful' may appear, and though it certainly is not directly sanctioned by the original, the 'usefulness' of the light as a guide to the shepherd's footsteps and to those of his flock, and the security against bad weather which the serenity of the night afforded him, entered at least as much into the poet's conception when he added the words 'and the shepherd's heart is glad,' as any feelings that might be inspired by the glories of the nightly heavens, and the splendour of the moon with her attendant host of stars.

* I do not think it has been observed, amidst the numerous illustrations of this celebrated expression, that Homer, in the magnificent description of the Greeks arming themselves after the death of Patroclus, and the consequent reconciliation between Achilles and Agamemnon, employs the same image to convey the glancing of the light reflected

I will cite one more example, from a very different author. It has been observed 'that when the glory of Greece had faded and sunk, and man was no longer the all-engrossing object of admiration, we find a revival of the love of nature in the pastoral poetry of the Sicilians' (Hare). One of these, Moschus of Syracuse, in his third *Idyl*, has a passage, one of the most pathetic and beautiful with which I am acquainted, in this kind of poetry. It is a comparison of the life of man to the flowers of the field, and as any attempt at a translation could only deform its beauty and mar its pathos, I will give it as it stands in the original:

αἱ, αἱ, τὰ μαλάχαι μὲν ἐπὶ κατὰ κᾶπον ὄλωνται,
ἢ τὰ χλωρὰ σέλινα, τό τ' εὐθαλὲς οὖλον ἀνηθον,
ὑστερον αὖ ζῶσιν, καὶ εἰς ἕτος ἄλλο φύονται
ἄμμες δ' οἱ μεγάλοι καὶ καρτεροὶ ἢ σοφοὶ ἄνδρες,
ὅπποτε πρᾶτα θάναμες, ἀνάκοι ἐν χθονὶ κοίλα
εὖδομες εὖ μάλα μακρὸν ἀτέρμονα νήγρετον ὕπνον.

'Alas, alas, the mallows, when *they* perish in the garden, or the green parsley, and the luxuriant, crisp-leaved dill, live again a second time, and grow on into another year: but we men, the mighty and the stout or the wise, when we are once dead, deaf in the hollow earth we sleep right well a long, never-ending, unwaking sleep.'

No more striking example of this contrast between the ancient and the modern manner in respect of the use of scenery can be adduced than the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus, and the *Prometheus Unbound* of Shelley: the latter teeming with descriptions, and allusions, and imagery borrowed from nature; the former simply informing us, by way of a description of the scene of the play, that 'we are now arrived at the end of the earth, and in a trackless wilderness'*—a thoroughly Greek conception of a wild mountain district, and reminding us strongly of the Jewish designation of the sublime horrors of Sinai, and the purple mountains beyond Jordan—and detailing the several stages of Io's wanderings in a long catalogue, hardly even *raisonné*, like the index to a guide-book. And, in fact, the marked omission of landscape

from the armour of the host (*Il. T.* 362):—'And the gleam went up to heaven; and the whole earth smiled all around from the lightning of the steel.'

* 'In the *Prometheus* itself, the wilderness, and the other natural horrors, are mainly employed, like the chain and wedge, as instruments by which Jupiter tries to intimidate the benefactor of mankind.'—HARE'S *Guesses at Truth*. To which I will add, that these 'natural horrors' are all vague horrors, not specified and described like those of Shelley, and show that the writer was neither acquainted with, nor interested in, the 'belles horreurs' of wild mountain scenery.

delineation in works where it would have been peculiarly appropriate, and where the interest seems to turn so much upon the *scene* of the action as imperatively to require some special notice, as, for example, in the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus, in the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, and in the *Bacchanals* of Euripides, a fact akin to the absence of landscape backgrounds in bas-reliefs, friezes, and pediments of temples, must show either that the Greeks of that period took comparatively little interest in the beauties of nature, or that they were thought not fit subjects on which to expend the powers of fancy or description in a work of literature or art; though indeed, as all works of art must be in part a reflection of the prevailing taste of the age and country, and also cannot fail to appeal in some measure to the popular judgment and sense of what is natural and correct, either alternative will bring us pretty nearly to the same conclusion.

This negative characteristic of the literature of Greece, when judged by the modern standard of feeling and habit of thought, seems all the more remarkable when we consider the character of the people whom it distinguishes so strongly from ourselves, and the nature of the country which they inhabited. It indicates an insensibility to one large class of the pleasures of contemplation and imagination, and of the sources of instruction and delight, hardly to have been foreseen in 'the lively Grecian in his land of hills,' whose home was in one of earth's fairest regions, whose sympathies were so easily awakened, whose sense of beauty was so keen and his love of it so ardent, whose taste has become proverbial, and whose religion mainly consisted in the deification of the powers of nature.

One obvious explanation of the phenomenon, which has not escaped the observant sagacity of Mr. Ruskin (*Modern Painters*, iii. pt. iv. c. 13, § 14), is, that the very familiarity with grand and beautiful natural objects deadens the sense of their beauty and sublimity; familiarity breeds, not exactly contempt, but indifference: after Gulliver had lived long enough amongst the Brobdingnagians to get accustomed to their gigantic stature, he began to think them a very ordinary kind of people after all. This fact, which is perfectly familiar to all who have had any experience of mountains and their inhabitants, is amusingly illustrated by the exclamation of the Zug boatman, who, when told by Archdeacon Hare, that in Russia he might go hundreds of miles without seeing even a hillock, sighed out, 'How beautiful that must be.'—*Guesses at Truth*, Second Edit., p. 45.

Another explanation offered by the same ingenious writer

(*Modern Painters*, Ibid. § 13), is, if I fully understand it, I think, more fanciful and more questionable. It is to the effect, that the very fact of the Greeks having deified the great objects of nature, of their finding spirits in mountain, wood, stream, and sea, diverted their sympathy and fellowship from the objects themselves, to associate them with the spirits by which they were supposed to be inhabited, and thus left the tree or the rock bare and destitute of interest. But I cannot see why, if the Greek taste depended in any way upon this belief of theirs, we, who by the hypothesis must regard these natural objects, considered in themselves, with very much the same feelings as the Greeks, never having recognized any divinity in them at all, should have invested them with an interest totally independent of any such association.

But the stimulus lent to the observation and love of nature by the modern growth of the study of nature is open to no such doubt. The influence exercised upon the taste for the picturesque by the cultivation of the sciences of geography, botany, zoology, and especially of geology, can hardly be overrated. Who, for example, can doubt how much the interest in the Alps of Switzerland has been promoted directly and indirectly by the researches of De Saussure, Agassiz, and Forbes? Their scientific zeal, joined no doubt to the love of adventure awakened by their growing familiarity with these great objects of nature, which led them to open new paths across the mountains, and to dwell amongst their rocks and snows, imparted an interest to their external phenomena, at first, doubtless, in some degree extraneous and adventitious, which has since become part of our common stock of ideas.

But from all these sources of interest and delight the Greek was almost entirely shut out. In the classical ages of Greek literature these sciences can hardly be said to have had any existence. Even an enlightened and enterprising inquirer like Herodotus has his attention almost exclusively confined to the works of human art, or to the natural wonders of the countries which he visits, and manifests hardly the slightest curiosity or interest in the beauties or remarkable features of their scenery.

Another and equally powerful agent in the promotion of the modern romantic taste for mountain scenery is the progress of civilization, which has tamed the barbarian hordes that once rendered these fastnesses almost inaccessible to the peaceful student or observer, and the numerous mechanical inventions by which travelling has been so greatly facilitated. To the Greek or the Roman of the classical period a journey across a mountain range was a service of danger, not to be undertaken

without some more adequate reason than curiosity, or the mere desire of examining scenery in which he had acquired no previous interest. The dangers and difficulties he had to encounter would naturally invest the scenes of them with new terrors to his imagination. The passage of a snowy mountain col on a fine day (for which the tourist can afford to wait), with a good guide, a sufficient supply of provisions, and the prospect (not always realized, it is true), of a comfortable bed at the end of your hard day's march, and all this for the pleasure of the adventure, is a very different thing from a journey on business over the same trackless mountain, undertaken merely because it happens to lie in the way, in a storm of snow or sleet, and with no other prospect but that of being robbed and murdered by the barbarous tribes whom the merchant traveller was to encounter on his descent into the valley. The difference between ancient and modern travelling is indeed aptly symbolized by the double translation of the *summa diligentia* with which Cæsar is said to have crossed the Alps. The Roman general was obliged to pass with the utmost diligence; the modern tourist may pass, if he pleases, on the top of the diligence. And therefore, as compared with ourselves, even the mercantile and enterprising Athenians deserve the character given by the Corinthian orator of the Lacedæmonians as contrasted with them;* they were ἐνδημότατοι πρὸς ἀποδημίαν, most stay-at-home, whilst the others were a nation of travellers.

Thus it was that the interest of the enlightened and cultivated Greeks—poets, artists, and people—centred in man, his nature and actions, and the love of the picturesque was not. Yet it appears that *some* progress was early made in the art of landscape-painting, which was certainly applied to scene-painting for the theatres,† and possibly used for other purposes. But hear Plato‡ as to the interest which the delineation of objects, such as mountains, and rivers, and trees, excited in the mind of the Greek in comparison with the proper business of the painter and sculptor, the representation of the human form under its various aspects and circumstances.

. . . . In respect of the opinion formed by the spectators of the adequacy of an imitation, we shall discern, first of all, that we are satisfied with ever so distant a resemblance to mountains, and rivers, and wood, and the sky, and all the bodies that surround

* *Thucyd.*, i, 70.

† The invention of scene-painting is attributed to Agathareus, and the introduction of it upon the Attic stage ascribed by Aristotle (*Poet.*, c. 4) to Sophocles.

‡ *Critias*, 107, C.

and revolve round it; and further, that as we have no precise knowledge about such things, we neither examine nor criticise the paintings of them, but employ in representing them mere indistinct and deceptive scene-painting; but whensoever any one attempts to present a likeness of our bodies, we are keenly alive to any deficiency, by reason of the constant familiarity of our observation of them, and so prove severe judges if the artist fails to give us the (precise) resemblance of every part in every particular.

But though the absence of picturesque descriptions of landscape thus forms a characteristic feature of Greek literature in its better periods, still there are in almost all writers either detailed passages, or at least epithets and allusions, from which the prevailing taste may be partially gathered. Now one of the first things that strikes us in all such is the utilitarian character of the Greek notions of scenery. From Homer to Theocritus may be traced the same principle lying at the bottom of all their expressions in reference to nature, that only those objects are agreeable, and therefore by association beautiful, which minister directly to man's comfort or sensual enjoyment; objects which stand in his way, and bring discomfort, inconvenience, or danger, are ugly and dreadful. Thus the shady or fruitful tree, the cool water, the fertile plain, the calm sea, on which 'go the ships,' the clear, bright sky, whether by day or night, are delightful and lovely; the rain, the thunder-cloud, the tempest, the precipice, the torrent, the glacier, suggest no emotions but those of alarm or horror. The Greeks were an eminently practical and also a highly sensual people, and both these tendencies contributed to this peculiarity of taste, or want of it, as we are accustomed to say. They could see no reason for admiring a rock which was rough and hard to climb, and interposed an obstacle to the journey between Megara and Corinth, or in the lightning which blasted the oak, or in the stormy sea which engulfed their corn ships or triremes; they liked to see before them deep crops (*βαθὺ λήϊον*), and rich pastures, vines, figs, and olives; the stream whose gentle murmur invited to repose, and the grassy bank and plane tree, with its thick shade and fragrant flowers, which seconded the invitation; objects which either regaled the senses, or suggested images of affluence and enjoyment. And as they were totally devoid of cant, affectation, and sentimentalism, what they really loved they talked and wrote about, and never dreamed that they were under any obligation to express admiration and enthusiasm which they did not feel, merely in compliance with the prevailing fashion of the day.

They could no doubt use *ad captandum* arguments to serve a temporary purpose, and declaim about the beauty of virtue and the glories of their country with as much exaggeration and as little sincerity as any modern orator; but from the ostentatious exhibition of delicacy and refinement, and the parade of spurious sentiment, the Greek was, I believe, entirely free.

Even in Homer this utilitarian spirit is very conspicuous, though perhaps less predominant than in the later authors. Indeed, Mr. Hare, in consideration of some of his epithets, is inclined to make a special exception in his favour, whilst he admits this apparent absence of all loving regard for the beauties of nature in the Greek writers as a body. Thus he instances the three customary epithets applied by him to morning—*ἡριγένεια*, *κροκόπεπλος*, and *ρόδοδάκτυλος*—as expressive of the liveliest truth, and thereby indicating a genuine love of nature; and he adds that ‘of the poetical descriptions of morning composed since the days of Homer, the chief part are little else than expansions and amplifications of these sweet epithets.’ Again, he points out in two well-known descriptions—of Chryses, viz., after his prayer has been denied, walking *ἀκέων παρὰ θίνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης*, and of Achilles, when Briseis is taken from him, sitting apart *θὶν’ ἔφ’ ἄλδς πολιῆς ὁρώων ἐπὶ οἶνοπα πόντον*—how, in the former case, the murmur of the waves responding to the feelings of the rejected suppliant, and in the latter the purple gloom of the distant sea, whose nearer waves were dashing their foam at his feet, harmonizing with the moody meditations of the wronged and insulted hero, mark that ‘love of nature which discerns a correspondence, and as it were a sympathy, between its appearances and changes, and the vicissitudes of human feeling and passion.’ As further instances of Homer’s observation and accurate employment of natural appearances, Mr. Hare refers to the two comparisons of Apollo descending to avenge his insulted priest—*νυκτὶ ἰοικώς*—and Thetis rising from the sea—*ἥντ’ ὁμίχλη*,—to listen to the complaint of her son. And to these other passages of a similar tendency might easily be added, to show that Homer was at least not insensible to all the varied aspects of natural beauty.

Colonel Mure, too, in his elaborate examination of the poetical merits of Homer’s style, has briefly discussed the question raised by some preceding writers ‘concerning Homer’s faculty of apprehending or appreciating the picturesque in landscape scenery.’ From the laudable determination which he everywhere evinces to find every possible excellence in this his favourite author, we cannot fail to anticipate the conclu-

sion at which he must needs arrive. It is this: that first, it would be no sign of want of taste in Homer if he had omitted all such descriptions, because 'in the earlier, more genial age' of poetry, as of painting, the Muses of these arts 'select exclusively or by preference animate subjects as food for their inspirations.' In the earlier, purer stages of the Italian school there were no landscape painters. And yet, as in these, inanimate nature, though altogether secondary, is neither neglected nor ill understood—the landscapes (for instance) which form the frameworks of Raphael's living groups, being models of excellence in their kind; so, secondly, in Homer, 'the allusions to the more striking phenomena of nature, interspersed, chiefly in illustrative forms, over the texts of both poems, are unsurpassed in graphic spirit by the descriptive poetry of any period.' 'Such, for example, is the description of the breakers dashing on the sea-beach between two rocky headlands (*Il.* iv. 422; xvii. 263); that of the distant storm seen darkly rolling over the sea by the shepherd from the hill-side on the shore (*Il.* iv. 275); of the snow fanned by the vernal zephyr silently melting on the mountain top, and trickling down its sides to swell the torrent in the vale below (*Od.* xix. 205); of the thunder-cloud clearing off some lofty mountain range, and unfolding to the view in the bright sunbeams, as they struggle through the still lurid atmosphere, the grand outline of peaks, and chasms, and projecting ridges (*Il.* xvi. 297; viii. 555). But in fact, various portions of the geographical narrative of the *Odyssey* offer a near approach to more regular, if not very elaborate, landscape composition. Such are, among others, the descriptions of the island of Lachea, the port of Læstrygonia, and the bower of Calypso.*

Of the descriptions here cited, we may observe that, with the exception of the three last referred to, all of them occur in similes, not one being introduced as though the observation of natural phenomena had any independent interest apart from those of human or animated life which they serve to illustrate; and further, that at least one of the passages here alleged is a very striking example of that point of distinction between the ancient and modern taste with which we are now engaged. The simile in *Il.* iv. 275, is introduced as an illustration of the menacing appearance of the troops of the two Ajaxes, who are arming themselves for the battle; there is not the least symptom of any feeling of pleasure or interest derivable from the contemplation of the gathering of the storm—all is unmixed terror; and the line with which the description

* *Hist. of Greek Lit.*, Bk. II., ch. xv., § 3.

closes leaves no doubt as to the impression intended to be conveyed—‘and he (the shepherd) shudders as he sees it, and drives his flocks under a cave (for shelter).’ Perhaps, also, a comparison of the actual verses of Homer with Colonel Mure’s glowing descriptions, may lead to the conclusion that the learned critic has, in some cases, here as elsewhere, somewhat overstated his case, and attributed beauties and excellences to the object of his panegyric, which have, as the Germans say, only a subjective existence in his own enthusiastic admiration.

I have, however, thought it right, in justice to Homer, to quote at length the two foregoing comments by writers well qualified by knowledge, taste, and feeling, to decide upon such a point, in order to obviate, in some degree, an unfavourable opinion which might arise in the minds of some readers from the perusal of Mr. Ruskin’s good-humoured quizzing of the Father of Poetry, in the third volume of *Modern Painters*.^{*} His very graphic description of Homer’s taste in landscape does not bring the whole of the case before us, even as regards Homer himself; and the difference between that poet and his literary successors in this particular, noticed by Archdeacon Hare, might convince us, even if it stood alone, that he has no right to take Homer as the representative of the taste and feeling of the Greeks in the later and more prolific periods of their literature, and still less to affirm, as he does (§ 17), that ‘in others of the Greeks, especially in Æschylus and Aristophanes, there is infinitely more of modern feeling, of pathetic fallacy, love of picturesque or beautiful form, and other such elements, than there is in Homer;’ the exact reverse being, in all probability, the truer statement. Still, with this qualification, I think Mr. Ruskin’s analysis presents us with an account faithful as far as it goes, and certainly very amusing, of some of the peculiarities of Homeric and Greek opinion as to the beautiful and agreeable. The volume has been so recently published, and Mr. Ruskin’s works are so generally read, that it would be impertinent in me to do more than allude to it. The Greek love of perfect symmetry and order, and abhorrence of all that is rugged, ragged, and jagged—the delight in water† for its fertilizing and cooling

^{*} Pt. iv., ch. xiii., §§ 16-27.

† Compare the proverb ἀριστον μὲν ὕδωρ quoted by Pindar at the commencement of his first Olympian Ode, which may not unnaturally be derived from this peculiarity of feeling produced by climate, though it has not pleased the commentators so to explain it. Böckh refers to Aristotle. *Rhet.* I., 7, who derives it from the extensive use or surpassing utility of water. Dissen, on the contrary, ‘dicitur ἀριστον ὕδωρ, quia saluberrimum habetur.’

properties, common to all natives of hot climates, but extending in Homer even to marsh and rushes—in level meadows and shady groves, in fruitful trees, and generally in everything which is subservient to human comfort and use, are all quaintly brought out and vividly set before us.

But the fact is that the catholicity of Homer's taste, befitting the universality of his genius, forbids us to attempt to confine it within any strict and well-defined limits: and whilst, on the one hand, the absence of regular detailed descriptions of natural phenomena, such as are to be found in most modern poets, has given occasion to the assertion that he wanted not only all regard for them, except so far as they are connected with human affections and interests, but even the power of appreciating them altogether;* other critics, on the contrary, as Hare and Mure, quoted above, dwelling upon his incidental descriptions and the picturesque beauty of some of his epithets, are disposed to overlook the points of difference which really exist between the Greek Homer and modern authors of the picturesque school. This subject, however, which well deserves a thorough examination, is far too extensive to be dealt with fully within the limits of a single paragraph in a brief essay; and I can do no more than indicate this wider range of interest and more comprehensive variety of taste which distinguish Homer from the later Greek imaginative writers, in a single instance, by tracing them in the different classes of epithets which he applies to two of the great objects of nature—the earth and the sea.

First of all, what I have ventured to call the utilitarian taste common, more or less, to all the Greek writers, appears not only in the passage singled out by Mr. Ruskin, but also in some of the customary or ornamental epithets, such as are commonly found in early and simple poetry, which Homer attaches to them. Thus the earth is *ξείδωρος, πείρα, ἐρίβωλος, πυροφόρος, πολύφορβος, πονλυβότειρα*—all descriptive rather of the use than the beauty of the universal mother;† and connected with these, but showing, likewise, the lively interest in animate nature—such as it appears in

* This is the view of Bishop Copleston, in his *Prælectiones Academicæ*, with which Mr. H. N. Coleridge (*Introd. to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets*, p. 239, 2nd ed.) is more than half disposed to agree; and Humboldt, (*Cosmos*, Vol. II., 9, Sabine's Translation), observes, that, 'conformably to the character of the *Epos*, natural scenes and images, however charming, appear in the Homeric songs *always* (this is not strictly accurate) as mere incidental adjuncts.'

† One of the most remarkable instances of this is the customary epithet of ships, 'sea-passing,' *ποντοπόροι*.

the works of some of the early Italian painters, Gentile da Fabriano, for example, and Benozzo Gozzoli, and later, in Paolo Veronese—is the epithet *φυσίζουσ*; similarly, the sea is *ἀτρύγετος*, bears no corn or wine to cheer and sustain human life, but, on the other hand, it is full of fish (*ἰχθυόεις*), and of huge marine monsters (*μεγαλήτης*). Sometimes, again, human passions and affections lend their colour to the contemplation of the various phenomena of nature; and thus the earth, when associated with scenes of death and bloodshed, becomes black (*μελαινα*), and the sea, when viewed by Achilles through the medium of his wrath and disappointment, takes the hue of his sullen gloom, and shows itself dark purple (*οἶνοψ*). *Il. A.*, 350. Though, elsewhere, the dignified simplicity of the poet will resist the encroachments of this 'pathetic fallacy,' as in that touching passage (*Il. Γ.*, 243) to which Mr. Ruskin's taste has, perhaps for the first time, attracted attention, where Homer, knowing the sad truth of the fate of Castor and Pollux, of which their sister Helen was still ignorant, explains parenthetically, as a melancholy commentary upon her speculations as to the reason of their not appearing amongst their Greek comrades:—

Thus she spoke. But them already the life-creating earth possessed, there in Lacedæmon—in their dear fatherland. . . . The poet has to speak of the earth in sadness, but he will not let that sadness affect or change his thoughts of it. No; though Castor and Pollux be dead, yet the earth is our mother still—fruitful, life-giving. These are the facts of the thing—I see nothing else than these. Make what you will of them.*

Thirdly, we have another and much larger class of descriptive epithets, distinguished from the second by the absence of the ethical element, and from the first by the exclusion of all consideration of the useful or of sensual enjoyment in the estimate of the interest derivable from the contemplation of a natural object under a particular aspect. The earth has very few of these epithets, the poet having been most struck, as it appears, with the variety of her productions and her powers of strengthening and refreshing, of comforting and gladdening the heart of man; and no doubt the earth, when considered abstractedly, apart from the varied features of its surface, is naturally more suggestive of such associations; still, some

* *Modern Painters*, Vol. III., pt. iv., ch. xiii., § 12. The epithet *φυσίζουσ* seems to me, however, rather to refer to the varied forms of life, animal and vegetable, which the earth produces and supports, than to the mere fertility by which she supports it. I have therefore substituted in the translation 'life-creating' for 'life-giving,' though the latter is undoubtedly authorized by the lexicographers.

few, principally referring to her vast and unknown extent—as ἀπείρων, 'boundless' (not to be interpreted literally, for the great ocean stream flowing round the earth forms its boundary on all sides, πείρατα γαίης, *Il.* Ξ 200, 301), εὐρέϊα, δῖα (a term of similar import, 'vast and majestic,' like all that is 'divine'), εὐρυόδεια ('open far and wide to the traveller'),—are found attached to her. But the sea has a much greater variety of them, as indeed, its phenomena, especially to an inhabitant of the islands or coast of Asia Minor, are far more impressive. Thus, when the sun's beams are reflected from its calm or slightly ruffled surface, it is 'glittering' (μαρμαρέν), but when more violently agitated, and the crests of its waves curled by the blast, it becomes 'white' (πολή), whilst in the far distance, under the lowering sky, it is 'wine-coloured, dark purple' (οἶνοψ). Together with the changing colour of the sea, its boundless horizon seems to have most impressed Homer's fancy, hence it is δῖα ('majestic, awful'), ἀθέσφατος ('unspeakable' in majesty, grandeur, and power). Its openness and vastness are expressed by the continually recurring phrases, κύματα μακρά, μεγά λαῖτμα θαλάσσης ('the mighty expanse of the sea'), θαλάσσης εὐρέα κόλπον, εὐρύπορος, &c. And, lastly, we have another set of epithets, derived from the sound of its dashing waves, as πολύφλοισβος, ἡχέσσα—compare with the last Milton's '*resounding shore*.'

Further, there is a fourth class of ornamental epithets, distinguishable from the foregoing, which may be called the descriptive (*par excellence*) and topographical. Such are those which set before us any national or personal peculiarity in men, as Ἀχαιοὶ χαλκοχίτωνες, ἑκνήμυδες, κάρη κομόωντες, πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς, and so forth; or any marked feature of climate, soil, situation, natural productions, &c., when applied to countries, cities, mountains, rivers, as Ἄργος ἵπποβότον, πολυπύδακος Ἰδης, ἀργινόεντα Κάμειρον.

But we have, perhaps, already dwelt too long upon Homer—too long for the limits of this essay, not too long for his importance when measured with succeeding Greek writers in this, and indeed, most other particulars. It is time to pass on to trace the utilitarian spirit in the landscape of his successors.

The next passage illustrative of this matter-of-fact view of Nature which we will quote is from the fragments of Alcman, a lyric poet of the seventh century before Christ. It is from a description of Night, in which the scenery of Taygetus and the neighbourhood of Sparta, where the poem was probably written, is introduced. The following is a literal translation of it:—

And the mountain tops and glens sleep, and the headlands and ravines (or torrent-beds): and all the tribes (of animals) and

creeping things that black earth nourishes : and the wild beasts of the mountain, and race of bees : and monsters in the depths of the dark blue sea : and the tribes of long-winged birds are asleep.

I have rendered this passage word for word from the original, in order to contrast the bare enumeration of these mountains and valleys, without a word thrown in that marks the slightest interest in their colour, shape, or general appearance, with the modern manner as exemplified in the diffuse and somewhat free translation of Colonel Mure.*

Now o'er the drowsy [note the pathetic fallacy] earth still night prevails.

Calm sleep the mountain tops and shady vales,

The rugged cliffs and hollow glens ;

The wild beasts slumber in their dens ;

The cattle on the hill. Deep in the sea

The countless finny race and monster brood

Tranquil repose. Even the busy bee

Forgets her daily toil. The silent wood

No more with noisy hum of insect rings ;

And all the feathered tribes, by gentle sleep subdued,

Roost in the glade, and hang their drooping wings.

To which the author appends this note :—

A beautiful peculiarity of this beautiful description is the vivid manner in which it shadows forth the scenery of the Vale of Lacedæmon, with which the inspirations of the poet were so intimately associated ; from the snow-capped peaks of Taygetus, down to the dark blue sea which washes the base of the mountain.

Terms which may possibly be applicable to the gallant Colonel's translation, but hardly, as I think, to the bare matter of fact of the original Alcman.

The next step in the descent brings us to Pindar, in whose fervid and impassioned strains the picturesque holds a still more subordinate place. If we try him by the same test that we applied to Homer, we find that though he occasionally indicates by a passing allusion his delight in the ' bright-coloured flowers of spring ' (*Pyth.* iv., 114), in ' tree-clad hills ' (*Nem.* xi., 31), or in ' summits of Ætna black with leaves ' (*Pyth.* i., 52), or ' in that heaven-reaching column, nurse throughout the year of dazzling snow ' (*Ib.* 35), yet his favourite epithets are such as express richness and fertility ministering to the comfort and enjoyment of the human race. Thus, the splendid scenery of Sicily about her loftiest mountain seems to have no charms for the poet in comparison with her productive properties ; the neighbourhood of Ætna

* *Hist. of Grk. Lit.*, Vol. III., p. 206.

is simply 'fruitful,' 'εὐκαρπος,' (*Pyth.* i., 57); and the same island, *Nem.* i., 20, is celebrated as 'the rich Sicily, pre-eminent in the fruitfulness of its soil.' In like manner Libya is described as 'abounding in cattle and fruits of the earth' (*Pyth.* ix., 13,—comp. 102); and in the famous panegyric upon Rhodes in the seventh Olympian ode, where the sun sees her rising up from beneath the waves, the highest praise that he can bestow upon her is, that she is 'a land capable of feeding many men [I had almost translated it 'of supporting a numerous population'], and kindly to flocks' (*Ol.* vii., 115). Very characteristic, too, is the opening of the tenth Olympian ode. 'There is a time when men find the greatest *use* in winds; and again in the celestial waters of showers, children of the cloud.'

We have now come down to the age of the tragedians, in whom, occupied with the delineation of their characters and the development of their plots, we do not perhaps look for any detailed descriptions of natural scenery or phenomena. They sought to enlist the sympathies of their audience on behalf of the suffering hero in his struggle with an irresistible destiny; and so long as they were governed by that singleness of aim which is characteristic of all the highest forms of Greek art, would probably have thought any appeal to other and alien objects of interest an impertinent interference with the legitimate object of their endeavours. Still there remain the choral odes, in which freer scope was allowed to the excursive fancy for the expression of such sympathies; and here, if anywhere, we may expect to find them. But in the drama, more perhaps than in any other department, appears a marked difference between ancient and modern literature. Even Shakspeare, in whom the love of the 'picturesque' in its more modern acceptation—or at any rate of the sterner and wilder features of nature—was scarcely developed,—who could probably have lived contentedly at Rydal, even if a railway had been carried to his very door, and who had no such vehicle for incidental description as was afforded by the lyrical portions of Greek tragedy, sometimes steps aside from the straight path of his main action, and pauses for a moment to dwell upon the contemplation of this or that feature of natural beauty; or describes them by an epithet or passing allusion that manifests, as in Homer, I will not say a profound study or enthusiastic admiration, but regard, observation, and an independent interest. Shakspeare, like Tennyson, perhaps with still higher power, certainly with less apparent effort, will in a single word or a single line, present us with an entire landscape, or vividly portray some power of Nature in one of her varied phases of

beauty or of grandeur. Thus, the restless workings of a stormy sea are set before us in 'the yeasty waves,' or 'the tumbling billows of the main:' the stillness and repose of a calm summer's day in 'the gossamers that idle in the wanton summer air.' Similar instances of graphic word-painting are 'the beached verge of the salt flood, which once a day with his *embossed froth the turbulent surge* shall cover.' 'The morn, in russet mantle clad, walks o'er the dews of yon high eastern hill.' 'Jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.' Longer and more detailed passages will readily occur to the recollection of my readers; if not, let them turn to the sylvan scenes of *As You Like It*, to the *Tempest*, or the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or to the fifth act (sc. 1) of the *Merchant of Venice*, or to the illustration of the 'course of true love,' in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii., sc. 7, and they will find loving and faithful descriptions of natural scenes and beauties, not to be paralleled, at any rate out of Homer, in the whole compass of Greek literature.

And now let us see what the Greek tragedians do give us when they condescend to deviate for an instant from the steady march of the action of their dramas to notice the phenomena of Nature. I believe I may say with truth, that in the two earlier, at least, of the three great tragic writers, there is no single description to be found of this kind introduced independently of some local or personal interest.* One of the most notorious passages in all Greek literature, the chorus of the *Œdipus at Colonus*, is precisely of this character. It is a passage repeatedly referred to, in proof of the ardent sympathy of the Greeks with Nature and her works, by writers ill acquainted with the true character of the people they affect to admire, doubtless because it is held derogatory to those models of taste for all time to be insensible to the sources of interest and enjoyment to which we moderns justly attach so high a value. The object of that chorus is to extol the attractions of the native city of the audience in whose presence the play is represented, and especially of the hill of Colonus, on which the persecuted hero of the story has taken refuge. It has also something of a religious character, as befits the solemnity of the choral ode, and points out how suitable a residence this fertile spot, amidst the comparative barrenness of Attica, offers to those divinities who have so largely

* I am not sure that I ought not to except two beautiful lines of the *Agamemnon*, descriptive of a dead calm on a hot summer's day:—

‘ἡ θάλασσα, εὔτε πόντος ἐν μεσημβριναῖς
κοίταις ἀκύμων νηνέμοις εὐδοι πεισών.’

enriched it with their bounty. But amidst all its beauty there is scarcely anything of the modern picturesque about it. First, we are told how the loud clear song of the nightingale is constantly to be heard under its green thickets and amidst its foliage, screened from the sun and from the rude breath of the storm, secure against intrusion in its untrodden sanctity; then how the narcissus and the crocus 'with its golden lustre,' flourish there, nursed by the dews of heaven, to form a crown for the worship of the great goddesses (Ceres and Proserpine); and how 'the sleepless fountains of the wandering streams of Cephissus never dwindle;' next how, in these hallowed precincts, protected by their awful majesty from the hostile spear, flourishes, and has ever flourished, a plant which the poet has never heard of either in Asia nor yet in the mighty Dorian Isle of Pelops, self-planted and uncultured, the gray-leaved olive; and lastly, the poet can tell us of another, and that the most excellent gift of the mighty god Neptune to his mother city, her highest boast,—the breed of horses and the supremacy over his own seas that he has bestowed upon her. Such are the topics enlarged upon in this famous chorus; and from the analysis I have given of it, it will be seen that the interest of the scenery and natural phenomena described in it rests entirely upon its connexion with the glories and riches of Athens, and upon the contrast which its refreshing verdure and perennial stream offered to the bare, parched aspect of the surrounding region. Some who remember Mr. Ruskin's glowing description of his 'idealized' olive in the *Stones of Venice* (vol. iii., p. 175), may be inclined to suppose that the ancient poet really felt the same tender interest in 'the hoary dimness of its delicate foliage,' and 'the gnarled writhings of its intricate branches, and the pointed fretwork of its light and narrow leaves inlaid on the blue field of the sky,' and all the rest of its poetical and picturesque properties, as the modern critic: but the coldness with which Sophocles dismisses the tree, with the bare mention of its 'gray leaves,' and the points of interest which he *does* dwell upon, convince us that it derived its greatest charm in his eyes from the fact that it was indigenous in his native soil, and that the rival nation 'in the mighty Isle of Pelops' did not possess it; to which I hope it is not profane to add, that the thought may have just crossed his mind as he was writing, what an excellent 'substitute for butter' was furnished by its oil, and how extremely useful that article was in cookery and the exercises of the *palæstra*.

We now come to Euripides, in whom the changed character of the drama, which begins to present a somewhat near approach to the 'romantic school,' and allows more scope:

incidental descriptions, might lead us to expect the drawings of a more modern taste in the introduction of picturesque descriptions. In reality, however, the twenty extant pieces of this author are still almost entirely devoid of them. I do not wish to be unreasonable, and I will, therefore, allow that the truly beautiful, though very brief, description of sunrise, and 'the lighting up of the untrodden peaks of Paros', in the opening chorus, or rather monode,* of the *Ion*, is a passage of this character. But when Humboldt (*Cosmos*, vol. i., pp. 12) cites, amongst 'descriptions of scenery denoting a deep feeling for Nature,' the messenger's speech in the *Bacchæ*, v. 1043, I really must dissent. The reader who turns to the passage will be not a little disappointed at finding that the picturesque description occupies exactly one line and a half, the rest being a topographical statement of the most ordinary character. The words that called forth Humboldt's eulogy amount, including particles, to just eight, and the literal translation of them is as follows:—'And there was a hollow, overhung by precipices, watered with streams, overshadowed by pines.' Let any one compare this with Shelley's elaborate description of a precisely similar scene—the scene in each case being selected as adapted, by its gloomy horror, to the deed of blood which was about to be perpetrated,—and he will feel at once, indeed I may say see, by the comparative length, the difference in point of sympathetic interest in Nature between the ancient and the modern poet.

Another passage, which Humboldt refers to as an example of 'the pleasure which this poet takes in picturesque description,' is a fragment of the lost play of the *Cresphontes*. It seems to me, however, that the word 'picturesque' is singularly misapplied to it. It is a comparison between the countries of Laconia and Messene, very much to the disadvantage of the former, precisely because it is mountainous and picturesque, which has indeed 'plenty of arable land, but difficult to cultivate, for it is hollow, environed by mountains, and rugged;' whereas that of Messene is productive, 'watered by ten thousand streams, and affording most abundant pasture for cattle and flocks,' and enjoys a delightful climate, neither too cold in winter nor too hot in summer; the latter part of the description expressed in language only one degree more poetical than my own brief paraphrase of it.

* *Greek Lit.*, ch. xxii., § 13.

'But I remember,
the road

This topic of the excellence of climate—a very favourite one with the panegyrists of Athens and of Greece,*—is the only one which has the remotest relation to natural beauty dwelt upon in the famous eulogy upon his country pronounced by this poet in his *Medea*, verses 824—845. The brilliant purity of the atmosphere, and the happy temperature of the gales which Venus herself breathed upon this cherished land, occupy a prominent place in the list of advantages which, from the earliest times, have entitled the Eretheidæ to be regarded as the favoured children of the blessed gods. To it are ascribed by the ancient poet, as by the modern critic,† the pre-eminence in learning, taste, literature, and the arts, in all that constituted σοφία in its widest acceptation, which distinguished Athens amongst the nations of the civilized world.

I think I am doing no injustice to Euripides when I affirm, that of the numerous incidental allusions to natural phenomena introduced in his choruses, by far the largest portion are descriptive matter-of-fact, or topographical: the beauties occurring in them, which I am not at all disposed to question or underrate, owe scarcely any of their interest to what would now be called picturesque description. Let us take, by way of illustration, a not unfavourable sample of the poet's usual manner, from the third chorus of the *Hippolytus*, one of his best plays. The commencement promises well. The chorus, who have some very uncomfortable forebodings of Phædra's sinister intentions, begin by wishing they were birds (to obtain a bird's-eye view, one might suppose, of some of their glorious scenery), in order that they may fly to some distant region, and so get out of the impending scrape. The first spot they fix upon is the wave of the Adriatic shore and the mouth of the Po. Now here is an opening for a glowing picture of the various scenes which would be presented to them in their flight from Træzen, over Greece, and up the Adriatic, of which a modern poet would not be slow to avail himself.

* Compare, for example, Plato, *Tim.* 24, c.; *Critias*, III, E.; Aristophanes, *Ωραι, Fr. 476; Eurip., *Fragm. ap. Plut. de Exilio*; Herodot. III., 106. Milton, too, has not failed to notice this characteristic in his enumeration of the glories of Athens—*Paradise Regained*, bk. iv.:

‘On the Egean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil.’

The latter feature, however, which is derived, most likely, from Thucyd., I., 2—‘τὸ λεπτόγειον,’ would have been better omitted; for the lightness of the soil in Thucydides means poverty and barrenness of soil, and is assigned by that author as a reason for the original inhabitants having remained so long undisturbed in possession of their territory.

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But it soon becomes evident, from the description which follows, that a love of the picturesque, at any rate, had no share in determining their choice of a retreat, or the poet's motives for introducing the mention of it; for all that we are told of its peculiarities is, that there the thrice-wretched maidens are perpetually dropping tears of amber into the purple waves, out of grief for (their brother) Phaethon. The next place that the chorus express a desire to be transported to is the apple-sown shore of the minstrel Hesperides; and, to be brief, the description of this land of mystery in the far West has a purely geographical and mythological interest. I do not mean to insinuate any charge of want of poetical feeling against Euripides in the remarks I have made. The subjects suited for poetical treatment are infinite; and a poet, as he cannot embrace them all, has a perfect right to select out of the vast range of them such as are most attractive to the audience to which he addresses himself. Moreover man, his actions, passions, aspirations, and destinies, are to the poet, at least, the higher object of interest; Nature and her works are subordinate. The Greeks felt this, and their artists acted upon it.

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The next passage that I propose to examine is one that has been still more misused than the chorus of Sophocles—the famous 'plane tree' at the beginning of Plato's *Phædrus*, p. 230, B. When Mr. Lewes, in his *Biographical History of Philosophy* (vol. ii., p. 29), referring to this passage—for there is nothing else of the kind to refer to,—informs us that Plato's 'descriptions of scenic loveliness in the *Phædrus* are perfectly ravishing,' we conclude merely that, presuming upon the

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few, principally referring to her vast and unknown extent—as *ἄπειρων*, 'boundless' (not to be interpreted literally, for the great ocean stream flowing round the earth forms its boundary on all sides, *πείρατα γαίης*, *Il. Ξ 200, 301*), *εὐρεία, δία* (a term of similar import, 'vast and majestic,' like all that is 'divine'), *εὐρυόδεια* ('open far and wide to the traveller'),—are found attached to her. But the sea has a much greater variety of them, as indeed, its phenomena, especially to an inhabitant of the islands or coast of Asia Minor, are far more impressive. Thus, when the sun's beams are reflected from its calm or slightly ruffled surface, it is 'glittering' (*μαρμαρή*), but when more violently agitated, and the crests of its waves curled by the blast, it becomes 'white' (*πολή*), whilst in the far distance, under the lowering sky, it is 'wine-coloured, dark purple' (*οἶνοψ*). Together with the changing colour of the sea, its boundless horizon seems to have most impressed Homer's fancy, hence it is *δία* ('majestic, awful'), *ἄθρόφατος* ('unspeakable' in majesty, grandeur, and power). Its openness and vastness are expressed by the continually recurring phrases, *κύματα μακρά, μεγάλαῖτα θαλάσσης* ('the mighty expanse of the sea'), *θαλάσσης εὐρέα κόλπον, εὐρύπορος*, &c. And, lastly, we have another set of epithets, derived from the sound of its dashing waves, as *πολύφλοισβος, ἡχέσσα*—compare with the last Milton's '*resounding shore*.'

Further, there is a fourth class of ornamental epithets, distinguishable from the foregoing, which may be called the descriptive (*par excellence*) and topographical. Such are those which set before us any national or personal peculiarity in men, as *Ἀχαιοὶ χαλκοχίτωνες, ἑκνήμυδες, κάρη κομόωντες, πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς*, and so forth; or any marked feature of climate, soil, situation, natural productions, &c., when applied to countries, cities, mountains, rivers, as *Ἄργος ἱποβότον, πολυνείδακος Ἴδης, ἀργινόντα Κάμειρον*.

But we have, perhaps, already dwelt too long upon Homer—too long for the limits of this essay, not too long for his importance when measured with succeeding Greek writers in this, and indeed, most other particulars. It is time to pass on to trace the utilitarian spirit in the landscape of his successors.

The next passage illustrative of this matter-of-fact view of Nature which we will quote is from the fragments of Alcman, a lyric poet of the seventh century before Christ. It is from a description of Night, in which the scenery of Taygetus and the neighbourhood of Sparta, where the poem was probably written, is introduced. The following is a literal translation of it:—

And the mountain tops and glens sleep, and the headlands and ravines (or torrent-beds): and all the tribes (of animals) and

creeping things that black earth nourishes : and the wild beasts of the mountain, and race of bees : and monsters in the depths of the dark blue sea : and the tribes of long-winged birds are asleep.

I have rendered this passage word for word from the original, in order to contrast the bare enumeration of these mountains and valleys, without a word thrown in that marks the slightest interest in their colour, shape, or general appearance, with the modern manner as exemplified in the diffuse and somewhat free translation of Colonel Mure.*

Now o'er the drowsy [note the pathetic fallacy] earth still night prevails.

Calm sleep the mountain tops and shady vales,
The rugged cliffs and hollow glens ;
The wild beasts slumber in their dens ;
The cattle on the hill. Deep in the sea
The countless finny race and monster brood
Tranquil repose. Even the busy bee
Forgets her daily toil. The silent wood
No more with noisy hum of insect rings ;
And all the feathered tribes, by gentle sleep subdued,
Roost in the glade, and hang their drooping wings.

To which the author appends this note :—

A beautiful peculiarity of this beautiful description is the vivid manner in which it shadows forth the scenery of the Vale of Lacedæmon, with which the inspirations of the poet were so intimately associated ; from the snow-capped peaks of Taygetus, down to the dark blue sea which washes the base of the mountain.

Terms which may possibly be applicable to the gallant Colonel's translation, but hardly, as I think, to the bare matter of fact of the original Alcman.

The next step in the descent brings us to Pindar, in whose fervid and impassioned strains the picturesque holds a still more subordinate place. If we try him by the same test that we applied to Homer, we find that though he occasionally indicates by a passing allusion his delight in the 'bright-coloured flowers of spring' (*Pyth.* iv., 114), in 'tree-clad hills' (*Nem.* xi., 31), or in 'summits of Ætna black with leaves' (*Pyth.* i., 52), or 'in that heaven-reaching column, nurse throughout the year of dazzling snow' (*lb.* 35), yet his favourite epithets are such as express richness and fertility ministering to the comfort and enjoyment of the human race. Thus, the splendid scenery of Sicily about her loftiest mountain seems to have no charms for the poet in comparison with her productive properties ; the neighbourhood of Ætna

* *Hist. of Gk. Lit.*, Vol. III., p. 206.

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creeping things that black earth nurtures— all the wild beasts of the mountain, and race of men— all dwellers in the bosom of the dark blue sea: and the tribes of birds— night time all absent.

I have rendered this passage with some freedom, in order to contrast the best of the scenery of the mountains and valleys, without a word of the wild life and the interest in their curious habits of habits, characteristic of the modern manner of description of the wild life and the free transition of the scene.

Now o'er the drowsy [here the poetical language] earth, the night prevails.

Calm sleep the mountain tops and every vale,
The rugged cliffs and hollow gorges;
The wild beasts slumber in their dens;
The cattle on the hill— Dead in the sea
The countless fenny race and numberless
Tranquil repose— Even the busy bee
Forgets her daily toil— The silent rook
No more with noisy hum or creaking wing
And all the feathered tribes— no golden winged dove
Roost in the glade and hang their quivering wing

To which the author appends— thus—

A beautiful preliminary of the beautiful description in the first manner in which it shadows forth the scenery of the *Island of Lacedæmon*, with which the inspiration of the poem is intimately associated, from the snow-capped peaks of the *Pythia*, down to the dark blue sea which washes the base of the mountain.

Terms which may possibly be applicable to the poetical Colonel's translation, and which, as I think, is the most marked fact of the original statement.

The next step in the account brings us to *Pandora*, in a more fervid and impassioned strain, the poetical nature, and more subordinate places. If we try now, by the same test and we applied to Homer, we find that though he occasionally indicates by a passing allusion the delight in the "bright coloured flowers of spring" (*Pyth.* iv. 114), in "the red hills" (*Nem.* xi. 31), or in "summits of *Atlas* black and low" (*Pyth.* i. 52), or "in that heaven-reaching column, round throughout the year of dazzling snow" (*ib.* 37), yet his favourite epithets are such as express richness and fertility ministering to the comfort and enjoyment of the human race. Thus, the splendid scenery of *Island* about her loftest mountain seems to have no charms for the poet in comparison with her productive properties; the neighbourhood of *Atlas*

is simply 'fruitful,' *ἑύκαρπος*, (*Pyth.* i., 57); and the same island, *Nem.* i., 20, is celebrated as 'the rich Sicily, pre-eminent in the fruitfulness of its soil.' In like manner Libya is described as 'abounding in cattle and fruits of the earth' (*Pyth.* ix., 13,—comp. 102); and in the famous panegyric upon Rhodes in the seventh Olympian ode, where the sun sees her rising up from beneath the waves, the highest praise that he can bestow upon her is, that she is 'a land capable of feeding many men [I had almost translated it 'of supporting a numerous population'], and kindly to flocks' (*Ol.* vii., 115). Very characteristic, too, is the opening of the tenth Olympian ode. 'There is a time when men find the greatest *use* in winds; and again in the celestial waters of showers, children of the cloud.'

We have now come down to the age of the tragedians, in whom, occupied with the delineation of their characters and the development of their plots, we do not perhaps look for any detailed descriptions of natural scenery or phenomena. They sought to enlist the sympathies of their audience on behalf of the suffering hero in his struggle with an irresistible destiny; and so long as they were governed by that singleness of aim which is characteristic of all the highest forms of Greek art, would probably have thought any appeal to other and alien objects of interest an impertinent interference with the legitimate object of their endeavours. Still there remain the choral odes, in which freer scope was allowed to the excursive fancy for the expression of such sympathies; and here, if anywhere, we may expect to find them. But in the drama, more perhaps than in any other department, appears a marked difference between ancient and modern literature. Even Shakspeare, in whom the love of the 'picturesque' in its more modern acceptation—or at any rate of the sterner and wilder features of nature—was scarcely developed,—who could probably have lived contentedly at Rydal, even if a railway had been carried to his very door, and who had no such vehicle for incidental description as was afforded by the lyrical portions of Greek tragedy, sometimes steps aside from the straight path of his main action, and pauses for a moment to dwell upon the contemplation of this or that feature of natural beauty; or describes them by an epithet or passing allusion that manifests, as in Homer, I will not say a profound study or enthusiastic admiration, but regard, observation, and an independent interest. Shakspeare, like Tennyson, perhaps with still higher power, certainly with less apparent effort, will in a single word or a single line, present us with an entire landscape, or vividly portray some power of Nature in one of her varied phases of

enriched it with their bounty. But amidst all its beauty there is scarcely anything of the modern picturesque about it. First, we are told how the loud clear song of the nightingale is constantly to be heard under its green thickets and amidst its foliage, screened from the sun and from the rude breath of the storm, secure against intrusion in its untrodden sanctity; then how the narcissus and the crocus 'with its golden lustre,' flourish there, nursed by the dews of heaven, to form a crown for the worship of the great goddesses (Ceres and Proserpine); and how 'the sleepless fountains of the wandering streams of Cephissus never dwindle;' next how, in these hallowed precincts, protected by their awful majesty from the hostile spear, flourishes, and has ever flourished, a plant which the poet has never heard of either in Asia nor yet in the mighty Dorian Isle of Pelops, self-planted and uncultured, the gray-leaved olive; and lastly, the poet can tell us of another, and that the most excellent gift of the mighty god Neptune to his mother city, her highest boast,—the breed of horses and the supremacy over his own seas that he has bestowed upon her. Such are the topics enlarged upon in this famous chorus; and from the analysis I have given of it, it will be seen that the interest of the scenery and natural phenomena described in it rests entirely upon its connexion with the glories and riches of Athens, and upon the contrast which its refreshing verdure and perennial stream offered to the bare, parched aspect of the surrounding region. Some who remember Mr. Ruskin's glowing description of his 'idealized' olive in the *Stones of Venice* (vol. iii., p. 175), may be inclined to suppose that the ancient poet really felt the same tender interest in 'the hoary dimness of its delicate foliage,' and 'the gnarled writhings of its intricate branches, and the pointed fretwork of its light and narrow leaves inlaid on the blue field of the sky,' and all the rest of its poetical and picturesque properties, as the modern critic: but the coldness with which Sophocles dismisses the tree, with the bare mention of its 'gray leaves,' and the points of interest which he *does* dwell upon, convince us that it derived its greatest charm in his eyes from the fact that it was indigenous in his native soil, and that the rival nation 'in the mighty Isle of Pelops' did not possess it; to which I hope it is not profane to add, that the thought may have just crossed his mind as he was writing, what an excellent 'substitute for butter' was furnished by its oil, and how extremely useful that article was in cookery and the exercises of the palaestra.

We now come to Euripides, in whom the changed character of the drama, which begins to present a somewhat nearer approach to the 'romantic school,' and allows more scope for

incidental descriptions, might lead us to expect the dawnings of a more modern taste in the introduction of picturesque descriptions. In reality, however, the twenty extant plays of this author are still almost entirely devoid of them. I do not wish to be unreasonable, and I will, therefore, allow that the truly beautiful, though very brief, description of sunrise, and 'the lighting up of the untrodden peaks of Parnassus,' in the opening chorus, or rather monode,* of the *Ion*, is a passage of this character. But when Humboldt (*Cosmos*, vol. ii., note 12) cites, amongst 'descriptions of scenery disclosing a deep feeling for Nature,' the messenger's speech in the *Bacchæ*, v. 1043, I really must dissent. The reader who turns to the passage will be not a little disappointed at finding that this picturesque description occupies exactly one line and a half, the rest being a topographical statement of the most ordinary character. The words that called forth Humboldt's eulogy amount, including particles, to just eight, and the literal translation of them is as follows:—'And there was a hollow, overhung by precipices, watered with streams, overshadowed by pines.' Let any one compare this with Shelley's elaborate description of a precisely similar scene†—the scene in each case being selected as adapted, by its gloomy horror, to the deed of blood which was about to be perpetrated,—and he will feel at once, indeed I may say *see*, by the comparative length, the difference in point of sympathetic interest in Nature between the ancient and the modern poet.

Another passage, which Humboldt refers to as an example of 'the pleasure which this poet takes in picturesque description,' is a fragment of the lost play of the *Cresphontes*. It seems to me, however, that the word 'picturesque' is singularly misapplied to it. It is a comparison between the countries of Laconia and Messene, very much to the disadvantage of the former, precisely because it is mountainous and picturesque, which has indeed 'plenty of arable land, but difficult to cultivate, for it is hollow, environed by mountains, and rugged;' whereas that of Messene is productive, 'watered by ten thousand streams, and affording most abundant pasture for cattle and flocks,' and enjoys a delightful climate, neither too cold in winter nor too hot in summer; the latter part of the description expressed in language only one degree more poetical than my own brief paraphrase of it.

* See Müller's *Hist. of Greek Lit.*, ch. xxii., § 13.

† *Cenci*, Act iii., sc. 1.:

'But I remember,

Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
Crosses a deep ravine,' &c.

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ignorance of the popular audience to whom he appears to address himself, he introduced a sentence with little meaning, which served as an effective contrast to the dry logical character of the Platonic writings, which, for the moment, he is seeking to illustrate. But when a learned and judicious writer like Mr. Lightfoot* falls into the popular delusion, as he seems to do when he contrasts Socrates' usual habit of confining himself within the city walls, and expressed contempt for the country,† with 'the description of scenery which Plato puts into his mouth immediately before,' we have an additional reason for ascertaining in what this supposed love of the picturesque really consists. Here is Mr. Wright's translation of the passage.

Socr. Well, really this *is* a glorious resting-place. For the plane-tree, I find, is thick and spreading, as well as tall, and the size and shadiness of the agnus castus here is very beautiful; and being at the height of its flower, it must render our retreat most fragrant. How delicious, too, is this spring, trickling under the plane-tree, and how cold its water, to judge by the foot! . . . Again, how lovely and enjoyable above measure is the airiness of the spot! Summer-like and clear rings an answer to the choir of the cicadas. But the most charming thing of all is this abundant grass, with its gentle slope, just made for the head to fall back on luxuriously.

Now it does not appear that there is anything in all this inconsistent with the most exclusive regard for town life. Socrates finds a luxurious seat, and thoroughly enjoys it. Everything is there that can minister to his bodily comfort and gratification. The shade of the spreading tree, the fragrance of the flowers, the coolness of the air, and the water, so pleasant to bathe the feet in after his hot walk, the shrill summer chirp of the cicadas, the abundant grass, and gentle slope to recline on. The utmost contempt for all these things, as objects of independent interest, in no way excludes the notice and enjoyment of them as ministering to the gratification of the senses. And besides, Socrates has a pleasant and intelligent companion, with whom he may discuss moral philosophy and rhetoric, just as well for the moment as if he had been in one of his favourite haunts, the market-place or exercising grounds of Athens. So much for Plato's 'ravishing description of scenic loveliness.'

Curiously analogous to Socrates' or Plato's descriptive

* *Journal of Classical and Sacred Philology*, No. 7, Vol. III., p. 88, note.

† As to Socrates' feeling and practice, they seem to have been peculiar to himself, and cannot fairly be taken as a sample of the national taste in such matters, any more than Dr. Johnson's very similar preference of a walk down Fleet-street to the finest scenes of natural beauty. Both were moralists, and both thought there was more to be learned of what specially interested them in the town than in the country.

catalogue of the attractive objects of Nature are the much-vaunted pictures of rural delights with which the great pastoral poet of antiquity has supplied us. The features, for example, of the little landscape, in Id. v. 31—34, are nearly identical with those of Plato's 'plane-tree.' A shepherd invites his fellow to sit down in a spot where they may sing comfortably. The inducements held out are a wild olive and a grove, a cold stream trickling down (the *rock*, from which it must be supposed to descend, is not mentioned), grass, and chirping grasshoppers. To which are added (v. 45—49) oaks, some kind of tall grass or rush, humming bees, singing birds, and a pine which is dropping its cones—all very pleasant things in their way, but not exactly what we now-a-days call a fine landscape. '*Scena est egregia*,' exclaims one of the commentators, in a transport of irrepressible enthusiasm. Nearly resembling this is another picture in the *Cyclops* (Idyl xi.) The love-sick monster endeavours to lure Galatea from her marine abode by the enumeration of the charms of his cave. These are—laurels, slender cypresses, black ivy, a vine with sweet fruit, and cold water descending from the white snows of the tree-clad *Ætna*. But perhaps the most celebrated of all Theocritus' descriptions of the charms of the country is an elaborate passage of the 7th Idyl (vv. 128—147). These are all summed up in one line (v. 143), 'All smelt of summer exceeding rich, and smelt of autumn.' The entire passage consists of a catalogue of objects gratifying to the senses of sight, smell, taste, touch, and hearing: not a word is there of the beauties of the distant view, or of the neighbouring sublimities of rock, wood, or waterfall. All the Theocritean beauties of Nature are of the milder and gentler order. His pines whisper, his water trickles, his seas are so calm that they reflect objects on the shore, and their waves never rise beyond a murmur and a plash; lofty mountains clothed with wood serve but to supply 'ambrosial draughts' of water, and rocks are only introduced to support love-lorn Cyclopes, whilst they sing to their mistress beneath the waves. In short, to repeat his own words, all smells of summer exceeding rich, and smells of autumn. At any rate, this is the general tone and character of his landscape-painting.

Very similar to the Theocritean landscape is that of the *Anthology*. Amongst the multitude of poems of various authors and ages that compose this collection, some there may possibly be presenting a nearer approach to modern feeling and taste. But I believe it will be found that the features of Nature principally dwelt upon, and the treatment of them, are very much the same as in the pastoral poet of Sicily.

One more passage of picturesque description must be noticed

before we quit this part of our subject, which indeed may be regarded as a sort of epitome of those special characteristics of Greek taste which we are now employed in examining. It is Ælian's account of the beauties of the vale of Tempe; a scene whose loveliness passed into a proverb, and of which the often-expressed admiration has been pleaded in extenuation of the charge of utter insensibility to the beauties of Nature, so frequently advanced against the classical writers. It is true that Ælian was an Italian by birth, and that the proverbial use of Tempe as well as most of the notices of it occur in Latin writers;* whilst Herodotus, who has twice occasion to mention it (vii., 128, 173), is so absorbed in the consideration of the difficulties opposed by the pass to an invading army, that he has not a word to bestow upon its scenery. Still, as Ælian wrote in Greek, and seems to have been thoroughly imbued with Greek notions, we may take him as no inadequate representative of their feeling in respect of the picturesque. The passage is a long one; but in order to convey a correct notion of it, we must give it entire. The author commences his third book thus:—

Come, then, let us now describe in words what is called the Thessalian Tempe, and fashion an image of it. For it is admitted that words, if the writer has any power of expression, can give a representation of anything they please, just as forcibly as men skilled in the art of sculpture. It is, then, a region situated between Olympus and Ossa, which are mountains of immense height,† and split in two, as it were, by a sort of divine providence [I suppose the author means to say that no natural cause, such as the bursting of a lake, to which the cleft had been attributed, was sufficient to account for it], so as to admit a space between them of about forty stadia [five miles] in length, and in breadth, in some parts, of about a hundred feet (*πλείθρα*), and in others a little more. It is traversed by a river called the Penæus, into which flow also the other rivers, and by mixing their waters with it swell the Penæus to a great size. The spot has also various resting-places, and of all sorts, the work of no human hand, but the spontaneous productions of Nature, who outdid herself in the creation of beauty when this region took its origin. For ivy in abundance and exceeding thick and shaggy, grows and flourishes in it, and, like luxuriant vines, climbs and hangs from the lofty trees, and clings around them; and a quantity of bindweed partly

* Livy, xlv., 6. Plin., *Nat. Hist.*, iv., 8. Catull., *Carm.*, lxiii., 285. Ov., *Mét.*, i., 568. Lucan, *Phars.*, vi., 343, viii., 1, as well as numerous allusions in Virgil and Horace.

† The loftiness of these mountains is the only feature of the scene that seems, so far as we can judge from his language, to have struck Herodotus: he likewise speaks of their 'enormous height,' vii., 128.

runs up upon the hill side itself, and overshadows the rock ; and that, indeed, may escape notice, but the verdure of the whole spot is visible enough, and attracts all eyes. And upon the flat and low meadows are groves of various sorts, and constant places of shelter,* the sweetest retreats for travellers in summer time to take refuge in, which also offer the means of cooling oneself most agreeably. Numerous fountains also flow through it, and streams run into it of cold waters most pleasant to drink. It is likewise reported that these waters are good for bathing, and are of service to the health of those that use them. The valley also is filled with the notes of birds dispersed in various quarters, and especially singing birds, which regale the ear exceedingly, and send the traveller on his way without fatigue, nay with pleasure, effacing by their melody the sense of toil in the passers by. On both sides of the river are the seats and resting-places aforesaid ; and through the midst of Tempe passes the Penæus with a leisurely and gentle course, like oil. Abundant, also, is its shade, which is engendered by the trees that grow thereby, and their depending branches ; so that, for the greatest part of the day, it screens off the advancing sunbeam, and permits travellers by water to pursue their voyage in the cool. And the whole people of the neighbourhood flock together to sacrifice and hold assemblies there and feast together. Accordingly, from the great number of sacrifices and the constant burning of incense, travellers by land and water are naturally attended by the sweetest odours.

Ælian seems to have added, or altered, some of the circumstances of his description, for the sake of heightening the charms of the valley, especially in the account he gives of the smoothness of the river ; for all other authors speak of it as in this part a very rapid stream, approaching to a torrent, as indeed was to be expected, from the extreme narrowness and rocky nature of the defile. The wood is mentioned by many ancient authors, and seems still to exist.† The ivy and bindweed (if that is the meaning of *μίλαζ*) which so delighted Ælian, have either disappeared or remained unnoticed (as he himself deemed probable of the latter) by other travellers. But who could have supposed that the above description and the following paragraphs from Dr. Clarke's *Travels* had reference to the same scene ?

A powerful torrent, occupying in some parts nearly the whole of the passage from side to side, is exhibited by the Penæus.‡ . . . Here the scenery possesses the utmost grandeur. The precipices consist of naked perpendicular rocks, rising to a prodigious height ;

* *ὑποδομαί*, supposed by Clarke (*Travels*, Vol. X., p. 382, ed. 4) to be caverns or natural recesses, several of which he observed in the rocks above.

† Clarke, *l. c.*, p. 382.

‡ Clarke, *u. s.*, p. 358.

so that the spectator can scarce behold them from *below* [Clarke improves upon Livy] without giddiness. . . . The various colours which adorn the surfaces of these rocks can only be expressed by painting The cliffs are so perpendicular, and the gorge is so narrow, that it would be absolutely impossible for an army to pass while the strait was guarded by these fortifications.*

It is strange, too, and unaccountable, except on the supposition that Ælian, who lived in Hadrian's reign, long after Tempe had become celebrated, wished to give a picture of a scene of perfect loveliness—that he should have so entirely omitted all notice of the horrors, as they evidently must have seemed to him, of the pass; and still more strange when we compare the account that Livy had before him, in which nothing else is mentioned.

Besides the narrowness of the defile, extending for five miles where there is scanty room for a beast of burden with its load [Livy's usual careless exaggeration], the rocks are so precipitous on either side that one can scarce look down without a kind of giddiness at once of the eyes and mind. Terrifying, too, is the roar and the depth of the river Penæus which flows through the midst of the valley.†

Thus, having traced the utilitarian taste in scenery through almost the entire range of Greek poetical literature from Homer to Ælian, we have now to notice another characteristic of the Greek mind, by which their judgment and preference of the beautiful and agreeable in Nature, as in Art, must have been mainly determined—their love, viz., of set form and order, of regularity and symmetry, of roundness and completeness. This well-known peculiarity of taste is indicated by Mr. Ruskin, and its origin fancifully ascribed to the pleasure they took in contemplating the human form (of which, no doubt, from the custom of going through the exercises of the palæstra naked, they enjoyed unlimited opportunity) and their feeling of its dignity and perfection. But whatever may have been the cause of it, there can be no doubt of its existence; and to it are due some of the most striking singularities in the forms assumed by their poetry in many of its branches, especially the drama, by their sculpture and architecture. Closely allied to this, if not engendered by it, are the severity and formality, sometimes bordering upon hardness and harshness, commonly held to be characteristic of Greek art.

Compare, for example, the structure and mode of representation of a tragedy of Sophocles with one of Shakspeare. In the one the 'unities'—not essential, it is true, but still com-

* Clarke, *u. s.*, pp. 370, 371.

† Livy, *xliv.*, 6.

monly observed; the entire absence from the dialogue of all incidental ornament and intemperate sallies of passion; the measured declamation, often degenerating into the extraordinary stiffness of the *στιχομυθία*, or dialogue carried on in single lines—sometimes reminding us of the ‘small-sword logic borrowed from the French,’ ‘as smart as the hits in a fencing-match’ of the *Critic*—the regularly-divided choral odes, sung and *danced* in unison by fifteen persons; the fixed entrances and exits assigned to different classes of characters; the appropriation of certain definite types of character to the three actors who were always placed in a certain defined relation to each other;* the conventional costume of these actors, and the stiff angular action prescribed by rule, and taught as a regular system, together with the set expression of features, incapable of variation imposed by the use of the mask; and then contrast all this with the wild and lawless extravagance in plot, language, character, and action of *King Lear*. Or again, compare the smooth and symmetrical regularity of a Greek temple with the irregular and grotesque outline and details, the spires, pinnacles, and projecting gurgoyles of a Gothic cathedral, or a statue of Phidias with one of Bernini or Roubillac, or even of Michel Angelo.

We might further trace this formal taste in the love of completeness and system which characterizes their entire literature, which gives its epic unity to the multifarious researches of Herodotus, and constrained Thucydides to confine himself to the narrative of the events of a single war; which in the great epic which has furnished a model for all subsequent attempts in this kind, enforces a unity of action and interest, binding the several parts together into a compact whole; which prescribed laws of composition to orators, and introduced the art of moulding sentences in periods; which lured on philosophers until they sought to embrace in their speculations the overwhelming problem of the world of Nature and of Man, and to include the universal fabric of things human and divine, the laws of matter and of mind, physics and metaphysics, morals, politics, psychology, and logic, in one vast and all-comprehending system;† and which, finally, seems to

* See Müller, *Hist. of Greek Lit.*, xxii., § 8.

† ‘Had he (Aristotle) not mapped out all heaven and earth, things seen and unseen, with his entelechies and energies and dunameis, and put every created and uncreated thing henceforth into its proper place, from the ascidians and polypes of the sea to the virtues and the vices—yea to the great Deity and Prime Cause (which indeed was all things), Noesis Noeseon, ‘the Thought of Thoughts,’ whom he discovered by irrefragable processes of logic, and in whom the philosophers believed

have influenced their views of politics and society as it regulated their theory and practice in literature and art.

This comprehensive spirit of system and love of completeness in form has descended, according to M. Guizot (*Hist. de la Civilization en France*—première Leçon), upon his own compatriots, who are thereby distinguished from their less fortunate brethren in this country. Not only have the English never given birth to any great general doctrine or principle in all their revolutions, religious and social, but they cannot even write a book. Their exclusively practical tendency confines them to the consideration of particulars, and has always prevented them 'from composing a work in a rational and artistic fashion as one whole, with a due distribution of its parts, and an execution regulated so as to strike the reader's imagination by that perfection of art—that is, of form—which aspires above all things to satisfy the intellect.' But to return to the Greeks. Indications of the high importance they attached to form, order, and law, appear even in the details of their philosophical speculations. I suppose that there is no one imbued with notions derived from modern philosophy and religion who would not set the idea of the infinite above that of the finite in the order of importance. But it was not so with the Greeks. With them the form-determining finite holds the higher place in the scale. So the Pythagoreans, as interpreted by the *réducteur* of their doctrines, Philolaos, looked upon the infinite (*τὸ ἄπειρον*) as the mere rude material element of the universe, which, naturally devoid of all definite limits, measure, and rule, must receive its form, and so its positive existence, from the finite or limiting (*τὸ πέρας ἔχον, τὸ περᾶν, τὸ πεπερασμένον*), which is likewise the rational element.* The ideas of finite and infinite are also, and more commonly, represented by the terms 'the one' and 'the many,' especially in the Platonic philosophy. Plato, who borrowed the Pythagorean doctrine,† but extended and enlarged its sphere, in his elaborate inquiry into the nature of the *summum bonum* in the *Philebus*, in like manner places the infinite (or particulars

privately, leaving Serapis to the women and the sailors?' Kingsley's *Alexandria and her Schools*, p. 17. And the same may be said of all the preceding Greek philosophers, only they had not quite so many things to classify and set in order as the great observer and analyst; for the division of labour characteristic of modern research, and forced upon us by the immense extension of knowledge in all its departments, as yet was not. 'They (the Greeks) were conscious of their power to build; and it made them ashamed to dig.'—*Ib.*, p. 21.

* Böckh., Philolaos, p. 45, sq. Stallb., *Prolegom. ad Phileb.*, p. 39, sq.

† Stallb., *l. c.*, p. 42.

as opposed to general notions), in which pleasure is found to consist, at the bottom of his graduated scale of moral perfection, the finite (τὸ πέρας ἔχον), including sciences, arts, and right opinions, occupying the place next above them,* the highest place of all being assigned to 'measure and that which is in due measure and in due season' (τὸ μέτρον καὶ τὸ καίριον), by which Plato seems to mean the highest and universal moral law, which embraces all subordinate laws, regulates the entire system of things, and assigns to all their due place and order. One may perhaps also cite, as another instance of this feeling, the preference given by Aristotle to the 'formal' cause over the three others (the material, efficient, and final) amongst the four which he distinguishes.

This pervading love of form, order, and symmetry which we have been employed in tracing in the art and philosophy of the Greek people, is likewise conspicuously apparent in their taste for landscape scenery. It offers a curious illustration of those passages of the *Odyssey* which Mr. Ruskin tenderly quizzes (*Modern Painters*, III. ch. xiii. § 16, sq.), as, for example, the description of the gardens of Alcinous, the *beau idéal* of the Homeric picturesque, with their orderly beds of leeks, vines in rows, and fountains in pipes. It throws a light upon the distaste for rocks and ruins, and all things rugged and decayed, which we *must*, in spite of Humboldt, infer from their never being mentioned as objects of admiration and delight, and harmonizes altogether with the peculiarity of taste previously discussed, which shows itself in a fondness for all that ministers to the service of mankind and the gratification of the senses. I must content myself with referring to a single example.

One of those myths or fable† in which, where speculation fails, Plato shadows forth the future condition of the human soul, and the retribution which awaits the wicked and the just after death, opens with an imaginary description of the world, partly derived from astronomical and geometrical considerations. The earth which the nations known to the Greeks inhabited, is supposed to be a sort of pit, sunk below the true surface of the earth, in which the nations dwelt around their sea, the Mediterranean, 'like frogs round a pond,' many other similar pits existing all round the globe, which is represented as a dodecahedron of various colours, one of the five regular solids. On the earth's true surface is a sort of Elysium, destined to be the abode of the spirits of the just. Here every

* Stallb., l. c., p. 81. *Phileb.*, p. 66, B. Comp. Ritter, *Hist. of Phil.*, ii., 402.

† *Phæd.*, p. 109, sq.

object exists in the highest purity and perfection, our air being to them what the sea is to us—our æther, or higher atmosphere, their air, and everything pure and perfect in the same proportion. One of the highest charms of this region is the brilliancy of the colours, which is dwelt on with an emphasis which would delight Mr. Ruskin, or a Pre-Raphaelite. Further, all the mountains and stones are composed of the jewels most prized on earth—cornelians, jaspers, emeralds,—of which those found here below are fragments; to say nothing of the gold, silver, and all precious metals in which they abound. But, above all, everything there is smooth and round, and cut out apparently in mathematical figures; whereas here, on our earth, things are apt to be spoiled and eaten away by the impurity of the air, as those beneath the sea are corrupted by the brine. From all such causes of decay and consequent ‘ugliness and disease in stones, earth, animals, and plants,’ they are protected by the purity of their air; and so we may imagine, as the most beautiful spectacle that could be presented to the eyes of these blessed spirits, that the mountains formed perfect cones—that for the rocks and smaller stones, nothing more irregular than a rhombus met their view—that the flatter portions presented an uniform level surface, like the fens of Cambridgeshire—and the trees resembled the mop-headed acacias which embellish a French or Italian avenue. Something of this taste may perhaps be attributed to Plato’s individual fondness for geometry; but a great part of it, I conceive, belongs to the nation at large.

But then, we are told, the Greeks must have had an ardent sympathy with all the aspects of natural beauty, because the objects of their worship were for the most part deified powers of Nature; a view which has received much countenance and currency from the famous description of the Greek form of religion in Wordsworth (*Excursion*, book iv.). The opinion that this lively interest in the phenomena of Nature was exhibited most strikingly in their mythology has been put forward by Mr. Stanley, amongst others, in his interesting article on the ‘Topography of Greece,’ in the *Classical Museum*, vol. I., pp. 41—85. He seems loth to admit that the Greeks wanted that taste for the picturesque which is now deemed essential to every cultivated mind. And, therefore, as he cannot find any indications of this taste in descriptions of actual scenes of natural beauty, he supplies that deficiency by assuming that they idealized it—‘they carried into their descriptions of Nature the same spirit which dictated their descriptions of man, indifferent always to actual portraiture, aiming always at ideal pictures.’ But to say nothing of its being as dubious a compliment to Nature, and as questionable a mark of regard for

her own fair self, in a poet as in a portrait painter, to flatter and overcharge her real features, it would have been well to refer to some of the idealized descriptions here alluded to: meanwhile, I must confess that I am at a loss to know where they are to be looked for; the examples that Mr. Stanley has produced seem to me quite inadequate to substantiate that which they are brought forward to support. Passing on to the indications of a feeling for the beauties of Nature offered by the Greek mythology and religion, we learn that this is shown in them in two ways: first, by the deification of the powers of Nature, and, secondly, by the choice of scenes of peculiar grandeur, as the site of certain temples and oracular shrines, especially Delphi and Lebadea.

As regards the first point—if the Greeks had worshipped the actual phenomena—the sun, the sky, the ocean, the woods, mountains, and rivers, it might go far to establish the theory. But this is precisely what they did *not* do. They worshipped powers which resided in, or were manifested through them—the deities whose voice was heard in the roar of the thunder and the waves, and the whispering of the leaves and brooks, and these powers they immediately *personified* and invested with human attributes and human agency. Instead, therefore, of showing any interest in natural phenomena as things to be admired, this religion of theirs seems, on the contrary, to show a paramount interest in man and in human nature. But even supposing the earliest records we have of the Greek divinities, the poems of Homer and Hesiod had not represented them as so many magnified human beings, still, the mere deification of *powers* of Nature would be insufficient to show any high degree of interest in her beauties and sublimities. For many other feelings besides admiration and love enter into religious regard—as awe, reverence, terror,—and some of these may have prompted their worship. And this argument applies equally to the second point, the selection, namely, of such spots as Delphi and Lebadea as fitting scenes for religious edifices and observances. And, further, adhering to the course we have pursued throughout this essay, let us again appeal to facts. If any description of the scenery of Delphi at all similar to that of Mr. Stanley (*op. cit.*, p. 67), or of Dr. Thirlwall (*Hist. of Greece*, II., 293), whom he quotes, can be produced from any reasonably early Greek author, in poetry or prose, I am content to give up the point, and to allow that the Greeks were, at any rate, fully sensible of the surpassing grandeur of the two sites of Delphi and Lebadea. And now let us see what kind of descriptions they *do* furnish us with of some of these scenes. Let us take the two which seem, from the concurring testimony of recent travellers, to be most striking to

the modern eye—Delphi and Sparta, and let us hear what Pausanias and Strabo have to say about them.

In the account given by Pausanias of the memorabilia of Delphi, which occupies no less than twenty-seven chapters of his tenth book, the author's attention is so engrossed by the buildings, and offerings, and works of art, and antiquities of the place, that he has not a word to bestow upon its romantic situation; indeed, if we depended upon his description alone for our information, we should be at liberty to suppose that it stood on a dead flat; for the only mention that occurs of Parnassus at all, *as a mountain*, is contained in the following sentence with which the description concludes:—'From the Corycian cave it is difficult even for an active pedestrian to reach the summit of Parnassus; and this summit is above the clouds, and upon it the Thyades go through their frantic rites in honour of Bacchus and Apollo.' To the grandeur of the situation of Sparta an equal indifference is displayed: the peaks of Taygetus, which tower abruptly from the hollow in which it lies not being even alluded to. I doubt if the driest of modern antiquarians or topographers could find it in his heart to pass over the scenery of these two spots with such contemptuous disregard. Strabo, to be sure, is a little more explicit: it falls in his way as a geographer to describe Parnassus, and as a geographer he describes it (ix. 3). Of the city he says,—'The southern side of it (Parnassus) is occupied by Delphi, a rocky place in the form of a theatre, having at its head the oracular shrine and the city, which fills a circle of sixteen stadia. Above it lies Lyarrea, a spot on which the Delphians formerly settled above the temple; whereas now they dwell by its side about the fountain of Castalia. In front of the city lies Kirphis, a mountain precipitous on its southern face, leaving a gorge in the midst, through which flows the river Plistus.' The last sentence appears to be meant for a description of those two limestone cliffs, cleft by a deep hollow from which the stream issues, which form the most striking feature of the basin in which Delphi lay; and which, confounded by the careless indifference of the Greek visitors with the real summit of the mountain, lying far away out of sight, gave rise to the common notion of the 'double-headed Parnassus.' Of Sparta and its surrounding scenery we have the following account:—'Overhanging this (Thyrides) is Taygetus, a mountain which lies a little way above (*i.e.* north of) the sea, lofty and precipitous, connected in its northern parts with the Arcadian Highlands. . . . Under Taygetus stands Sparta in the interior. . . . Accordingly, the site of the city is in a somewhat hollow spot, though it lies between two ranges of mountains so as to separate them: still no part of it is marshy. . . .'

One more argument must be noticed before I conclude. A proof of the Greek love and admiration of beautiful scenery is often derived from the situation of their theatres; many of which, as those of Argos, Syracuse, Tauromenium, and the Dionysiac theatre at Athens, in their present ruinous condition, now that only the seats cut in the rock for the spectators remain, certainly do command the most lovely prospects. But those who use this argument appear to do what the spectators certainly could not have done—to overlook, namely, the stage wall, which, when it was standing, would most effectually have shut out all view of anything beyond the stage from all but the occupants of the very highest rows of seats. Indeed, if we may draw an inference as to the ordinary height of these appendages to the theatres from the enormous pile of masonry, a hundred feet high, which composes the stage wall of the theatre at Orange—the only one, so far as I am aware, which at present exists,—no single spectator in the theatre was in danger of having his attention diverted from what was passing on the stage before him by the attractions of the distant prospect. In any case, the motive assigned could not, in any degree, have influenced their choice of a site for their theatres, and we are forced to fall back upon that which was, after all, probably their sole reason for the selection, the convenience offered by a sloping rock, which, in a country like Greece, must always have been sufficiently near at hand, for the construction of the immense extent of semicircular benches which were required for the national exhibitions and assemblies which took place in these buildings.

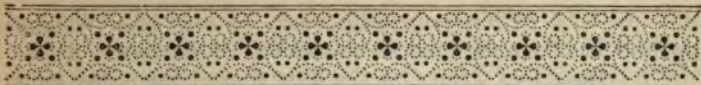
Let us now sum up, by way of conclusion, the different items of Greek character which we have found reflected in their opinions, so far as they can be gathered from their extant literature, about the phenomena of natural scenery. The Greeks, then, were a sensual, practical people, frank, unaffected, and straightforward, without the slightest tinge of romantic feeling, disposed by habit, education, and climate to serenity and cheerfulness. Their gregarious habits, out-door life, early gymnastic training, and general attention to the care of the body, all tended to produce a healthy and cheerful tone of mind, free from affectation and sentimentalism, and all tendency to dreamy reverie, contemplative melancholy, and in general, morbid feeling and *schwärmerei* of every kind. Their hearty love of enjoyment, and the downright sincerity with which they abandoned themselves to their sensual impulses, unsoftened by the influences of refined and accomplished female society, unchecked by the requirements of a high standard of morality, and by the still higher obligations to purity and benevolence inculcated by the

Christian code, produced a coarseness of tone and manner which often shocks us, not merely in the licentious buffoonery of Aristophanes, but even in the pictures of society sketched by Xenophon, Plato, and writers of the highest refinement. Let any one who is inclined to doubt this, consider the picture of Athenian manners presented by Xenophon in his *Symposium*—an account which has all the air of being faithfully drawn from real life—of a convivial meeting of the most cultivated portion of polite society at Athens, in a place and period when literature and the arts had attained a development which has hardly since been paralleled. All this may help us to explain how it was that the Greeks missed the enjoyment of so much in nature that affords us exquisite pleasure, and associated pleasurable emotions almost exclusively with smiling and cheerful scenes, and with those objects which contributed directly to their ease, comfort, and subsistence. Their highest source of interest lay in man, his nature and actions; and all that might tend in any way to their discomfort and injury was distasteful.

To us, the advance of civilization, and the progress of the mechanical arts, has thrown open the wilder scenes of nature—the study of the natural sciences has invested them with an adventitious interest—whilst the tendency to sentimental sadness and love of pensive contemplation, which is certainly characteristic of the modern mind, arising, as Mr. Ruskin asserts, from mere derangement of stomach, but due also, doubtless, to many other causes connected with the modern system of education, and with modern habits of life and tone of thought, and fostered in no slight degree by the asceticism, self-sacrifice, and increased fear of death which Christianity has in many engendered, drives men to the hills as fit scenes for solitary meditation.

Closely allied to the features of Greek character which we have just described, is the love of form, order, and symmetry which controlled their judgment and biassed their predilections, in nature as in art, and, as we have seen, exercised an influence so extensive, as to give a character to their political and social institutions, a bias to their literature, and a colour to their philosophical speculations. The causes—religious or moral, social or educational—which gave this particular direction to their taste, I will not now attempt to trace; but, reflecting upon the all-pervading nature of this principle in the mind of the Greeks—artists, poets, philosophers, politicians—we shall wonder less, though we may still smile, at the singular formality which characterizes alike the earthly paradise imagined by Homer, and the happy seats of the spirits of the just, invested with all the charms which the fancy of Plato could lend them.

E. M. C.



APOCRYPHAL GOSPELS.

FEW literary productions of such little intrinsic merit have received so much attention, and absorbed so much learned industry, as those singular documents which bear the name of the Apocryphal Gospels. While so many works of the great, the wise, and the good have been lost irretrievably; while so many, again, though all but within our grasp, are still remaining in our public libraries on palimpsest and papyrus, undeciphered and unrolled; while treatise upon treatise of real historical interest or of true theological learning lies immured in scarcely accessible folios; while so much of true merit is either lost, obscured, or forgotten,—amid all this wreck and oblivion, these poor literary inamenities, these weak and foolish outpourings of heresy and credulity, are still destined to live and linger amongst us. They still keep turning up among our unpublished manuscripts, they still engage the interests of laborious scholars, can boast of editors and commentators, form the themes for prize essays, and but very lately all of them that are in any degree entire have appeared with all the insignia of critical care and scrupulosity,* with literary prolegomena, with diversities of readings, and the very diplomatic symbols that seem to belong almost exclusively to the sacred and venerable documents of which they are the caricature and travesty.

Such tenacity of existence is yet more noticeable when we remember that their real demerits, their mendacities, their absurdities, their coarsenesses, the barbarities of their style, and the inconsequence of their narratives, have never been excused or condoned. It would be hard to find any competent writer, in any age of the Church, who has been beguiled into saying anything civil or commendatory. Here and there

* *Evangelia Apocrypha*, adhibitis plurimis codicibus Græcis et Latinis, maximam partem nunc primum consultis, atque ineditorum copiam insignibus,—edidit Constantinus Tischendorf; Lipsiæ, 1853.

some solitary enthusiast, some early editor, like William Postell,* has been tempted, in the ardour of discovery, to hail the Protevangel of James as the long looked-for supplement to the Gospel history—'evangelii ad hunc diem desideratam basin et fundamentum;' here and there some respectable dogmatist, like Damascene, has been detected in knowing too much about the Gospels of the Infancy; but still the torrent of abuse, condemnation, and invective that issued from the fountains of early orthodoxy, and has never lacked an affluent in any generation since the days of Irenæus, has raged against these unhappy mythologies with an unabated vehemence which, as far as the honour of the orthodox faith is concerned, must be pronounced both edifying and exemplary. The whole vocabulary of theological abhorrence, a vocabulary by no means limited in its extent or culpably weak in its expressions, has been expended upon these unfortunate compositions, individually and collectively. Now and then the tares have been gathered into bundles, and Pope Gelasius, or Pope Damasus, or some other champion of orthodoxy, has presided at some grand moral *auto-da-fê*; at other times they have been dealt with singly, and one by one have suffered every horror of truculent extirpation, and pitiless rancour. This document, we are told by one father, was the production of a knave; that, another good soul tells us, was the *deliramentum* of a fool; a pestilent heretic, good sturdy Jerome forewarns us, was the author of a third; the Devil himself, according to the not very charitable judgment of Epiphanius, had no mean share in a fourth.† Nay, even when better days seemed in store for them, when the intense Mariolatry of the medieval Church might have given the documents relating to the nativity of the Virgin some little hope of being treated with toleration, if not civility; when their unwearied mendacity might have commanded some sympathy and admiration, their fate was but little ameliorated; they were but impertinent meddlers that soiled everything they presumed to touch, and that told the truth only by unwelcome accident.‡ As time went on they fared no better; if any of them were separately

* See page 191.

† Some of these gospels appear really to have been very infamous compositions; the *Major and Minor Interrogations of Mary*, noticed by Epiphanius, *Hær.*, xvi., 8, seems, for example, to deserve especial reprobation.

‡ For example, even such a man as Fulbert, who has the honour of having introduced the festival of the Nativity into the Gallican Church, could not bring himself openly to endorse the Latin *Nativities*; 'hâc die recitandus esse videtur ille liber, si non judicassent eum patres inter apocrypha esse numerandum.'

published, it was always under protest; if any of them, through some act of editorial weakness, crept into better company, and came forth to the world between the boards of some folio that also embraced less noxious matter, there was never any peace for the unhappy collector until he had been brought to profess every degree of abomination for the luckless object of his industry.* Toleration they received from none, contempt from all. Even a collector like Fabricius, whose love for archæology and palæography might have been thought too devoted to leave room for any fears of misconception or misconstruction, felt himself obliged to disclaim any, save a reprobative interest in these poor gospels; if they were to be published, it was only that the world might see how worthless they were, that they might be obelized and condemned, and then might be consigned, with a greater confidence and certitude to the expurgatorial index of Oriental and Occidental Christendom. From all alike—from orthodox fathers, from early historians, from popes, from councils, from Romanist divines and Protestant commentators—the same amount of contempt and reprobation has been expended on the Apocryphal Gospels, and yet they live and thrive, and are, perhaps, now as much and as curiously read as ever.

How can we account for such a persistent vitality? How can we account for the interest still felt for these documents in an age like the present, which, among its many shortcomings, can scarcely plead guilty to that of credulity or indifference to criticism? What answer can we give? What excuse can we plead for our own present attempt to illustrate what is thus confessedly absurd and mendacious?

The aspects under which the Apocryphal Gospels are viewed in our own times, are clearly very different to those under which they were formerly contemplated; in fact, it is but a mere truism to say that such documents must have been somewhat differently regarded by each generation of scholars or divines that took the trouble to investigate them. We project our own subjectivity only too palpably on all the phases of past thought which we endeavour to study or illustrate. Still, the great reason why such productions have attracted, and still continue to attract, a share of attention so disproportionate to their real merits, is one that applies equally both to us and to our forefathers, and must be looked for in

* Henry Stephens did not express himself with much amenity when an early collector, of the name of Herold (*Orthodoxographia*, Basil, 1555), was incautious enough to publish, in a somewhat mixed collection, Postell's translation of the *Protevangel of St. James*.

the depths of religious consciousness. Our vital interest in Him of whom they pretend to tell us more than the canonical Scriptures have recorded is the real, though, it may be, hidden, reason why these poor figments are read with interest even while they are despised. In earlier ages of the Church, in obscure and secluded communities, they may have secured a greater amount of attention and, possibly, of suspended belief—*thorough* reception and belief they could never have obtained among the humblest thinkers of any age,—their authority in some matters of indifference may have been differently estimated; but what commends them, with all their pitiable absurdities and puerilities, is that they speak out from the depths of remote ages and tell us of Him. We know before we read them that they are weak, silly, and profitless—that they are despicable monuments even of religious fiction,—yet still the secret conviction buoys us up, that, perchance, they may contain a few traces of time-honoured traditions—some faint, feeble glimpses of that blessed childhood, that pensive and secluded youth, over which, in passive moments, we muse with such irrepressible longing to know more—such deep, deep desideration. We think that, though so many have sought amidst all this incoherent tissue for the thin golden thread of true history, and have sought, as they themselves tell us, so utterly, so bitterly in vain—that still *our* eyes may descry it—that *we* may see and realize in our souls some few unrecorded words or deeds of our Redeemer that others have failed to appreciate. We cheat ourselves with the thought that we read these fables for the philosophical purpose of illustrating ancient heresies, or tracing out obscure dogmatic aberration: we do so when our first eager search has mocked us; but, ask any man of deeper religious feelings, who is not ashamed to confess a credulity that can hope against hope, and he will tell you that he first read these Apocryphal Gospels in the expectation that he might obtain some glimpses of those periods of his Master's life which the records of inspiration pass over in silence, or touch upon only with a chastened reserve. Make what professions we please, the hope of finding something that Evangelists have not recorded is the general and prevailing reason why these gospels have outlived so much that is more valuable; and why, even still, they secure readers and commentators in the seventeenth or eighteenth century of their unhonoured existence.

But there is clearly another reason which belongs more especially and exclusively to the last twenty years of our own times, and which can satisfactorily account for much of this

newly-awakened interest in these gospels. In the recent attacks that have come from the extreme section of the Hegelian theosophists, the Apocryphal Gospels have attracted a very great share of attention. It was easily seen how much some of the more respectable of these documents depended on the Old Testament—how the language and ideas were palpably suggested by it—how the subordinate incidents were scarcely obscure reproductions of similar events recorded in the sacred volume—how prophecies were introduced to be accommodated, and Messianic expectations to be coarsely verified—how a sacred Orientalism was that which gave the sort of hue of credibility to the otherwise unpromising fiction. When this was clearly seen—when the hint was once given, it required only some clear-headed, plausible, and reckless thinker like Strauss to call attention to the similar tone that pervaded the Canonical Gospels; it required only a parallel effort to exhibit seeming contradictions, to parade the sort of conjugate miracles in the so-called inspired records of the old and new dispensations, to damage by disingenuous artifices the credibility of the synoptical evangelists; and then, with a true Hegelian disregard of facts and dates, to group canonical and apocryphal gospels together as coeval documents, alike doubtful, fraudulent, and contradictory. The productions of Matthew and Mark and Luke were only better constructed mythes, which owed their superior popularity to their possibly superior literary merits; but mythes they all alike were, the mushroom growth of an era of ignorance, expectation, turbulence, and change. The plan was well-laid, the scheme was not destitute of an audacious ingenuity, and we are bound to say was carried out, in the case of Strauss, with a morbid ability that might have secured him a high place among his contemporaries if it had been employed in a better cause. But the fraud was very short-lived, and carried within it the elements of its own exposure. It drew attention to the Apocryphal Gospels, and then its influence was over. The moment these poor counterfeits were honestly examined, the whole of the Straussian hypothesis began to fall into disrepute. They were soon hunted out in the pages of Fabricius, Jones, and the then recent edition of Thilo; they were read *in extenso*; the extraordinary dissimilarity between the true and the false became so glaringly patent, that but few honest and independent thinkers, however sceptical their bias, could be brought to tolerate such a very refulgent fraud. The more the apocryphal documents were read, the more the mythical hypothesis of evangelical history began to decline: the more candid began to disown it; the more desperate to push forward into a yet more determined and reckless infi-

delity.* Strauss is now antiquated; and there are few, except the very young, the very foolish, or the very uncritical, who are in any way likely to be affected by his once dreaded, and certainly over-estimated, production. Still the interest in the Apocryphal Gospels remains, and we may rejoice that through the industry of Dr. Tischendorf they have now been for two or three years before the public in a cheap and readable form. This publication is really one of the best and most practical answers that the advocates of the mythical theory of Christianity have ever received. Light and shade are not in more palpable antithesis than the narratives of the four Evangelists and the aimless fables and teratologies of Thomas the Israelite or the Gospels of the Infancy.

But let us now approach these singular productions a little more closely. Though they are thus mixed up with the controversies of our own times, and have beside a peculiar interest of their own, they are still seldom read even by scholars, unless their speculations have brought them in contact with modern controversy; and to the general reader little more is known than their mere name and existence. And yet if they do not deserve to be known for their own sakes, they still involve several singular and interesting questions; they illustrate some curious phases of early Christian thought and feeling; they throw some light on ancient traditions, and certainly have not been without influence on ancient and mediæval art.

Let us deal with them then in a genial and friendly spirit. They are sadly absurd, as our subsequent analysis will prove; yet still they are very ancient, and demand some little toleration at our hands from their utter and complete harmlessness. They are productions which it is impossible to rigorously criticize; they are too obvious compilations, too incoherent, too confessedly legendary, to require any stern treatment. To explode their errors and expose their inconsistencies may be suitable and necessary for controversial writers on the canon, but is not the object proposed in the following Essay. Our object is rather to popularize the subject and to present the general reader with as much of their external history, charac-

* We allude to such lamentable spectacles of degraded intellect as Bauer and Feuerbach, whose follies and impieties have exhausted toleration. A writer like the second of these two Arcadians, who tells us that 'the God of man is man's own being,—his inner nature, his pronounced self,' and that 'religion is the dream of the human soul,' has pushed his Hegelianism to such a wretched extreme, as really to deserve no other form of argument than contempt and denunciation.

teristics, and contents as may tempt him on some winter evening to take up the thin octavo of Dr. Tischendorf, and to read for himself the quaint but mendacious originals.

As we thus take upon ourselves to assume that very little is generally known of these apocryphal gospels, we will proceed somewhat methodically. We will devote the *first* portion of our Essay to a few preliminary observations on the rise and progress, the principal era, and the probable influence of such compilations, adding illustrations from the more ancient compositions that have been noticed by early writers; in the *second* we will give an outline of the literary history and a summary of the contents of those which have been preserved to us in a more entire and coherent form.

I. To begin, then; let us first briefly notice the meaning and latitude we assign to the terms 'apocryphal gospels,' and cast a hasty glance at the miscellaneous and multifarious documents that may be included under this general designation. It is probably unnecessary to be very rigorous in our definition of 'apocryphal.' It seems quite sufficient to take the general meaning assigned to the term by the early ecclesiastical writers. They seem to have applied this epithet to all those writings, which either professing to emanate from apostles, or contemporaries of the apostles, or to treat of subjects on which they alone were proper authorities, were nevertheless of an uncertain and doubtful origin; 'Apocryphæ nominantur eo quod earum occulta origo non claruit patribus.' Augustine, *de Civ.* xv. 23. How far the term involves a *direct* antithesis to 'canonical,' how far it was understood to imply an attempted but repudiated claim to be considered canonical, is not easy to determine. It seems, however, nearly certain that some of the early documents, which, by common consent, were denoted apocryphal, could never have aspired to such an equality; occasionally, as in the case of the Arabic Gospel of the Infancy,* they lay a sort of vague claim to inspiration, occasionally in the case of some earlier productions a miraculous origin is claimed for the forgery;† occasionally, in later productions, threats are held out against any who should dare to add or subtract, yet still in many,

* The gospel opens with the following words 'auxiliante et favente summo numine incipimus scribere librum miraculorum,' &c. Compare Protev. Jacobi xxv., where the author glorifies God τὸν δόντα μοι τὴν δωρεάν καὶ τὴν σοφίαν τοῦ γράψαι τὴν ιστορίαν ταύτην. The orthodox Fathers were especially careful to deny this: 'extitisse quosdam, qui sine Spiritu et gratiâ Dei, conati sint magis ordinare historiam,' &c. —Jerome, *Præf. Comm. in Matth.*

† As for instance the Gospel of the Helkesaites (an early and con-

perhaps the majority of instances, little more authority was claimed than that of a subordinate and *supplementary* revelation, which was commonly ready enough to defer to the 'evangelium perfectum,' the four canonical Gospels. We must be understood, then, to use the term 'apocryphal' with the latitude in which it appears to have been used in the early Church, and has been certainly used by later writers, as including all extra-scriptural writings, lost, fragmentary, or extant, of which we have any notices, but as not further defining their inner character or pretensions.

The term 'gospel' is used with even still less restriction. It appears to have been adopted by the early writers, whether orthodox or heterodox, as including nearly every species of composition that affected to treat of sacred subjects. In some cases, as in that of the Gospel of Marcion, and possibly that of Apelles, Cerinthus, and other early heretics, the term had nearly the same significance that we now popularly ascribe to it; it denoted an actual history of our Lord's life and actions, and was commonly a detruncated, interpolated, or altered edition of one of the canonical Gospels, bearing the name of the heresiarch, who enjoyed the unenviable reputation of having dealt thus deceitfully with the written word. In other cases, as in the Gospels of the Infancy, or that of Nicodemus, the term implied a narrative of portions of our Lord's life which had been passed over in silence by the inspired writers; it further, as in the Gospels of the Nativity of Mary, or the History of Joseph, implied accounts of our Lord's reputed earthly progenitors; and with a reference still more remote from its ordinary acceptance, and we might certainly add, its intrinsic meaning, it was applied to those very antitheses of glad tidings, those very pitiable compositions of folly and arrogance, which emanated from the various sections and subsections of the Gnostics or Manichæans, and avowedly contained no account of Christ's actions, but only the principles of their own monstrous theosophy. Among the examples of this last form of extension, or more properly speaking, misapplication, of the term, we may mention the Gospel of Perfection, and that of Scythianus,* both of which appear, as

temptible sect that seems to have mixed up Heathenism, Judaism, and Christianity in equal proportions), of which Origen (ap. Euseb., *Hist.*, vi., 38) expressly says, βιβλον τινά φέρουσιν ἣν λέγουσιν ἐξ οὐρανοῦ καταπετωκέναι.

* This gospel Cyril of Jerusalem (*Catech.*, vi., 22.) specially describes as οὐ Χριστοῦ πράξεις περιέχουσιν. The former production seems to have so belied its name that Epiphanius (*Hær.*, xxvi., 8) does not lose the opportunity of remarking on its title, Εὐαγγέλιον Τελειώσεως τοῦτο

far as we can judge, to have luxuriated in an unusual amount of mystery and insolence.

We have thus, then, under the common title of 'Apocryphal Gospels,' a large number of documents so widely differing in their aims, objects, characteristics, and composition, that they cannot by any means be contemplated from a single point of view, or regarded as the members of a common family. Fortunately, however, both for us and our readers, the stream of time has mercifully washed away all the most offensive rubbish, and has left us only a few complete specimens of a less repulsive character, and of a less pretentious philosophy. They are all more or less allied to one another, all members of the same family, all specimens rather of history tinged with superstition and heresy, than of heresy made palatable by infiltration of history; all examples more of a titubant and credulous piety than of simple and unadulterated heterodoxy. Still we have besides some important fragments of other gospels of a different character which cannot be wholly ignored in any discussion like the present, and must receive some passing notice and illustration. But let us pause and reckon up our jewels.

We have at present eight* of these compositions, probably nearly entire, four in Greek, two in Arabic, and two in Latin, besides these, three or four supplementary documents, and fragments or notices of about fifty other gospels, some of which, as those of the Nazarenes and Egyptians, appear to have been of very high antiquity. The apocryphal *Acta Apostolorum* and *Revelationes* are not included in this enumeration, and form an entirely different portion of the subject. If we make the convenient edition of Tischendorf our present standard and authority, our list will be as follows:—In Greek, the *Protevangelium of James*; the *Gospel of Thomas*, of which the copies so differ that it has become necessary to print separately two forms, A and B; the *Acta Pilati* in two forms, A and B; the *Descensus Christi ad Inferos*. From the Arabic, in a Latin translation, the *History of Joseph* and the *Gospel of the Infancy*. In Latin, the *Gospel of Pseudo-Matthæus*, or as it may be perhaps more conveniently termed, the *Latin Gospel of the Infancy*, and the *Gospel of the Nativity of Mary*. In addition to these, we have ancient Latin versions of the *Gospel of Thomas*, the *Acta Pilati*, and the *Descensus*, and a

φάσκοντες. Καὶ ἀληθῶς οὐκ εὐαγγέλιον τοῦτο ἀλλὰ πένθοῦς τελείωσις τῶσα γὰρ ἡ τοῦ θανάτου τελείωσις ἐν τῇ τοιαύτῃ ὑποσπορᾷ τοῦ διαβόλου ἐμφέρεται.

* We consider, for the sake of convenience, the *Acta Pilati* and *Descensus*, commonly united under the somewhat doubtful title of the Gospel of Nicodemus, as two separate documents.

further collection, which forms a kind of supplement to the *Acta* and *Descensus*, comprising the *Anaphora Pilati* in Greek (in two forms A and B), the *Paradosis Pilati* in Greek; the *Mors Pilati* in Latin, the *Narration of Joseph of Arimathea* in Greek, and the *Vindicta Salvatoris* in Latin. The list thus comprises legendary records which extend irregularly over a space of nearly fifty years, distributed in the following way. The *Protevangelium* and the *Nativity of Mary* give us an account of the parents of the Virgin and the marriage of Joseph, which the *Latin Infancy* reproduces with a further account of events which extended to about our Lord's eighth year. The *Arabic Infancy* extends from the birth of our Lord to his twelfth year, containing several things in common with the shorter *Gospel of Thomas*, which begins with our Lord's third year and ends with His presentation in the temple. The *History of Joseph* ends with our Lord's eighteenth or nineteenth year, according to the numbers which the narrative supplies, but contains scarcely any notices of events in the boyhood or youth of the Saviour, except in connexion with His reputed father's death and burial. The apocryphal gospels of this collection then become silent. Our Saviour's manhood and ministry are left unnoticed; and it is not till we come to His condemnation that the apocryphal narrative recommences in the *Acta Pilati*, and concludes with the very remarkable composition, the *Descensus ad Inferos*. The remaining documents supply only a few supplementary notices relating principally to Pilate, and are of but little interest or antiquity.

It will be observed how all the members of this group confine themselves exclusively either to those portions of our Lord's history which were left unnoticed by the canonical writers, or to those which excited enduring interest and curiosity.

The other fifty gospels, of which we now possess only a few notices or fragments, are of a very diversified character. Some appear to have been gospels in the fullest sense of the word, others the wildest and most unhistorical theosophemes. They are not of much use in illustrating the foregoing group, but they are of great service to us in tracing out the origin and evolution of such compositions generally, and will prepare us to estimate more fairly, and to assign with greater certitude to their proper historical epochs the more entire legends that will afterwards come before us.

1. We now proceed with the endeavour to trace out the *origin* and *progress* of these compositions, and to sketch out their probable sequence and inter-dependence. As we pass

onwards, we shall pause to give some account of the contents and more noticeable characteristics of those of which antiquity has preserved any certain records.

The first fact on which we can definitely rely is the existence of histories of our Lord's life and actions (τῶν πεπληροφορημένων ἐν ἡμῖν πραγμάτων) prior to St. Luke's compilation of his Gospel. The second fact is what it would seem only reasonable to deduce from St. Luke's remarks, and, indeed, his own divinely-inspired efforts—that these documents could not be completely depended upon. There were, in fact, apocryphal gospels, so to say, in the earliest apostolic times. It was impossible it should be otherwise; it would have been strange, indeed, if among those who were the witnesses of our Lord's miracles—who bore about with them His words, His parables, His prophecies, glowing and burning in their hearts,—who saw His suffering death, and who were of the number of that five hundred who saw Him again after His resurrection,—it would have been strange, indeed, if, among such, memoirs of greater or less exactness had not speedily been composed, and lovingly passed from hand to hand. The wonders were too unexampled, the teaching too divine, to be trusted long to oral tradition. The Hebrew pilgrim that came from Cyrene, from Crete, or from Mesopotamia, to worship the God of his fathers at Jerusalem, and who returned to worship Him in his own distant home under the light of a newer day and the influence of more blessed revelations, would he not have sought out for something on which he could himself rely, and which he might teach and preach to others? Would not his necessities and the necessities of such as he have speedily evoked narratives and records of One with whom henceforth the blessings of the present and the hopes of the future were to be eternally associated? Would the lonely preacher in the wild districts of Galilee or Peræa have felt satisfied with his own perhaps fading, perhaps incoherent, reminiscences? Would he not have sought out for, or would he not himself have drawn up, some accounts of mysteries and teachings which it was now his mission to communicate to his fellow men? Beyond all doubt, within a very few years after our Redeemer's death, narratives of His life and teachings were extensively circulated through Palestine. One or more there might be which bore the *imprimatur* of apostolic approval, and this or these might have obtained greater currency; but there would be numbers of inferior documents which necessity or limited means of communication would have been certain to have called into existence, and which, in circumscribed localities, might have been almost exclusively appealed to and received.

Whether any of these ante-Lucan documents are now known to us by name is very doubtful. There are two, if not three gospels, of which fragments still remain, that have been supposed by theologians and antiquarians of no mean reputation to have belonged to this very early group of apocryphal writings. The names of Grotius, Grabe, Mill, and others, are associated with the opinion that the Gospel according to the Hebrews (or, as it appears to have been otherwise called, the Gospel of the Twelve Apostles,)* the Gospel of the Egyptians, and, we might perhaps say, the Gospel of the Ebionites,† might have been among those alluded to by St. Luke. Even Jones, a writer little given to credulity, is not inclined to depress the date of the first of these lower than A.D. 57 or 58. We confess that the nature of the extracts from these gospels which we are about to submit to the reader do not quite give us sufficient confidence to adopt this opinion without some reserve and hesitation. We may admit that the Gospel of the Hebrews might have been composed prior to St. Luke's Gospel, but we can hardly be brought to assign quite as early a date to that of the Egyptians. This latter composition seems to have been more mystical than historical: it bore that character in antiquity; and, if we may judge from the scanty extracts which have been preserved to us, and which we will shortly adduce, there certainly appear in it sentiments which, after making all possible allowance for the antecedent habits of the people among whom it was circulated, scarcely seem to belong to so early a period in the first century. The Gospel of the Ebionites would also seem to be of a somewhat later date: it may have been the same with the Gospel of Cerinthus, and was not improbably a partly interpolated and partly curtailed‡ edition of St. Matthew's Gospel, to which it may have stood in a somewhat similar relation to that held by the Gospel of Marcion in reference to that of St. Luke. This gospel will claim our attention afterwards, as it seems to belong to another phase of apocryphal composition.

We must certainly here pause to notice and make a few extracts from the *Gospel of the Hebrews*, for even if we do not

* Compare Jerome, *adv. Pelag.*, iii., 17.

† It is commonly conceived that the Gospel of the Ebionites and that according to the Hebrews are the same document; Jones on the *Canon*, Part II., ch. xvii., No. 18. Fabricius, however, seems to have made it appear probable that they are two different gospels, though both of great antiquity. See *Codex Pseudepigr. N. T.*, Vol. I., page 347, 367.

‡ Epiphanius, *Hær.*, xxx., 13, speaks of it as St. Matthew's Gospel *νενοθευμένον καὶ ἡκρωτηριασμένον*.

go to the full length of assigning to it an ante-Lucan existence, it still does seem to belong to the class we are at present considering—viz., documents that were composed in good faith by early converts to Christianity, but which, from containing doubtful or erroneous statements, became subsequently superseded by the canonical Gospels.

There is considerable difference of opinion as to the real origin of the gospel. By some it has been supposed to have been an honest compilation out of an assumed Hebrew original of St. Matthew's Gospel; by others it is said to have been similarly constructed from the Greek St. Matthew; and by a third party, which includes Grabe and Mill, it has been deemed an original composition of Jewish converts at Jerusalem, soon after our Saviour's ascension. The most probable opinion seems to be this—that it was drawn up by early converts of decidedly Jewish leanings, but that it was based upon a document of perhaps high authority, which might have boasted apostolic approval, if not apostolic authority. This would seem to account for its other title—the Gospel of the Twelve Apostles. Be this as it may, it is certain that it was of very great antiquity, that it was written in Syro-Chaldaic, in Hebrew letters,* and was of sufficient character to be translated both into Greek and Latin by Jerome, who transcribed the original from a copy which was lent to him by the Nazarenes of Beroëa.† To this industrious writer we are indebted for several extracts, which, with two quotations from Clement of Alexandria and Origen, make up the sum total of our direct knowledge of this very early composition. These quotations we subjoin: they are not long, and are interesting from their unquestionable antiquity. Clement of Alexandria shall lead the way:—

It is written in the Gospel according to the Hebrews, 'he that hath wondered shall reign, and he that hath reigned shall have rest.'—Clem. Alex., *Strom.*, ii., p. 453.

Origen follows:—

But if any one receive the Gospel according to the Hebrews, where the Saviour himself saith 'The Holy Ghost, my mother, lately took me by one of my hairs, and bore me away to the great mountain, Thabor;‡ he will doubt how the Spirit could be the

* See Jerome, *adv. Pelag.*, iii., init. 'In Evangelio juxta Hebræos, quod Chaldaico Syroque sermone, sed Hebraicis literis scriptum est, quo utuntur hodie Nazareni, secundum Apostolos, sive ut plerique autumant, juxta Matthæum.'

† Jerome, *Catal. Vir. Illustr. (Matth.)*

‡ This extract is repeated by Jerome (*Comment in Mic.*, vii. 6), and is one of those which make us *hesitate* about the early date of this

Whether any of these ante-Lucan documents are now known to us by name is very doubtful. There are two, if not three gospels, of which fragments still remain, that have been supposed by theologians and antiquarians of no mean reputation to have belonged to this very early group of apocryphal writings. The names of Grotius, Grabe, Mill, and others, are associated with the opinion that the Gospel according to the Hebrews (or, as it appears to have been otherwise called, the Gospel of the Twelve Apostles,)* the Gospel of the Egyptians, and, we might perhaps say, the Gospel of the Ebionites,† might have been among those alluded to by St. Luke. Even Jones, a writer little given to credulity, is not inclined to depress the date of the first of these lower than A.D. 57 or 58. We confess that the nature of the extracts from these gospels which we are about to submit to the reader do not quite give us sufficient confidence to adopt this opinion without some reserve and hesitation. We may admit that the Gospel of the Hebrews might have been composed prior to St. Luke's Gospel, but we can hardly be brought to assign quite as early a date to that of the Egyptians. This latter composition seems to have been more mystical than historical: it bore that character in antiquity; and, if we may judge from the scanty extracts which have been preserved to us, and which we will shortly adduce, there certainly appear in it sentiments which, after making all possible allowance for the antecedent habits of the people among whom it was circulated, scarcely seem to belong to so early a period in the first century. The Gospel of the Ebionites would also seem to be of a somewhat later date: it may have been the same with the Gospel of Cerinthus, and was not improbably a partly interpolated and partly curtailed‡ edition of St. Matthew's Gospel, to which it may have stood in a somewhat similar relation to that held by the Gospel of Marcion in reference to that of St. Luke. This gospel will claim our attention afterwards, as it seems to belong to another phase of apocryphal composition.

We must certainly here pause to notice and make a few extracts from the *Gospel of the Hebrews*, for even if we do not

* Compare Jerome, *adv. Pelag.*, iii., 17.

† It is commonly conceived that the Gospel of the Ebionites and that according to the Hebrews are the same document; Jones *on the Canon*, Part II., ch. xvii., No. 18. Fabricius, however, seems to have made it appear probable that they are two different gospels, though both of great antiquity. See *Codex Pseudepigr. N. T.*, Vol. I., page 347, 367.

‡ Epiphanius, *Hær.*, xxx., 13, speaks of it as St. Matthew's Gospel *γενεθενμενον και ηκρωτηριασμενον*.

go to the full length of assigning to it an ante-Lucan existence, it still does seem to belong to the class we are at present considering—viz., documents that were composed in good faith by early converts to Christianity, but which, from containing doubtful or erroneous statements, became subsequently superseded by the canonical Gospels.

There is considerable difference of opinion as to the real origin of the gospel. By some it has been supposed to have been an honest compilation out of an assumed Hebrew original of St. Matthew's Gospel; by others it is said to have been similarly constructed from the Greek St. Matthew; and by a third party, which includes Grabe and Mill, it has been deemed an original composition of Jewish converts at Jerusalem, soon after our Saviour's ascension. The most probable opinion seems to be this—that it was drawn up by early converts of decidedly Jewish leanings, but that it was based upon a document of perhaps high authority, which might have boasted apostolic approval, if not apostolic authority. This would seem to account for its other title—the Gospel of the Twelve Apostles. Be this as it may, it is certain that it was of very great antiquity, that it was written in Syro-Chaldaic, in Hebrew letters,* and was of sufficient character to be translated both into Greek and Latin by Jerome, who transcribed the original from a copy which was lent to him by the Nazarenes of Beroëa.† To this industrious writer we are indebted for several extracts, which, with two quotations from Clement of Alexandria and Origen, make up the sum total of our direct knowledge of this very early composition. These quotations we subjoin: they are not long, and are interesting from their unquestionable antiquity. Clement of Alexandria shall lead the way:—

It is written in the Gospel according to the Hebrews, 'he that hath wondered shall reign, and he that hath reigned shall have rest.'—Clem. Alex., *Strom.*, ii., p. 453.

Origen follows:—

But if any one receive the Gospel according to the Hebrews, where the Saviour himself saith 'The Holy Ghost, my mother, lately took me by one of my hairs, and bore me away to the great mountain, Thabor,‡ he will doubt how the Spirit could be the

* See Jerome, *adv. Pelag.*, iii., init. 'In Evangelio juxta Hebræos, quod Chaldaico Syroque sermone, sed Hebraicis literis scriptum est, quo utuntur hodie Nazareni, secundum Apostolos, sive ut plerique autumant, juxta Matthæum.'

† Jerome, *Catal. Vir. Illustr.* (*Matth.*)

‡ This extract is repeated by Jerome (*Comment in Mic.*, vii. 6), and is one of those which make us hesitate about the early date of this

mother of Christ, &c.—Origen, *Comment. in Johann.* II., Vol. IV., p. 63.

It is written in a certain gospel which is called according to the Hebrews (if, indeed, any one be pleased to take it not for an authority, but for illustration of the question proposed) 'Another of the rich men said to him, Master, what good thing must I do to live? He said to him, Man, keep the law and the prophets. He answered him, I have done it. He said to him, Go, sell all which thou possessest, and divide among the poor, and come follow me. But the rich man began to scratch his head, and it pleased him not. And the Lord said unto him, How sayest thou I have kept the law and the prophets, seeing it is written in the law, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself; and behold, many of thy brethren, sons of Abraham, are clothed with filth, dying with famine, and thy house is filled with many good things, and nothing at all goeth out of it to them? And turning about, he said to Simon, his disciple, who was sitting beside him, Simon, son of Joanna, it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to pass into the kingdom of heaven.—Origen, in *Matth.*, xix. 19 (*Vet. Interpr.*, Vol. III., p. 167).

Jerome has left on record several brief extracts: the first of which seems rather suspicious. There is an Ebionitish tinge, which reminds us somewhat disagreeably of the Preaching of Peter* where our Lord is said to have confessed His sins, and to have been compelled by His mother to the baptism of John. The passage runs as follows:—

Behold, the mother of the Lord and his brethren said unto him, John the Baptist is baptizing for the remission of sins: let us go and be baptized by him; but he said unto them, What have I sinned, that I should go and be baptized by him? unless, perchance, this very thing which I have said be ignorance.—Jerome, *adv. Pelag.*, iii., init.

gospel. Jerome obviates any difficulty in the Holy Ghost being the mother of Christ by calling attention to the gender in Hebrew: he adds, which is perhaps more to the purpose, 'in divinitate nullus est sexus' (*on Isaiah* xl. 11.) Origen falls back on *Matth.* xii. 49, where the terms of relationship have similarly a mere spiritual reference. It is certainly worthy of notice that in the Helkesaite Gospel (see note, p. 177) the Holy Spirit is said to be female. Does not this hint at a certain amount of infiltrated Ebionite heresy? The Helkesaites were nearly allied in doctrinal opinions to the older sects, the Ebionites and Nazarenes.

* This is a document of great antiquity frequently quoted by Clem. of Alexandria, which, however, cannot be exactly included among apocryphal gospels. It would seem to have been a composition drawn up or remodelled by Ebionites very early in the second century. It is curious how Grabe (by the way, a great patron of apocryphal literature) could have said that its sentiments were orthodox: comp. *Spicil. Patr.* (Sæc. 1.), p. 61, sq.

To this we may add the following extracts:—

It came to pass, when the Lord had ascended from the water, every fountain of the Holy Spirit descended and abode upon him, and said unto him, My Son, in all the prophets I was waiting for thee that thou shouldst come, and that I should rest in thee, for thou art my rest, thou art my first-begotten Son, who reignest for ever.—Jerome, *Comm. in Esai.*, xi. 2.

If thy brother shall have sinned against thee in word and have made satisfaction even to seven times in a day, receive him. Simon, his disciple, said unto him, Seven times in a day? The Lord answered and said unto him, Yea, I say unto thee, unto seventy times seven.—Jerome, *adv. Pelag.*, iii, init.

In the gospel . . . which I lately translated out of Hebrew into Greek . . . the man who had the withered hand is described as a mason, and as praying for succour with expressions of this nature: I was a mason, who sought my livelihood by my hands. I pray thee, O Jesus, that thou wouldest restore health to me, that I may not basely beg my bread.—Jerome, *Comm. in Matth.*, xii, 13.

In the Hebrew gospel also we read that our Lord said to his disciples, Be ye never cheerful except when you can see your brother in love.—Jerome, *Comment. in Ephes.*, v. 4.

The Gospel also which is called according to the Hebrews . . . relates, But our Lord, when he had given the linen cloth to the servant of the priest, went to James, and appeared to him: for James had sworn that he would not eat bread from that hour in which he had drank the cup of the Lord, until he should see the Lord rising from the dead. And again, after a little, Bring ye, saith the Lord, a table and bread; and immediately is added, he took bread, and blessed, and gave it to James the Just, and said to him, My brother, eat thy bread, for the Son of Man has risen from them that sleep.—Jerome, *de Vir. Illustr.*, c. ii.

The following notices are somewhat interesting:—

In the Gospel according to the Hebrews; for supersubstantial bread (*supersubstantiali pane*) I found מחר, which meaneth, for the morrow, so that the sense is, give us this day our bread for the morrow, i.e., for the future.—Jerome, *Comment. in Matth.*, vi, 11.

But in the gospel which is written in Hebrew letters we read not that the veil of the temple was rent, but that a lintel of prodigious size fell in.—Jerome, *Ep. ad Hedib.*, cxlix., and in *Matth.*, xxvii, 16.

It seems very doubtful whether the latter statement rests on any ancient tradition, or whether the Hebrew compiler drew a portion of his information from some early Greek document in

which the late and unusual form βῆλον (= velum)* might have been used for the more common καταπέτασμα, and might have led to this curious, but not very inexcusable, mistake. There is certainly some faint trace of such a tradition in the Anaphora Pilati and Narration of Joseph, where a portion of the temple is said to have fallen in at the moment of Christ's death. It is, however, most likely that in this present statement we have arrived at the fountain head of the story, and that it was due simply to imperfect information, or more probably to a desire and a determination to give another version of an occurrence that involved so much spiritual significance. How very natural for an early Christian writer, with yet unextinguished Jewish prejudices, to give ear to any report that might be substituted for a rumour so ominous as that of the rent veil of the innermost shrine of Judaism—a rumour that told of a new access to the Father, and must have been felt to be the harbinger of dereliction and desecration.

Thus much for our extracts from one of the most notorious of the apocryphal productions. Without judging too hastily from citations adduced by writers who rejected its authority, it does not seem too much to say that there is no reason for any vivid regret that fragments are all that we now possess of this once popular gospel. It would seem to stand just on the verge of true and genuine history—just on that debatable ground where national or dogmatical prejudices are allowed to exercise some influence in their representation of facts, but where the truth is by no means unhonoured and disregarded. The compiler of the gospel was probably sincere, but in no degree appears to have risen superior to the context of the times in which he lived, and the sympathies he inherited and shared.

As we pass onward to the *Gospel of the Egyptians*, we seem to descry a gentle, but gradual, deterioration. Doctrinal peculiarities, ascetical predilections, accommodation to local prejudices and institutions, perhaps were now acquiring an increasing ascendancy. History was learning to be more supple and pliant, mysticism was becoming more attractive. The simple story that St. Mark told, the plain, but graphic, narrative that had flowed from St. Peter's lips, were not wholly welcome to Essene and Therapeutic austerity, or to the subtleties of Alexandrian theosophy. Facts must be made more significant, doctrines more impenetrable, discipline more

* Comp. Du Cange, *Glossar.*, Vol. I., p. 186. This is the opinion of Hofmann (*Leben Jesu*, p. 380), but it cannot be pronounced quite satisfactory, unless it be also shown that βῆλον was thus used as early as the first century, or at least before the times of Jerome.

coercive, divine declarations more obscure and oracular; the Gospel must be the more faithful reflex of the times, the feelings, and the prejudices of its readers. And so, later in the first century, amidst mysticism, asceticism, and sophistry, the Gospel according to the Egyptians emerges to view, and soon secures a willing and partial audience. We know, both from Eusebius and Jerome, that St. Mark preached the gospel in Egypt, and that his converts, who were very numerous, are supposed almost universally to have adopted a life of abstemiousness and severity. And this latter fact we are able to refer very plausibly to the known existence in considerable numbers of Essenes and Therapeutæ, who while their habits and tenets would have predisposed them to Christianity, would not have been very likely to have given up an asceticism that had grown up with their growth, and to a great degree seemed reconcilable with, if not sanctioned by, the doctrines of their new creed. How natural then for such tendencies, and such an union of the pure doctrine of self-abnegation with the perverted theories of self-inflicted sufferings or self-imposed privations, to have called into existence a gospel in which the main facts of Christianity might be interwoven with the theosophistic speculations, the mystical doctrines, and the disciplinary injunctions that were so dear to the hybrid Christian of Alexandria.

The three or four citations from this gospel, which antiquity has bequeathed to us, are certainly calculated to give an air of probability to these speculations. It will be observed that we are almost entirely indebted for these extracts to Clement of Alexandria. This, coupled with the fact that this gospel is mentioned by very few ecclesiastical writers, renders it probable that it never exercised much influence, or obtained much reception, out of the country in which it seems to have first appeared. It found, however, much favour with the Sabellians—a fact not very difficult to account for, when we are told by Epiphanius that, amidst other questionable rubbish and mysticism, it makes our Saviour himself tell His disciples ‘that the same person was the Father, the same person the Son, the same person the Holy Ghost.’ Clement of Alexandria supplies the following notices, which it will be seen have all a strongly ascetic leaning:—

When Salome asked our Lord how long death should prevail, the Lord said, ‘as long as ye women bear children.’ . . . Upon her saying ‘I did well then in never having borne children,’ the Lord made answer saying, ‘Eat every herb, but that which hath bitterness eat not.’—Clem. Alex., *Strom.*, iii., pp. 53², 54¹.

They (the opponents of marriage) say that our Saviour himself said, ‘I came to destroy the works of the woman’—meaning [says

Clem.] by the woman concupiscence, and by the works generation and corruption.—Clem. Alex., *Strom.*, iii., p. 540.

On this account Cassianus says, that when Salome inquired when the things should be known concerning which she inquired? our Lord said, 'When ye shall tread underfoot the covering of shame [comp. Gen. ii. 25], and when two shall become one, and the male with the female neither male nor female.'*—Clem. Alex., *Strom.*, iii., p. 553.

The following passage in the (spurious) second epistle of Clement of Rome, has been *supposed* also to belong to the same gospel:—

Accordingly, then, he saith this, 'Keep your flesh chaste and your seal [of baptism] undefiled, that ye may inherit eternal life.'

From these extracts it will be seen that this ancient gospel was probably a compilation so disfigured by the interpolation of ascetical tenets, and, if we are to believe Epiphanius, even of doctrinal errors, that we wonder that writers like Du Pin cared to extend to it any kind of protection. Our learned countryman Grabe was also a steady and persistent admirer; but if ever there was, as the heresiologists tell us, a definite form of heterodoxy called the '*hæresis apocrypha*,' assuredly the learned Editor of Irenæus has strong claims for an honourable post in that questionable community.

As we draw onward to the beginning of the second century, and observe how Christianity had made itself felt among the various quasi-philosophical sects of Jewish, Greek, or Oriental extraction, we become prepared to expect a great ebullience of apocryphal energy. Opinions were being permanently formed—sects aggregating—lines of demarcation traced out; the last of the Apostles had fallen on sleep; the unrecorded events of our Lord's life had passed from the oral keeping of the chosen Twelve or the favoured Seventy to those who could only boast of having conversed with them. There was nothing left except the four Gospels; and they, to the morbid taste of an arrogant gnosis, seemed so repulsively simple as to call for immediate embellishment and interpolation. And there seems to have been no unreasonable delay; the first half of the second century seems hardly to have passed away before gnosticism had industriously circulated numerous compositions, all more or less adulterated, all marked with the same repulsive mysticism, arrogance, and fraud. But we must here be guarded; we must not fall into the popular error of ascribing all apocryphal gospels to gnosticism, nor must we ignore dis-

* This answer, with a slight variation, is also found at the end of the second Epistle falsely ascribed to Clement of Rome.

tinctions between productions which, though similar in subject and contemporary in publication, were yet very dissimilar in structure and animated by a very different spirit. Gnosticism, indeed, was very pervasive; it undoubtedly exercised a vast influence, not only over the semi-Christians that admired and cultivated it, but even over those who were ready to practically denounce it. It was like the Hegelian philosophy of our own times—it exerted a power where its principles had never been expounded, and its name scarcely known. The same reckless subjectivity, ever ready to embody itself in any system, however startling or repulsive—the same resolute determination to see history only through the speculative principles of its own creed, the same versatility, the same Protean power of accommodation. It was at one time secret and insinuating, at another rampant and aggressive; now it was shouted out to the world in some monstrous or defiant document, like the Gospel of Judas Iscariot; at another time it lay festering in some apparently more respectable composition, like the Gospel of Peter, and was not found out till it had turned half the heads of some poor little secluded community that had been allowed to indulge in pious reading of a nature so stimulating and subversive. Gnosticism, indeed, masked itself in many forms; but it is both uncritical and unhistorical to refer all apocryphal productions to that subtle and multi-form heresy. There were certainly many other moving principles, many other interests, many other phases of human thought, which had no small share in the parentage of these documents. Many of these principles or prejudices were ready enough to unite themselves with any speculations that seemed to suit their own purposes, and few were more convenient and flexible than those of gnosticism; but still they have left palpable traces of their own existence, and in our investigation of the origin of the later productions which time has left to us, must not be ignored.

Let us not forget, for instance, to take into account all those principles and feelings which were common to the orthodox and the heterodox, to Catholic and to Gnostic, and all of which helped in no small degree to swell the apocryphal catalogue: *curiosity*, at first innocent and natural, but soon morbid and perverted; *credulity*, that rapidly passed into superstition; *pious fraud*, that at first contented itself with adding a few specious touches to the evangelical narrative, or supporting, with an interpolated injunction, some popular festival, but which soon ended in coarse fabrications, and in aimless pandering to a vicious taste for the marvellous and the preternatural. All these principles and influences, and

more than these, we must expect to find reflected in the extant narratives; and it is only after maturely considering what seems to have been the real *animus* of the writer—after carefully estimating how much is referable to sectarian prejudices and foregone conclusions—and how much, again, to feelings that were more or less common to the writer and his probable contemporaries—that we can at all give a complete and satisfactory account of the exact origin of any one of the documents that we shall hereafter have more particularly to consider. To assign them to this or that heresy, merely because a few suspicious words here and there outcrop in the narrative, is far from satisfactory. Credulity and pious fraud have far more to do with these present productions than later critics have been willing to allow; and these feelings were quite as deeply seated in those that could boast of being in the ark of the early Church, as in those that were weltering in the flood without it. The unrecorded portions of our Lord's life were quite as much a source of temptation to the curious and credulous collector of traditions in the second century, whether he belonged to the straitest section of orthodoxy or to the freest school of the prevailing Gnosticism. As long as credulity and an aggregative tendency were equally well defined in each, the results were not so fundamentally dissimilar: each desired to know more about periods in the evangelical history of which it seems pretty nearly certain that, even in the second century, little really was known; and each satisfied his own credulous curiosity by filling up the narrative as well as he could, or by interpolating the discourse where it seemed most appropriate. The only difference between the two was this, that the one retailed the legends or legendary sayings more as he heard them—the other more as he thought he ought to have heard them. It is rather in the dress and garniture of the traditionary matter, than in the traditionary matter itself, that the real difference lay.

This *aggregative credulity* was certainly a characteristic of the second century. It was then just possible to glean a few memoirs; and the opportunity obviously suggested in many quarters the propriety of speedily taking an advantage of it. In the earlier portion of that century, a few of those who had conversed with the Apostles were yet alive; it seemed natural—it seemed almost commendable—to collect from them whatever they could remember about the sayings and doings of our Lord. We see this exemplified in a man like Papias, who tells us that he spared no pains to collect from those who had known the Apostles everything they had to relate about our Lord, and who also naïvely discloses what sort of an

effect this tradition-mongering had upon a mind which history says was not unduly large—'that he valued such information more than what was written in books.' And there were, perhaps, a great many no less curious and no wiser than Papias. The same sort of tendency to collect all traditionary sayings or doings of our Lord, seems to have given rise to such a book, if book it really was, as the 'Traditions of St. Matthias,* which is four or five times quoted by Clement of Alexandria, and very probably contained the reminiscences, perfect or imperfect, of some one who had once the privilege of having conversed with that Apostle, and who had afterwards the misfortune to have fallen into the clutches of some early collector like Papias. This tendency of credulity to collect soon began to develope itself in *expletory* narratives of different portions of our Lord's history; and, later in the century, when the authority of the canonical Gospels became more entirely and more exclusively acknowledged, it is far from improbable that many documents were in circulation which were expanded and enlarged editions of the more attractive portions of the gospel history, the outline being supplied by the canonical Gospels, the intercalary matter being derived from some document or collection which owed its origin to the curiosity of some orthodox, but only too often over-credulous, collector. An example of this is perhaps to be recognised in the first part of the Gospel of Nicodemus, the *Acta Pilati*, in which the narrative of the four Evangelists is never seriously departed from, but is enlarged, and in some few cases, it is thought, even illustrated, by traditionary records, which it is not too much to say might have formed a portion of one of these early collections, and might have been originally derived from the lips of bystanders, if not from some of the Apostles themselves.†

We can here scarcely resist pausing to dispose of a question

* One extract from this production seems enough to show that the sayings of St. Matthias were not very well reported. It hardly seems like an apostolic dictum that 'if the neighbour of an elect person sin, the elect person was the sinner. For if he had so conducted himself as reason suggests, the neighbour would have been so edified by his way of life as not to have sinned.'—Clem. Alex., *Strom.*, vii., p. 882.

† It might at first be thought that Justin Martyr, in his frequent allusions to the 'memoirs' (*ἀπομνημονεύματα*) composed by the Apostles, was referring to some similar traditionary documents. This, however, does not appear certain. By comparing all the quotations, even those in which he most differs from the canonical Gospels, it does not seem necessary to assume many other sources of information than the ancient Gospel of the Hebrews, which, as a native of Palestine, he would have been almost certain to have consulted.

which, though not immediately connected with the main portion of our investigations—the spurious gospels themselves,—may still be thought of sufficient interest to deserve some sort of answer. The question is this, What was the real historical value of these early memorabilia of the second century? Were these probable germs of later legendary narratives of such a kind that we may regret they have not been preserved to us in their initial and original form? Or to narrow the question to a single instance, Have we good reason for deploring the loss of such a collection as that of Papias—perhaps an average sample of the class of composition to which it belonged? Could we have relied on the historical facts, should we have been much edified by the discourses? It is hard to say. It seems unfair to judge by the single specimen which antiquity has preserved to us; but it may be said, that if the bulk of our Divine Master's discourses, as recorded by the good Bishop of Hierapolis, were not superior to the fragment which Irenæus has cited, there seems good reason for rejoicing that such an unedifying compilation has never come down to us. Could any but the wildest Latter-day Saint have ever believed that our Lord spoke of the fruitfulness of the restored and millennial earth in such terms as the following:—

The days will come in which vines will spring up, each having ten thousand branches, and in one branch ten thousand lesser branches, and in one branch, too, ten thousand twigs, and in each twig ten thousand clusters of grapes, and in each cluster ten thousand grapes, and every grape when pressed shall give twenty-five firkins of wine. And when any one of the Saints shall have laid hold on one of their clusters, another shall cry out, I am a better cluster, take me; through me bless the Lord. In like manner, also, a grain of wheat shall bring forth ten thousand ears, and each ear shall have ten thousand grains, and every grain shall yield ten pounds of fine clean meal; and the apples, too, and seeds, and herbs, shall all be in like manner according to their different laws of production; and all animals which use those foods which are received from the earth shall be peaceable, and live in harmony with one another, being subject to man in every measure of subjection.—Irenæus, *Hæc.*, v., 33.

After such an extract as this it perhaps cannot be considered a matter of serious regret that the work of Papias has perished. It might have been useful in an antiquarian point of view, it might have thrown some light upon a few historical obscurities, and disclosed the probable origin of some of the earlier heresies; but it never could have been received as an

authority in the graver portions of the evangelical narrative, and, after such a specimen as the foregoing, could never have been viewed without the greatest suspicion and reserve as an exponent of the doctrines and teaching of Christ. Nor is it likely that any of the other floating traditionary collections would have been in any way superior. The very notice which Papias has received at the hands of Eusebius would seem to show that he was the best known compiler of the preceding century, and that his work had secured more attention than appears to have been extended to any contemporary composition. All these collections were probably tinged by the same spirit of credulity. To curiosity, not perhaps always of the most commendable kind, they owed their origin, and to a proneness to belief, not very far removed from superstition, they were indebted for their propagation and currency.

But let us return. It would seem fairly probable, from what has been said, that a credulous orthodoxy cannot escape the charge of having possibly first suggested, at any rate of having contributed, many materials to the increasing fabric of apocryphal history. But credulity is not the only charge which these early ages have to sustain. They certainly cannot be pronounced free from the influence of *pious frauds*. When history failed, and traditions were uncertain or contradictory, when curious and inquiring spirits were earnestly seeking for some knowledge upon points which the four Evangelists had not been moved to record, it seemed almost impossible to resist the temptation of satisfying this thirst for knowledge with narratives which, if not exactly true, might at any rate boast of having been drawn up upon principles of the most blameless orthodoxy. It was an age for literary frauds. Deceit, if it had a good intention, frequently passed unchallenged. It was urged, probably, that if there was this anxious curiosity about the unrecorded portions of our Lord's life and history, it was surely much better that it should be satisfied by Catholic than by Gnostic fraud. It was far better that the enquiring believer should have a few orthodox fabrications, accommodated to his needs, than be driven to heretical compilations, which only affected history to conceal their principles, and which experience had shown were wonderfully insinuating and attractive. If there was a little undue curiosity about the infancy of Christ, surely a few orthodox miracles might be safely and even laudably excogitated to fill up the *lacuna* in canonical history; if the Virgin's antecedents were a little looked into, there could be no very great harm in bringing Joachim and Anna upon the scene, and dressing up a story

of a child of old age, a secluded girlhood, and a miraculous betrothal. However unwilling we may be to admit it, history forces upon us the recognition of pious fraud as a principle which was by no means inoperative in the earliest ages of Christianity. We may verify this by two or three very decided instances: for example, The Acts of Paul and Thecla, a production of the second century, was, in its earliest form, the avowed fabrication of a presbyter of Asia. The man, Tertullian tells us, acknowledged the imposture, and when put on his defence, said that he had been led to perpetrate this most undisguised forgery out of pure respect for the Apostle.

Perhaps no book more clearly bears the stamp of its origin than the very ancient production so often and so fully cited by Clement of Alexandria—The Preaching of Peter and Paul. As far as piety is concerned, no sentiments could be more irreproachable, no injunctions to worship God neither as the Gentiles nor as the Jews, but 'in a new way through Christ,' more edifying and exemplary. Yet, if Christian antiquity had not asserted it, no work could more easily and incontestably be proved, from language and internal evidence, to have no other connexion with St. Peter than what fraud has thought fit to assign, and credulity to recognise. The second part, again, of the Gospel of Nicodemus, the *Descensus*, is, from the very nature of the subject, even still more clearly referrible to this same sort of pious mendacity; the author, as we shall hereafter see, was not improbably of fairly orthodox opinions, but was led, by the prevailing spirit of the age in which he lived, to draw upon invention where history or tradition failed.

Hitherto we have dwelt most upon the *fraud* and *credulity* of those within the Church as active elements in the development of apocryphal gospels; and we have especially dwelt upon this, because both these very natural principles have been systematically disregarded in all inquiries of this nature. But the third element—*heresy*, must certainly not be left out, nor passed over without some illustration. This element would first display itself in an effort to unite the past with the present—to connect Christianity with Judaizing theosophy on the one hand, or with the more comprehensive tenets of general Gnosticism on the other. We ought, perhaps, here to draw a distinction between compositions tinged with Jewish gnosis, and those which emanated from that more expanded gnosis which sought to unite Western speculation and Eastern fable, and to which the Jewish philosophy was only a tributary and affluent. This, however, is scarcely necessary: Jewish gnosis, owing to the dissolution of the national fabric, left but

faint traces of its independent existence, except in a few sects, like the Ebionites, Nazarenes, and Helkesaites.* The more general system soon either absorbed all other early sects, or, at any rate, so imbued them with its principles, that those apocryphal documents that reflect any heterodoxy seem all, more or less, referrible to the unwearied activities of this pervasive heresy. At present, in the Gospels of the Hebrews, of the Egyptians, and apparently in that of Nicodemus, and the most reputable of the Nativities of Mary—the Protevangel of St. James, and possibly, though to a far less extent, in the earlier of the Infancies, we are able to recognise the elements of a more wholesome tradition; we see attempts to satisfy a not wholly unnatural curiosity, tendencies to collect extant traditions, and the inevitable result of such tendencies—semi-fraudulent, though well-meant compilation. But no sooner do we leave these than we at once arrive at confessedly heretical compositions—compositions that were avowedly designed to promote the tenets of a sect, and that were perfectly ready to range themselves in direct antagonism to one or all of the canonical Gospels. We have hitherto had independent or expletory narratives; we have now to deal with perversions or depravations of the truth.

At the beginning or early part of the second century, about which we are still lingering, it was clear both to Catholics and heretics that our present four Canonical Gospels were occupying a position to which even the best of the ante-Lucan gospels could lay no claim. They had emerged from a mass of uninspired competitors, and were almost yearly gaining a pre-eminence which it was impossible to deny or ignore. They were brief upon some points where curiosity was greatest, they were silent upon others; they were plain and unaffected in style, and in their narration of miraculous occurrences preserved a chastened simplicity which was signally at variance with the tastes and characteristics of the times. They formed a standing protest against the morbid cravings of a quasi-orthodox curiosity on the one hand, and the assumptions of a falsely-named knowledge on the other. The Catholic writers, however, too

* An unusually absurd sect that derived their name from one Elxai, who lived about A.D. 114, and allied himself with the Ebionites and Nazarenes. Few compilations could have been more worthless than the gospel of this silly community, if it is fair to judge from the descriptions of Christ and the Holy Spirit. The former is said to have been a certain *δύναμις*, whose dimensions were—height, sixty-six miles; breadth, twenty-four miles; thickness proportionable. The latter is said to be 'of the female species, similar to Christ, statuesque, reaching above the clouds and standing between two mountains;' Epiphanius, *Har.*, xix. 4.

sensibly felt the inestimable value of these four sources of truth, to do more than collect a few expletory traditions; they might have regretted that fuller information had not been given upon certain portions of their Master's life, but when they saw how the few traditions they had collected were worked up and distorted by their secret or avowed opponents, it became a principle of Christianity to cling to its four Gospels, and to repudiate with but little reservation every other compilation, however ancient or plausible. We may notice this particularly in Irenæus, who not only acknowledges no more than four Gospels, but labours by arguments somewhat quaint and far-fetched to show from the very constitution of things there could be no more: there were four climes, four winds; there must be four and no more than four Gospels.* We trace this in Origen, whose vast and multifarious reading brought him in contact with so many of these writings, who could quote even with some apparent interest the Gospel of the Hebrews or the Acts of Paul, but who still both felt and avowed by the very manner of citation the wide gulf that separated them from the canonical writings, nay stated it as one of the most acknowledged facts, that 'the Church receives four Gospels, the heretics many,' and added that such productions were read only that orthodoxy might not be thought ignorant of anything that had been written.† On every side it is clear that before the middle of the second century the four Gospels had acquired an authority that left but little hope for any historical documents that were not either coincident in statements, and in all main points substantially identical, or failing this, confessedly and avowedly subordinate and supplementary. The quick-witted Gnostic of the second century saw this clearly enough: the problem he had to solve was to openly re-assert the main points of the evangelical narratives, and yet to introduce opinions, under the cover of history, to which the spirit of these narratives was frequently in most direct antagonism. *Three* ways seem to have suggested themselves to these early heretics, by which the solution of the problem might be attempted with some little hope of success: they might adulterate the sacred text by interpolations; they might modify it by additions, mutilations, and erasures; or they might construct harmonies and eclectic compilations, in which artful selections out of all the four Evangelists might make the united four endorse opinions that any one of the four would have inevitably repudiated. If

* Irenæus, *Hær.*, iii. 11.

† Origen, *Homil. in Luc.*, i. 1.

these three schemes failed, there was nothing left but to fall back upon supplementary narratives, and either to re-edit some of the older collections with intercalary heresy, or to boldly fabricate similar documents, under the cover of high-sounding names.* The last method was the one eventually most commonly adopted; but we are not without some traces of attempts to propagate schismatical or heretical sentiments by other misapplications of the canonical documents.

It is not, perhaps, very easy to prove how much was attempted in the way of *interpolation*. Our extant MSS. are not of sufficient antiquity to appeal to, but we have just one or two hints left us in one, at least, of the MSS. that we now possess, that interpolations even in the discourses of the Redeemer Himself were not wholly unexampled. We find two, for instance, in the singular but venerable *Codex Bezae*, one of which is somewhat noticeable. After Luke vi. 5, the following passage is inserted:—

On the same day beholding a certain man working on the Sabbath, He said unto him, O man, if indeed thou knowest what thou art doing, thou art blessed; but if thou knowest not, thou art cursed and a transgressor of the law.

The other occurs after Matt. xx. 28, but is of less doctrinal significance, being little more than an adumbration of Luke xiv. 8. These may, perhaps, just serve as hints that such adulterations might have been attempted at an earlier date, when less critical care was bestowed upon the purity of the text.

Of the modifications of the text by *mutilation* and *erasure*, we have one, if not two, very notable instances. The first, the Gospel of the Ebionites, may perhaps be regarded as not a very certain example. It has been conceived by some writers, to have been the same with the Gospel of the Hebrews; but as there seems good reason for believing that the two were really separate compositions, differing considerably in origin and construction, we may briefly advert to this gospel as an example belonging to this class. It appears to have been for the most part the same as the Gospel of Cerinthus, and to have been based on the Gospel of St. Matthew, to which, as far as we can judge from the extracts, it very closely adhered. The

* One law of ascription seems to have been carefully followed: the four Evangelists were left undisturbed. While James, Peter, Thomas, Philip, Bartholomew, Andrew, and Matthias were dishonoured by association with every form of discreditable nonsense, it was only some very foolish Ebionites (Epiph., *Hær.*, xxx. 23) that embarked on the hopeless speculation of making St. Matthew or St. John indite a second Gospel.

following extract, with which the gospel commenced, will show how the main statements of the original Gospel were carefully reproduced. The genealogies were, of course, omitted, and the narrative (with which it will be instructive to compare St. Matthew iii. 1, *sq.*), thus opens:—

It came to pass in the days of Herod, the king of Judea, that John came baptizing with the baptism of repentance in the river Jordan, who was reported to be of the family of Aaron the priest, the son of Zacharias and Elizabeth; and all people went out unto him. . . . And John the Baptist was baptizing, and the Pharisees went out to him, and were baptized, and all Jerusalem. And John had a garment of camel hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins, and his meat was wild honey, the taste of which was of manna, or as a cake dipped in oil.*

The next extract departs somewhat farther from St. Matthew's Gospel, but still is sufficiently similar to show the source from which it is derived:—

And as he ascended from the water, the heavens were opened, and he saw the Holy Spirit of God in the form of a dove descending upon, and *entering into*, him. And there was a voice from heaven saying, Thou art my beloved Son, in thee I am well pleased: and again, I have *this day* begotten thee. And straightway there shone round the place a great light,† which when John saw he saith unto him, Who art thou, Lord? And again a voice from heaven came unto him, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. And John, falling down before him, said, I beseech thee, Lord, do thou baptize me. But he hindered him, saying, Suffer it, for so it is fit that all things should be fulfilled.

The heretical tendency of the insertions in Italics is sufficiently obvious. Our Saviour was but a mere man till the Holy Spirit entered into Him.

We do not pause on this gospel, as some doubts have been entertained of its separate existence, and especially as we have such an excellent instance of corruption by mutilation and erasure in the Gospel of Marcion. This has been reconstructed by Hahn in Thilo's *Codex Apocryphus*, and is worthy of a hasty perusal as an early instance of an ill-bestowed sedulity. Not only has Marcion carefully expunged from St. Luke all passages that might militate against his general principles, but even changed or extruded any single words, from which doctrinal inferences too favourable to the current

* As Epiphanius (*Hær.*, xxx. 13) remarks, from whom the extract is made, they changed *ἀκριδᾶς* into *ἐγκριδᾶς*. If this had been their worst change, their offence might have been considered more pardonable than Epiphanius is here disposed to regard it.

† In Justin Martyr's *Trypho*, § 88, there is mention of a fire being kindled in Jordan. It seems doubtful whether this gospel, or a common tradition, was the origin from which the account was derived.

orthodoxy might ever so remotely be derived. Let us take, as a specimen of this process of expurgation, a couple of shorter chapters—for instance, Luke xiii., xiv.

In chapter xiii., verses 1-9 are rejected as not reconcilable with the Marcionite idea of the goodness of God. Destruction or extirpation were deemed acts in which He could never participate. The original text is then tolerated till verse 28, in which the words 'Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets,' are replaced by 'all the just;' the specific mention of the forefathers of Judaism was not likely to have escaped the keen eye of such a devoted opponent of those principles. The concluding portion of the chapter is expunged as eminently unpalatable to one who never looked with any eye of favour on Jerusalem or its prophets. In chapter xiv., verses 7-11 are exterminated. In the first place, the mention of marriage-feasts was considered undesirable; in the second place, such politic precepts as those enunciated in these verses, were deemed all unworthy of the Marcionite. In verse 26, 'hateth (μισεῖ) father,' &c., is changed into 'forsaketh' (καταλείπει). Such strong expressions were considered by this squeamish heretic as out of harmony with any religious feelings that were directed to his good God.

As an example of the third procedure, we may especially notice the Gospel or Diatessaron of Tatian, who though, perhaps, not wholly deserving the appellation of an heretic for this work, still departed so far from the truth as to have incurred the charge of having framed his harmony of the four Gospels in a manner calculated to favour his own Encratite and ascetic predilections. The book appears to have been used to a certain extent, even by orthodox Christians, as a compendious narrative, and as late as the time of Eusebius was still found in a few hands. Whether it contained any seriously heretical statements is doubtful; Ambrose seems to have spoken of it with extreme asperity, as containing 'several heretical and impious things'—but the good Bishop of Milan could use very unqualified language when he deemed the Faith in danger. The Gospel of Apelles might have been a composition of a similar character, we know that it was avowedly eclectic, and as Apelles was a pupil of Marcion's, and, if the scandal of antiquity is to be believed, somewhat given to bad company, it is not improbable that though derived from the four Gospels, it was so compiled as to be only a *florilegium* of latent or avowed heresy.

These are apparently the three ways in which early heresy dealt with the canonical Gospels; but they were soon given up for the more easy process of fabricating new gospels, or of re-editing supplementary narratives, like the Infancies and

Nativities, which might admit any amount of interpolation. To hunt out the fragmentary notices of the former class, the pure fabrications, is scarcely necessary or desirable. The farther we advance in the Gnostic era, the more we leave behind us everything like gospels in the usual acceptation of the term. The productions that arrogate that name, involve less and less of history, and become at last only very silly, very tedious, and often very impious, theosophemes. The Gospel of Truth, the Gospel of Philip, and the Gospel of Eve, and all this tribe of productions, of which, fortunately, we know extremely little, may safely be left to rot on the Gnostic dunghill. The use that heresy made of the supplementary narratives will be best traced out in the analyses of the more entire gospels to which we are about to proceed.

Before we pass onward, let us, however, make this brief recapitulatory statement as to the *origin* of apocryphal gospels generally, and more especially of those that have been preserved to us. From our investigations it would seem that we can by no means attribute all to heretical activity. We seem bound to recognise the existence of written or unwritten traditions, which commonly formed the nuclei of the narratives, and which were preserved by the sedulous curiosity of men like Papias. We see also clearly, the vast amount of positive historical fraud to which piety lent itself; and, lastly, we have endeavoured to delineate the share which direct heresy had in these compositions, and the common course of its proceedings. We may, then, sum up all in the following receipt for making an apocryphal gospel, which on trial will be found to answer expectations:—To one part of ancient traditions add five parts of pious fraud and about as much of crude heresy; flavour with Docetism, Nestorianism, or Eutychianism, according to taste; mix intimately, and spread thinly on parchment. The result will be an apocryphal gospel.

2. The *era* of these documents has been indirectly defined in the course of the foregoing investigations into their origin and progress. The period at which apocryphal activity was greatest seems certainly to have been that which immediately preceded the formation of the canon. It must have been so almost from the very nature of things: On the one hand, the very existence of such compositions, their possible success, their progress and their dissemination, all pointed to the extreme desirableness of having the canon of Scripture definitively settled, of having the tares separated from the wheat, and bound into anathematizable bundles. On the other hand, the very fact that the canon was not yet authoritatively closed, led, perhaps, to increased efforts to circulate

pseudo-apostolic compositions, in the bare hope that they might win a place in it, and secure for the opinions they contained the sanction of the Church, and all the advantages of universal reception. Tischendorf, in his very dull prize essay on this subject, is of opinion that this was the chief aim of most of these gospels, that a place in the canon was always the ultimate object of their ambition, and that they would never have attempted any sort of competition, if they had not felt it possible that they might ultimately succeed. This, however, seems doubtful; it would really appear very unlikely that any sane fabricator of such wares acted on any very settled plan, or had any other clearly defined hope than that of either giving to the sect to which he belonged a practical text-book, or of insinuating heresy into the minds of the more orthodox under cover of narratives, affecting indeed sufficiently often an apostolic descent, but still in their very subjects confessing the supplementary and subordinate relation they bore to the received Gospels. At any rate, it does not seem historically correct to restrict too closely the era of apocryphal gospels to that of the formation of the canon.

The final establishment of the canon, especially its conciliar recognition at Laodicea, no doubt mainly tended to demolish the little remaining credit these gospels might have had in the eyes of the orthodox; but perhaps both rise and decadence were more dependent on the quantity and quality of the materials out of which they were composed than any other external causes. By the time the canon was settled these materials had been completely used up. The traditions on which they were based had so been worked into Protevangels, Acts, Infancies, Nativities, Preachings, that anything like new or attractive combination seemed hopeless and unattainable. Fabrications without any historical basis succeeded, mere envelopes of doctrines, gospels only in name; traditions were displaced by theosophistic speculations, legendary history by undisguised fiction; everything betrayed change, decay, and instability; and towards the end of the fifth century the fabric of apocryphal history finally fell in. Its most hopeful and successful period was probably the close of the second century: traditions of considerable importance were still current, pious fraud was not preposterously active, and heresy had not yet resorted to grotesque or repulsive fiction. It is not to be regretted that at least four of our eight longer compositions belong to this earlier period.

3. The last preliminary question is the *influence* they exercised. We cannot help pausing to inquire whether such fictions were generally believed at the time when they appeared,

and whether they did any real mischief. This we must be content to answer somewhat briefly, as we have not sufficient data whereupon to form a very accurate opinion. It is certain that they were extensively read. We have the express declaration of both Origen and Ambrose, alluded to above, that they were read by the orthodox to avoid the charge of ignorance; and it would certainly seem natural to conclude, from the numerous notices and fragments preserved in early ecclesiastical writers, that the better class of such writings were not deemed wholly unworthy of notice. But it would also seem certain that within the Church they exercised but little real influence. Even the legends and fragmentary memorabilia in Justin Martyr and other ante-Nicene writers, which, being also to a great extent found in the apocryphal gospels of the second century, might seem to have come directly from those sources, all appear, on a nearer examination, to have emanated from traditions of a still earlier date, that were the common property of the Church, and were appealed to both by heretic and Catholic. So very few traces can we find in the more trustworthy writers of the first four centuries of any use of them as authorities in matters of opinion, or witnesses in matters of fact, that it scarcely seems too much to say that there were but few readers of any intelligence who did not estimate them at their real worth. But it was perhaps different with the ignorant. In some secluded communities they might have been received and retained long after they had been condemned by the Church at large, and might indeed have had a pernicious effect on the simple souls that studied them. We have certainly one case in point mentioned by Eusebius* in reference to the unfortunate people of Rhossus in Cilicia. The story runs thus:—Serapion, a bishop of Antioch about the end of the second century, exercised pastoral superintendence over the Rhossian Church. On one of his visits to these remote objects of his care, there seems to have been some little difference of opinion about a godly document entitled the Gospel of Peter: the bishop, who was more peace-making than discriminating, conceiving that the Rhossians were all true sons of the faith, recommended the book to be read, without having thought it necessary to inspect it. The result of this advice, however, was somewhat deplorable: there was a vigorous outbreak of Docetism, and it was not till this excellent prelate had written a most annihilating confutation, and promised speedily a second visit, that the heresy was got under. We know again that Tatian's Diatessaron, which was

* In *Eccl. Hist.*, vi. 12.

by no means a model of orthodox compilation, was used by many early Christians as a convenient and compendious volume, though we have no particular record of any calamities that attended its perusal. Apocryphal gospels had certainly a considerable circulation; but except in a few isolated cases, like that of the Rhossians, or in a few heretical communities, there does not seem any good reason for concluding that they exercised any real influence on contemporary writings, or on the minds of those among whom they arose. As, however, centuries stole onward, their antiquity began to invest them with some degree of respectability; their follies and exaggerations were dealt somewhat more tenderly with in ages that tolerated frauds and fictions far more exuberant and monstrous than any they could supply; they were openly condemned, but secretly believed; and their influence may be indirectly traced in the origin of some festivals, in the persistence of certain traditions, and still more in many an early production of Christian art. To name only a few instances: the festivals of the Presentation of the Virgin, and of her Immaculate Conception, are probably due to the traditions of the Protevangel of St. James, or their reproduction in the Latin Nativities. The names of the parents of the Virgin (Joachim and Anna), of Pilate's wife (Procla), of the woman with the issue of blood (Veronica), of the soldier who pierced Christ's side (Longinus), and probably the names of the two thieves (Dismas and Gestas), rest wholly on these gospels. The traditions repeated by more than one of the Fathers, that Mary was vowed to God by Anna,—that she was fourteen years old at her marriage with Joseph,—that she was given to him only as to a *guardian*,—that the brethren of our Lord were sons of Joseph by a former marriage,—that the Virgin conceived *per aurem*,*—that our Lord arose from the dead in the middle of the night,—that He ascended from Mount Olivet,† cannot certainly be traced to any earlier written source. Then again the connexion of Christian art with these legendary histories is alone enough to furnish a subject for an independent essay: the representation of Joseph as an old man; the green bough and dove with which he is sometimes depicted; the animals that group themselves round and worship the new-born child; the heavenly light in the cave-like stable, may all be referred to the Protevangel of St. James: the cloth round the loins of the crucified Saviour,

* See Hofmann, *Leben Jesu*, p. 77, where the authors who have mentioned this curious and ancient tradition are cited and criticised.

† See Hofmann, *Leben Jesu*, p. 394. *sq.*, where there is a very curious discussion which goes far to show that the northern point of Mount Olivet bore the name of 'Galilee.'

contrary to the alleged practice of antiquity, the crown of thorns still clinging round the dying brow, remand us at once to the circumstantial narrative in the *Acta Pilati*.

Did our limits permit, we might trace out this indirect influence even to the confines of other creeds. Mahometanism has not failed to assimilate some of these figments of a sickly Christianity. Several passages of the Koran have been collected by Oriental scholars, which seem to prove indisputably that Mahomet had either directly used some of the apocryphal gospels, or more probably had adopted oral traditions that had been originally derived from them, and with which he might have been readily supplied by his wife's nephew, Waraka, who, in his passage from Paganism, *viâ* Judaism, to Christianity, had probably collected a very unlimited quantity of rubbish. We may mention the notice of the wife of Joachim devoting Mary to the Lord (Sale, ch. iii., 48); of the divinely-sent fruits and sustenance (*ibid.*); of the Lord speaking in his cradle (Sale, *ibid.*, and ch. v., 119); of his having made a bird out of the slime of the earth and caused it to fly (*ibid. ib.*); all of which can scarcely have come from any other sources than the Protevangel of St. James, and one of the Gospels of the Infancy. But we must pause. The influence that these fables have exercised in later times, both within and without Christianity, is a curious subject by no means devoid of a certain antiquarian interest. This, however, we must leave untouched, and content ourselves with briefly remarking, that if we confine ourselves to the earlier ages of the Church, there appears but little evidence that these gospels exercised much influence or did much real mischief. Apocryphal they were, apocryphal they were declared to be; and, except in very darkened corners of Christianity, apocryphal they were felt to be by the many that read and transcribed them.

II. Let us now briefly analyse the longer and more complete compositions which we find in the edition of Tischendorf. Two preliminary remarks it is necessary to make:—*first*, that the text is in a state of such utter confusion, that anything like a critically exact translation is almost out of the question. The state of the text is certainly worthy of observation. It confirms our last remark, that these gospels were always felt to be what they really are. They were not considered to be worthy of punctilious care in transcription; the general subject-matter was all that needed to be attended to; the manner in which it was detailed was of no moment. The uncertain state of the text is really most remarkable. Not only is there every form of minor variation in words and clauses; not only are

whole sentences found preserved in some and omitted in other MSS.; not only do the versions vary considerably from the supposed original text; but even the whole narrative is so differently related in different MSS., that it has been found necessary by Tischendorf to edit an A. and B. edition of the Gospel of Thomas, the Acta, and Anaphora Pilati, and of the Latin translations of the Descensus. Never was textual inconstancy more exaggerated, and never was contrast greater, than when this hopeless confusion is compared with the *concordia discors* of the text of the New Testament. There, indeed, we also find a variety of readings,* but how limited to orthographies, connecting particles, tenses, and to the veriest *minutiae* of linguistic differences. What a marvellous harmony, when contrasted with the wild aberrations in text of these apocryphal productions, some of which, and those too the most irreconcilable, have, perhaps, their whole *apparatus criticus* limited to eight or ten MSS. and four or five versions. No one fact has been ascertained more damaging than this to their problematical reputation or possible authority in supposed early traditions; and nothing has tended to make minute historical criticism of their contents more uncertain and unsatisfactory.

The second point is the similarity of so many of the stories. Whether they all were derived separately from certain common traditions, or whether one of these gospels—as for instance the Gospel of Thomas,—was the original document, of which some of the others were enlarged and embellished editions, cannot be very easily determined. At any rate, this very obvious fact will suggest the propriety of analysing each gospel with some reference to its probable chronological position. We shall thus be able to determine with a greater probability what seems the parent tradition and what the accretions of a later date. Our object, it is to be observed, is not so much to sketch out an apocryphal life of Christ, as to state the contents and exhibit the distinctive features of each of these compositions separately and individually. We begin with—

1. *The Protevangelium of James*.† This ancient and interesting composition was first introduced into Europe by

* Without here committing ourselves to any decision upon two very important passages, we cannot forbear calling the critical reader's attention to the noticeably accumulated diversities of readings in the last verses of St. Mark's Gospel, and in the narrative of the woman taken in adultery.

† The title, as in all these apocryphal books, is by no means settled. It is usually called *ιστορία*, or *διγρησις καὶ ιστορία*, and once *ἱακώβου ιστορία*.

William Postell, a professor of foreign languages at Paris, who brought it from the Levant, translated it into Latin, and put it into the hands of Oporinus, a printer at Basle. After some delays, it was ultimately published by Bibliander in 1552, and in Greek by Michael Neander in 1564, tacked on to Luther's Catechism. Postell and its editor both entertained a most exaggerated opinion of its merits; and did not fail to express it in very plain and uncompromising language. If we may believe the former, it was read in all the Oriental churches, and was esteemed worthy of the most careful study and attention. But it was received by Occidentals in a very different spirit. Postell was severely chidden for his questionable activity in giving such a document to the world; his statements were impugned; his literary honesty was most coarsely questioned; and nearly up to the present time his assertion that this production was read publicly in churches has met with unqualified denial.* But it seems very doubtful whether Postell was not mainly correct. A few ecclesiastical notices appended to more recently discovered MSS., and some additions to the title, such as *λόγος εἰς τὸ γενέσθαι τῆς ὑπεραγίας Θεοτόκου*, and some interpolations, such as *εὐλόγησον Πάτερ* and *Κύριε εὐλόγησον*, immediately preceding the narrative, render it highly probable that the gospel *was* actually read publicly, not apparently as a portion of Scripture, but as a useful and edifying document that might have ranked nearly as high as our apocrypha. However this may be, it was certainly treated with some little respect by Christian antiquity, and *possibly* has been alluded to by authors of as early a date as Clement of Alexandria (*Strom.* viii., p. 889) and Justin Martyr (*Trypho*, ch. 78).

The author was probably a Jew of the name of James, who in after times became transmuted from plain 'Jacobus Hebræus,' as he is styled in a few documents, to 'Jacobus ἀδελφόθεος,' or 'Jacobus Apostolus.' He was certainly free from Docetism, as he speaks (ch. xxiv.) of 'Christ come in the flesh;' but it has been thought he has not escaped the taint of the later Ebionitism, which admitted, indeed, the Divine origin of Christ, but made up for this concession by an affectation of several Gnostic absurdities. The self-felicitations of the excellent author at the end of the composition is certainly a little in the vaunting style of that popular heresy.

The language is above the apocryphal par; the style is simple; and the prodigy-loving, miracle-mongering spirit—the characteristic of all these gospels—is under more than

* See Fabricius, *Cod. Apocr. N. T.*, Vol. i., p. 53, sq.

usual control. The date is probably not much later than the latter half of the second century, and the whole gospel may be considered our earliest repertory of the ecclesiastical traditions relating to Mary. The following is a summary of its contents:—

Joachim, a rich and pious man, forms a resolution, on one of the great feasts, to offer to God double offerings, but is rejected by Reuben, the high-priest, for being childless. In his grief he consults the register of the tribes, and finding himself alone so unblest, goes away into the wilderness to mourn and fast. Meanwhile, Anna, his wife, bewails her double loss, the loss of her husband and her barrenness. In vain her maid, Judith, urges her to go forth on the festival; she only can go into her garden and weep. There a sparrow's nest attracts her attention, and calls forth a sad soliloquy. But help is near; an angel announces to her that she shall bear a child, and that Joachim is returning. She meets him with great joy: Joachim is pronounced sinless by the priest, he returns to his house, and at the appointed time they are blessed with the infant Mary.

The child gains strength day by day. When only six months old she walks seven steps; when a year old she is introduced, at a solemn feast given by Joachim, to the priests and elders of Israel; when three years old she is brought with solemnity to the temple. The priest receives her with the benedictory words, 'The Lord magnified thy name in all the generations: in thee in the last days will the Lord reveal His redemption to the sons of Israel.' He sets her on the third step of the altar; 'she danced with her feet, and all the house of Israel loved her.' Mary is brought up 'like a dove' in the temple, and receives her food from an angel. When twelve years of age, by a warning of God to the high-priest, Zacharias, she is to be given to the protection of some widowed Israelite who is to be pointed out by a Divine sign. All are to appear with rods.* The high-priest receives from each man his rod, and with prayer returns them: Joseph receives his last; when lo! out of it flies a dove, which hovers round his head. Mary is then, notwithstanding his reluctance, given to him to be protected (*εἰς τήρησιν αὐτῇ*) and watched over. She goes away with him, and spins purple for the vail of the temple.

As she goes forth one day to draw water, she hears a voice saying to her, 'Hail, thou favoured one; the Lord is with thee;

* This divination by rods is referred indirectly by the author of the Latin Nativity to Isaiah xi. 1. It can scarcely be doubted that it was suggested by the incident in Numbers xvii.

blesed art thou among 'women.' She returns in fear to the house, and there sees an angel, who tells her (in words resembling those of St. Luke) that she shall be mother of the Redeemer. Shortly after this she visits Elizabeth, with whom she stays three months. Six months after the annunciation, Joseph returns from buildings he had been employed in (*ἀπὸ τῶν οἰκοδομῶν αὐτοῦ*), and is shocked at the state in which he finds his virgin wife. In vain does she protest that she is innocent; he loads her with reproaches, and resolves to put her away privily. Before he is able to carry out his plan, the affair is told to the high-priest by Annas the scribe, who, when calling on Joseph, perceives Mary's situation. The high-priest instantly summons both, and bitterly reproaches them: both weep and protest their innocence. Both, however, are made to drink the water of proof, and are sent away into the mountains; * they return sound and are solemnly acquitted by the high-priest.

Then comes the order from Augustus for the enrolment of all in Bethlehem.† Joseph and Mary go up to their own city. On the way, Joseph remarking that Mary is at one time sad, and at another time laughing, asks the reason; she answers, 'I see with mine eyes two peoples; one weeping and lamenting, the other rejoicing and exulting.' The pains of travail seize on the Virgin before she reaches Bethlehem; Joseph leaves her with his sons in a cave, and goes on towards Bethlehem to find a midwife. Then follows a singular speech of Joseph's, describing the state of suspense in which all living things seemed to be held:—fowls in the air stopping in mid-flight; workpeople round a table with suspended morsels in their hands and mouths; the shepherd raising up his hand against his dispersed sheep, and smiting not; kids touching the water and drinking not. At length he sees a midwife coming down from the mountains, who, after some parley, goes with him to the cave. The cave is filled with light; the infant is born; the mother remains a virgin. This last wonder Salome‡ will not believe, unless she is permitted to examine for herself;

* Probably for the effect of the draught to be hastened. In the Latin Infancy (ch. xii.) Mary alone drinks the water, and afterwards walks seven times round the altar.

† The reading is doubtful. It, however, seems probable that the single MS. which reads *πᾶσαν τὴν οἰκουμένην* contains the original text. The other readings, *πάντας τοὺς Ἰουδαίους οἱ ἦσαν ἐν Β.*; *πάντας τοὺς ὄντας ἐν Ἱερουσαλήμ*, or *ἐν τῇ Ἰουδαίᾳ*, or as in the translation (*Tisch.*) are corrections of St. Luke.

‡ One of Joseph's children, according to these apocryphal gospels, by his former wife. The names of the sons are said to be James, Simon, Jude, Justus; of the sisters Assia and Lydia, or Accor.

she persists, but has her hand withered with fire for her unbelief. Upon her earnest prayer, an angel appears and tells her to take the child in her arms. She does so, and is healed.

Then follows the visit of the Magi, related in a manner very little different to the canonical narrative:—they are guided to the cave* by the wondrous star, and there worship the infant Saviour. Herod, who had hoped by their means to find out the newborn child, orders the murder of all the children of two years old and under. Mary hides the holy infant in a manger. Elizabeth flees with John to the mountains, and is saved only by the miracle of a mountain opening and receiving her and her child. Herod sends to Zacharias, and inquires of him where he had hidden his son; it is in vain that Zacharias declares that he is ignorant; he is slain in the temple, at the wall of partition. His blood is found congealed,† and a voice from heaven is heard saying, 'Zacharias hath been murdered, and his blood shall not be wiped away till the avenger shall come.' The body is not found: all Israel mourns for Zacharias: Simeon is elected high-priest in his place.

From this brief summary it will be seen that the *Protevangel* is not wholly unworthy of the attention it has received. The style is inferior to that of the New Testament, but still not very strikingly dissimilar; the narrative is continuous; and the miracles are of a less preposterous character than in later compositions. It presents a fair sample of the admixture which we have above elucidated; the ancient traditions have been worked up by a credulous composer; pious fraud contributes the miracles, especially that of Salome's withered hand and the escape of Elizabeth; and a semi-gnostic Judaism, such as might be found among the later Ebionites supplies the dress of the narrative, and much of the intercalary matter. The golden grains of history are but few. The names of the Virgin's parents may perhaps be relied on. It seems not improbable that she might have been as young as twelve or fourteen when married to Joseph, as we find her at a wedding-feast thirty years afterwards. She was not improbably poor, and might have worked for the temple; Celsus calls her *χέρνητις*, and in Luke ii. 24, the offerings made are those of the poorer class. The angel's visit to Joseph was after the Virgin's visit to Elizabeth. Joseph and Mary would seem to have lived at Nazareth before

* From this it appears that the *Protevangel* places the visit of the Magi very shortly after the birth of Christ. In the Latin Infancy the visit is placed at the end of the second year.

† This story seems borrowed from the accounts in the *Talmud* of the death of Zacharias, the son of Jehoiada. Nebuzaradan, the Babylonian general, was said to have been the avenger of his blood.

they went to Bethlehem. The place of the nativity was not improbably a cave,* such as are still used in the East to stable cattle in. The Magi seem to have arrived very soon after the Lord's birth. This is all that we dare regard as possible history. We now pass on to a nearly contemporary but far less respectable document.

2. *The Gospel of Thomas.*† As the *Protevangel* of James seems the parent of all the later Nativities of Mary, so this present document appears to be the source from which all the marvels of the Infancies are mainly derived. Its literary history is as follows. It was first published from a MS. of the fifteenth century by Cotelierius, in his notes to the *Const. Apost.* vi. 7, having been previously noticed by Simon (*sur le Texte du N. T.*, p. 5), and Du Cange. Another MS. was found at Bologna, and published by Mingarelli in 1764. He was followed by Thilo, who used a Dresden MS. Tischendorf gives two texts—A, derived from the Bologna and Dresden texts; B, derived from a MS. in the possession of the monks at Mount Sinai. The Latin version is from a MS. in the Vatican.

This gospel is of great antiquity, probably but little inferior to that of the *Protevangel*, being mentioned by Origen (*Hom. i. in Luc. init.*), Irenæus (*Hær. i. 20*), and Hippolytus (Ed. Miller, p. 101). It has been doubted whether the present gospel is the same with the ancient: the quotation in Irenæus however, goes far to establish the identity, though it is not improbable that much of the original gospel has been lost. It was obviously written in the interests of Docetism;‡ the whole object of the gospel being to demonstrate, by a recital of infantine and boyish miracles, the super- or rather extra-human nature of our Lord, even from His earliest years, and thus practically to contravene the tenets of Cerinthus, Basilides, and others, who either denied the Divine nature of our Lord, or only admitted its existence after His baptism.

In this gospel, then, we can scarcely recognise more than

* See especially Justin M., *Trypho*, § 78, where the same ancient legend is similarly maintained.

† The title, as usual, varies very much in the MSS., or apparent references in ancient authors. In earlier times the title seems to have been *εὐαγγέλιον Θωμᾶ*, or *κατὰ Θωμᾶν*; in later times, *Θωμᾶ Ἰσραηλίου ῥητά*, or *λόγος εἰς τὰ παιδικὰ τοῦ Κυρίου*.

‡ Such language as *ἀναστρεφόμενος σωματικῶς ἐν Ναζαρέτ*, ch. i. (B.)—*τοῦτο τὸ παιδίον γηγενὴς οὐκ ἔστι*, ch. vii. (A.)—*τὸ παιδίον τοῦτο ἡ θεὸς ἦν ἢ ἄγγελος θεοῦ*, ch. xvii. (A.)—seems very plainly to show the *animus* of the writer. The assertion of Cyril of Jerusalem (*Catech.* vi. 31), that it was written by Thomas, a disciple of Manes, has been abundantly disproved.

two elements, pious fraud and disguised heresy: the third element in these productions,—ancient traditions and a credulity that reproduces or embellishes them, finds here but little place. In fact, if we are to believe St. John, the whole of this and the similar gospels of the Infancy must be conceived all but avowed and self-conscious frauds. The evangelist tells us in very plain terms that the miracle at Cana was the first which our Lord performed;* all the ancient writers confirm this by their complete and unanimous silence; and even the early opponents of Christianity, who charged our Lord with having learnt His power of working miracles while a child in Egypt, never cite an instance of any display of it either in His childhood or boyhood. The present gospel and its congeners are, on the contrary, nothing but catalogues of miracles and prodigies from the very cradle upwards, and it is only here and there that they pause to give us glimpses of what might have been historically true; of what tradition at least has not wholly passed over in silence, as, for instance, the son's dutiful following of His reputed father's craft;† and even these feeble and broken reflections of possible history only come to us after being distorted through the media of vulgar and undignified legends. In this present gospel indeed the miracle-mongering is so gross, and the dogmatical propensities of the writer are so obvious, that it may be reasonably doubted whether, even at the time it first appeared, it was regarded as a regular historical compilation at all. The language is unusually barbarous, the style hopelessly bad, and the narrative itself unconnected and incoherent. The following is a summary of the contents of the document, marked A, in Tischendorf's edition.

‘Thomas the Israelite makes known to all the brethren the mighty works (*μεγαλεῖα*) of Jesus Christ. Jesus, when five years, was playing in a brook-course with other boys; he collected the waters in pools and made them clear by his word; out of the mud he made twelve sparrows. This being on the Sabbath day, a Jew tells his father Joseph; the father remonstrates, whereupon Jesus bids the sparrows to take wing. They do so, and the Jews are stricken with amazement (*ἐθαμβήθησαν*‡). The son of Annas

* Chrysostom, in his commentary on this passage, tells us that there were some who interpreted the words as if it were the first miracle which Christ performed specially in Cana. These good people had not improbably a taste for the Infancy of Thomas which they could not quite give up.

† Compare Justin M., *Tryph.*, § 88. Origen (*Cels.*, vi. 36) either adopted another reading, or forgot Mark vi. 3, when he asserted that Christ is nowhere in Scripture designated as *τέκτων*.

‡ This single word serves to show very significantly the coarse and

the scribe destroys the pools, whereupon Jesus rebukes him, and causes him to wither away.* Joseph is blamed for having such a son. At another time a boy runs against Jesus, and is forthwith struck dead. The parents of the child complain so bitterly, that Joseph expostulates with Jesus; the complainers are struck blind; and Joseph, who goes so far as to pluck the child's ear, is told he has acted with folly. A schoolmaster, Zaccheus, who overheard the words of the child, desires to teach him, and begins by explaining the letters. Jesus asks him how he can presume to teach B when he knows not A, and forthwith explains the mystery of A. Zaccheus is confounded, and gives him back to Joseph. When the Jews offer counsel to Zaccheus, Jesus laughs at them, but heals those whom he had cursed. All fear him. Another day, as he is playing with other boys on the roof of a house, one of the boys falls, and is killed; the rest flee. Jesus, when charged with the deed, calls the dead boy to life to contradict the accusers. Another time he sees a crowd round a young man, who has dropped a hatchet on his foot, and is bleeding to death: he heals him. His mother sends him, when 'six years old, to fetch water, he breaks the pitcher but brings the water in the folds of his dress. He goes with his father to sow, and from a single grain gathers in an hundred homers which he gives to the poor. Again, when Joseph was making a bed for a rich man, one piece proves too short; Jesus lays hold of it and stretches it to the right size. Joseph sends him to a schoolmaster, who essays to teach him his letters. Jesus says, as before, 'Explain to me the force of A, and I will explain the force of B.' The master smites him, but is struck dead. Another schoolmaster attempts to teach him. Jesus goes with him into his school, and taking up a book, does not read it, but expounds the law. The master so discreetly extols his wisdom, that the other preceptor for his sake is healed. James goes to cut wood, and is bitten by a viper; Jesus breathes on the wound, James is healed, and the viper bursts. A sick child in the neighbourhood dies; Jesus hearing the lamentation of the mother, goes and raises it to life. Some time afterwards, he finds a man just dead, who had been at work in a building; he raises him, and bids him go on with his work. All are amazed and glorify God.'

The gospel concludes with the narrative of Jesus teaching in the temple, nearly in the same form as in St. Luke.

This summary is enough to show that this composition is useless for any purposes of historical criticism; it is, however, worthy of attention as the parent of the other Infancies, Latin

vulgar notion which the author entertained of the nature of miracles. They are *prodigies*, not *signs*; their object is not mercy or beneficence, but merely to amaze and stupify the beholders.

* In one MS. of a more merciful cast Jesus is said to have healed the boy, except in a small portion of his body, which was to serve as a warning.

or Arabic; and is certainly noticeable in another point of view as showing how remarkably, in little more perhaps than one hundred and fifty years, the true conception of our Lord's character could be debased and depraved.

These two gospels seem very soon to have been translated and circulated both in the East and in the West. There appear to have been translations of the Protevangel and Gospel of Thomas, both in Syriac, Coptic, Arabic, and Latin; and these, as might easily be imagined, gave a general stimulus in other portions of the church to this kind of composition, and caused every floating legend to be turned to account, and woven into the apocryphal narrative. We have an interesting example of this process of legendary accretions in a western composition which we now proceed to consider.

3. *The Book of the Nativity of Mary and the Infancy of the Saviour.* This composition is now designated in Tischendorf's edition as the *Pseudo-Matthæi Evangelium*,* and seems very probably to have been the document alluded to in the pretended letters of Heliodorus and Chromatius to Jerome. It appeared to have originated within the precincts of the Church, but bears very distinct traces of corruptions in point of doctrine, and also, as the use of the Gospel of Thomas sufficiently proves, of a want of caution in the use of older documents. Ecclesiastical prejudices are seen plainly enough in the glorification of Mary (ch. vi. sq.), the praises of virginity† (ch. vii. sq.), and the reverence for the sacerdotal order. It perhaps is not very much later than the time of Jerome.

The literary history is brief. It was first edited by Thilo, from a MS. at Paris, to which attention had been called by Cotelierius. Tischendorf afterwards discovered two more MSS. in Italy, which he judged so much superior to that at Paris as to make them the basis of his edition. These MSS. supply seventeen more chapters, derived, as it would seem, very directly from the Gospel of Thomas, which serve to continue the narrative after the return from Egypt. As the gospel is long, and to a great degree a reproduction of the gospels already analysed, we will only pause to notice the new matter (derived, perhaps, from oriental sources) about the journey in Egypt, and, in the other parts, the different legends that have been followed, or the new matter that has been interpolated.

* This name has been usually given to the next document, the Nativity of Mary, but appears rightly given by Tischendorf to the present gospel.

† The apocryphal writer makes the high priest say, 'a solâ Mariâ novus ordo vivendi inventus est quæ promittit Deo se virginem permanere.'

and whether they did any real mischief. This we must be content to answer somewhat briefly, as we have not sufficient data whereupon to form a very accurate opinion. It is certain that they were extensively read. We have the express declaration of both Origen and Ambrose, alluded to above, that they were read by the orthodox to avoid the charge of ignorance ; and it would certainly seem natural to conclude, from the numerous notices and fragments preserved in early ecclesiastical writers, that the better class of such writings were not deemed wholly unworthy of notice. But it would also seem certain that within the Church they exercised but little real influence. Even the legends and fragmentary memorabilia in Justin Martyr and other ante-Nicene writers, which, being also to a great extent found in the apocryphal gospels of the second century, might seem to have come directly from those sources, all appear, on a nearer examination, to have emanated from traditions of a still earlier date, that were the common property of the Church, and were appealed to both by heretic and Catholic. So very few traces can we find in the more trustworthy writers of the first four centuries of any use of them as authorities in matters of opinion, or witnesses in matters of fact, that it scarcely seems too much to say that there were but few readers of any intelligence who did not estimate them at their real worth. But it was perhaps different with the ignorant. In some secluded communities they might have been received and retained long after they had been condemned by the Church at large, and might indeed have had a pernicious effect on the simple souls that studied them. We have certainly one case in point mentioned by Eusebius* in reference to the unfortunate people of Rhossus in Cilicia. The story runs thus:—Serapion, a bishop of Antioch about the end of the second century, exercised pastoral superintendence over the Rhossian Church. On one of his visits to these remote objects of his care, there seems to have been some little difference of opinion about a godly document entitled the Gospel of Peter: the bishop, who was more peace-making than discriminating, conceiving that the Rhossians were all true sons of the faith, recommended the book to be read, without having thought it necessary to inspect it. The result of this advice, however, was somewhat deplorable: there was a vigorous outbreak of Docetism, and it was not till this excellent prelate had written a most annihilating confutation, and promised speedily a second visit, that the heresy was got under. We know again that Tatian's Diatessaron, which was

* In *Ecl. Hist.*, vi. 12.

by no means a model of orthodox compilation, was used by many early Christians as a convenient and compendious volume, though we have no particular record of any calamities that attended its perusal. Apocryphal gospels had certainly a considerable circulation; but except in a few isolated cases, like that of the Rhossians, or in a few heretical communities, there does not seem any good reason for concluding that they exercised any real influence on contemporary writings, or on the minds of those among whom they arose. As, however, centuries stole onward, their antiquity began to invest them with some degree of respectability; their follies and exaggerations were dealt somewhat more tenderly with in ages that tolerated frauds and fictions far more exuberant and monstrous than any they could supply; they were openly condemned, but secretly believed; and their influence may be indirectly traced in the origin of some festivals, in the persistence of certain traditions, and still more in many an early production of Christian art. To name only a few instances: the festivals of the Presentation of the Virgin, and of her Immaculate Conception, are probably due to the traditions of the Protevangel of St. James, or their reproduction in the Latin Nativities. The names of the parents of the Virgin (Joachim and Anna), of Pilate's wife (Procla), of the woman with the issue of blood (Veronica), of the soldier who pierced Christ's side (Longinus), and probably the names of the two thieves (Dismas and Gestas), rest wholly on these gospels. The traditions repeated by more than one of the Fathers, that Mary was vowed to God by Anna,—that she was fourteen years old at her marriage with Joseph,—that she was given to him only as to a *guardian*,—that the brethren of our Lord were sons of Joseph by a former marriage,—that the Virgin conceived *per aurem*,*—that our Lord arose from the dead in the middle of the night,—that He ascended from Mount Olivet,† cannot certainly be traced to any earlier written source. Then again the connexion of Christian art with these legendary histories is alone enough to furnish a subject for an independent essay: the representation of Joseph as an old man; the green bough and dove with which he is sometimes depicted; the animals that group themselves round and worship the new-born child; the heavenly light in the cave-like stable, may all be referred to the Protevangel of St. James: the cloth round the loins of the crucified Saviour,

* See Hofmann, *Leben Jesu*, p. 77, where the authors who have mentioned this curious and ancient tradition are cited and criticised.

† See Hofmann, *Leben Jesu*, p. 394, *sq.*, where there is a very curious discussion which goes far to show that the northern point of Mount Olivet bore the name of 'Galilee.'

contrary to the alleged practice of antiquity, the crown of thorns still clinging round the dying brow, remand us at once to the circumstantial narrative in the *Acta Pilati*.

Did our limits permit, we might trace out this indirect influence even to the confines of other creeds. Mahometanism has not failed to assimilate some of these figments of a sickly Christianity. Several passages of the Koran have been collected by Oriental scholars, which seem to prove indisputably that Mahomet had either directly used some of the apocryphal gospels, or more probably had adopted oral traditions that had been originally derived from them, and with which he might have been readily supplied by his wife's nephew, Waraka, who, in his passage from Paganism, *viâ* Judaism, to Christianity, had probably collected a very unlimited quantity of rubbish. We may mention the notice of the wife of Joachim devoting Mary to the Lord (Sale, ch. iii., 48); of the divinely-sent fruits and sustenance (*ibid.*); of the Lord speaking in his cradle (Sale, *ibid.*, and ch. v., 119); of his having made a bird out of the slime of the earth and caused it to fly (*ibid. ib.*); all of which can scarcely have come from any other sources than the Protevangel of St. James, and one of the Gospels of the Infancy. But we must pause. The influence that these fables have exercised in later times, both within and without Christianity, is a curious subject by no means devoid of a certain antiquarian interest. This, however, we must leave untouched, and content ourselves with briefly remarking, that if we confine ourselves to the earlier ages of the Church, there appears but little evidence that these gospels exercised much influence or did much real mischief. Apocryphal they were, apocryphal they were declared to be; and, except in very darkened corners of Christianity, apocryphal they were felt to be by the many that read and transcribed them.

II. Let us now briefly analyse the longer and more complete compositions which we find in the edition of Tischendorf. Two preliminary remarks it is necessary to make:—*first*, that the text is in a state of such utter confusion, that anything like a critically exact translation is almost out of the question. The state of the text is certainly worthy of observation. It confirms our last remark, that these gospels were always felt to be what they really are. They were not considered to be worthy of punctilious care in transcription; the general subject-matter was all that needed to be attended to; the manner in which it was detailed was of no moment. The uncertain state of the text is really most remarkable. Not only is there every form of minor variation in words and clauses; not only are

whole sentences found preserved in some and omitted in other MSS.; not only do the versions vary considerably from the supposed original text; but even the whole narrative is so differently related in different MSS., that it has been found necessary by Tischendorf to edit an A. and B. edition of the Gospel of Thomas, the Acta, and Anaphora Pilati, and of the Latin translations of the Descensus. Never was textual inconstancy more exaggerated, and never was contrast greater, than when this hopeless confusion is compared with the *concordia discors* of the text of the New Testament. There, indeed, we also find a variety of readings,* but how limited to orthographies, connecting particles, tenses, and to the veriest *minutiae* of linguistic differences. What a marvellous harmony, when contrasted with the wild aberrations in text of these apocryphal productions, some of which, and those too the most irreconcilable, have, perhaps, their whole *apparatus criticus* limited to eight or ten MSS. and four or five versions. No one fact has been ascertained more damaging than this to their problematical reputation or possible authority in supposed early traditions; and nothing has tended to make minute historical criticism of their contents more uncertain and unsatisfactory.

The second point is the similarity of so many of the stories. Whether they all were derived separately from certain common traditions, or whether one of these gospels—as for instance the Gospel of Thomas,—was the original document, of which some of the others were enlarged and embellished editions, cannot be very easily determined. At any rate, this very obvious fact will suggest the propriety of analysing each gospel with some reference to its probable chronological position. We shall thus be able to determine with a greater probability what seems the parent tradition and what the accretions of a later date. Our object, it is to be observed, is not so much to sketch out an apocryphal life of Christ, as to state the contents and exhibit the distinctive features of each of these compositions separately and individually. We begin with—

1. *The Protevangelium of James*.† This ancient and interesting composition was first introduced into Europe by

* Without here committing ourselves to any decision upon two very important passages, we cannot forbear calling the critical reader's attention to the noticeably accumulated diversities of readings in the last verses of St. Mark's Gospel, and in the narrative of the woman taken in adultery.

† The title, as in all these apocryphal books, is by no means settled. It is usually called *ιστορία*, or *διηγήσεις καὶ ιστορία*, and once *ἱακώβου ιστορία*.

William Postell, a professor of foreign languages at Paris, who brought it from the Levant, translated it into Latin, and put it into the hands of Oporinus, a printer at Basle. After some delays, it was ultimately published by Bibliander in 1552, and in Greek by Michael Neander in 1564, tacked on to Luther's Catechism. Postell and its editor both entertained a most exaggerated opinion of its merits; and did not fail to express it in very plain and uncompromising language. If we may believe the former, it was read in all the Oriental churches, and was esteemed worthy of the most careful study and attention. But it was received by Occidentals in a very different spirit. Postell was severely chidden for his questionable activity in giving such a document to the world; his statements were impugned; his literary honesty was most coarsely questioned; and nearly up to the present time his assertion that this production was read publicly in churches has met with unqualified denial.* But it seems very doubtful whether Postell was not mainly correct. A few ecclesiastical notices appended to more recently discovered MSS., and some additions to the title, such as *λόγος εἰς τὸ γενέσιον τῆς ὑπεραγίας Θεοτόκου*, and some interpolations, such as *εὐλόγησον Πάτερ* and *Κύριε εὐλόγησον*, immediately preceding the narrative, render it highly probable that the gospel *was* actually read publicly, not apparently as a portion of Scripture, but as a useful and edifying document that might have ranked nearly as high as our apocrypha. However this may be, it was certainly treated with some little respect by Christian antiquity, and *possibly* has been alluded to by authors of as early a date as Clement of Alexandria (*Strom.* viii., p. 889) and Justin Martyr (*Trypho*, ch. 78).

The author was probably a Jew of the name of James, who in after times became transmuted from plain 'Jacobus Hebræus,' as he is styled in a few documents, to 'Jacobus ἀδελφός,' or 'Jacobus Apostolus.' He was certainly free from Docetism, as he speaks (ch. xxiv.) of 'Christ come in the flesh;' but it has been thought he has not escaped the taint of the later Ebionitism, which admitted, indeed, the Divine origin of Christ, but made up for this concession by an affectation of several Gnostic absurdities. The self-felicitations of the excellent author at the end of the composition is certainly a little in the vaunting style of that popular heresy.

The language is above the apocryphal par; the style is simple; and the prodigy-loving, miracle-mongering spirit—the characteristic of all these gospels—is under more than

* See Fabricius, *Cod. Apocr. N. T.*, Vol. i., p. 53, sq.

usual control. The date is probably not much later than the latter half of the second century, and the whole gospel may be considered our earliest repertory of the ecclesiastical traditions relating to Mary. The following is a summary of its contents:—

Joachim, a rich and pious man, forms a resolution, on one of the great feasts, to offer to God double offerings, but is rejected by Reuben, the high-priest, for being childless. In his grief he consults the register of the tribes, and finding himself alone so unblest, goes away into the wilderness to mourn and fast. Meanwhile, Anna, his wife, bewails her double loss, the loss of her husband and her barrenness. In vain her maid, Judith, urges her to go forth on the festival; she only can go into her garden and weep. There a sparrow's nest attracts her attention, and calls forth a sad soliloquy. But help is near; an angel announces to her that she shall bear a child, and that Joachim is returning. She meets him with great joy: Joachim is pronounced sinless by the priest, he returns to his house, and at the appointed time they are blessed with the infant Mary.

The child gains strength day by day. When only six months old she walks seven steps; when a year old she is introduced, at a solemn feast given by Joachim, to the priests and elders of Israel; when three years old she is brought with solemnity to the temple. The priest receives her with the benedictory words, 'The Lord magnified thy name in all the generations: in thee in the last days will the Lord reveal His redemption to the sons of Israel.' He sets her on the third step of the altar; 'she danced with her feet, and all the house of Israel loved her.' Mary is brought up 'like a dove' in the temple, and receives her food from an angel. When twelve years of age, by a warning of God to the high-priest, Zacharias, she is to be given to the protection of some widowed Israelite who is to be pointed out by a Divine sign. All are to appear with rods.* The high-priest receives from each man his rod, and with prayer returns them: Joseph receives his last; when lo! out of it flies a dove, which hovers round his head. Mary is then, notwithstanding his reluctance, given to him to be protected (*εἰς τήρησιν αὐτῆς*) and watched over. She goes away with him, and spins purple for the vail of the temple.

As she goes forth one day to draw water, she hears a voice saying to her, 'Hail, thou favoured one; the Lord is with thee;

* This divination by rods is referred indirectly by the author of the Latin Nativity to Isaiah xi. 1. It can scarcely be doubted that it was suggested by the incident in Numbers xvii.

blessed art thou among 'women.' She returns in fear to the house, and there sees an angel, who tells her (in words resembling those of St. Luke) that she shall be mother of the Redeemer. Shortly after this she visits Elizabeth, with whom she stays three months. Six months after the annunciation, Joseph returns from buildings he had been employed in (*ἀπὸ τῶν οἰκοδομῶν αὐτοῦ*), and is shocked at the state in which he finds his virgin wife. In vain does she protest that she is innocent; he loads her with reproaches, and resolves to put her away privily. Before he is able to carry out his plan, the affair is told to the high-priest by Annas the scribe, who, when calling on Joseph, perceives Mary's situation. The high-priest instantly summons both, and bitterly reproaches them: both weep and protest their innocence. Both, however, are made to drink the water of proof, and are sent away into the mountains;* they return sound and are solemnly acquitted by the high-priest.

Then comes the order from Augustus for the enrolment of all in Bethlehem.† Joseph and Mary go up to their own city. On the way, Joseph remarking that Mary is at one time sad, and at another time laughing, asks the reason; she answers, 'I see with mine eyes two peoples; one weeping and lamenting, the other rejoicing and exulting.' The pains of travail seize on the Virgin before she reaches Bethlehem; Joseph leaves her with his sons in a cave, and goes on towards Bethlehem to find a midwife. Then follows a singular speech of Joseph's, describing the state of suspense in which all living things seemed to be held:—fowls in the air stopping in mid-flight; workpeople round a table with suspended morsels in their hands and mouths; the shepherd raising up his hand against his dispersed sheep, and smiting not; kids touching the water and drinking not. At length he sees a midwife coming down from the mountains, who, after some parley, goes with him to the cave. The cave is filled with light; the infant is born; the mother remains a virgin. This last wonder Salome‡ will not believe, unless she is permitted to examine for herself;

* Probably for the effect of the draught to be hastened. In the Latin Infancy (ch. xii.) Mary alone drinks the water, and afterwards walks seven times round the altar.

† The reading is doubtful. It, however, seems probable that the single MS. which reads *πᾶσαν τὴν οἰκουμένην* contains the original text. The other readings, *πάντας τοὺς Ἰουδαίους οἱ ἦσαν ἐν Β.*; *πάντας τοὺς ὄντας ἐν Ἱερουσαλὴμ*, or *ἐν τῇ Ἰουδαίᾳ*, or as in the translation (*Tisch.*) are corrections of St. Luke.

‡ One of Joseph's children, according to these apocryphal gospels, by his former wife. The names of the sons are said to be James, Simon, Jude, Justus; of the sisters Assia and Lydia, or Accor.

she persists, but has her hand withered with fire for her unbelief. Upon her earnest prayer, an angel appears and tells her to take the child in her arms. She does so, and is healed.

Then follows the visit of the Magi, related in a manner very little different to the canonical narrative:—they are guided to the cave* by the wondrous star, and there worship the infant Saviour. Herod, who had hoped by their means to find out the newborn child, orders the murder of all the children of two years old and under. Mary hides the holy infant in a manger. Elizabeth flees with John to the mountains, and is saved only by the miracle of a mountain opening and receiving her and her child. Herod sends to Zacharias, and inquires of him where he had hidden his son; it is in vain that Zacharias declares that he is ignorant; he is slain in the temple, at the wall of partition. His blood is found congealed,† and a voice from heaven is heard saying, 'Zacharias hath been murdered, and his blood shall not be wiped away till the avenger shall come.' The body is not found: all Israel mourns for Zacharias: Simeon is elected high-priest in his place.

From this brief summary it will be seen that the *Protevangel* is not wholly unworthy of the attention it has received. The style is inferior to that of the New Testament, but still not very strikingly dissimilar; the narrative is continuous; and the miracles are of a less preposterous character than in later compositions. It presents a fair sample of the admixture which we have above elucidated; the ancient traditions have been worked up by a credulous composer; pious fraud contributes the miracles, especially that of Salome's withered hand and the escape of Elizabeth; and a semi-gnostic Judaism, such as might be found among the later Ebionites supplies the dress of the narrative, and much of the intercalary matter. The golden grains of history are but few. The names of the Virgin's parents may perhaps be relied on. It seems not improbable that she might have been as young as twelve or fourteen when married to Joseph, as we find her at a wedding-feast thirty years afterwards. She was not improbably poor, and might have worked for the temple; Celsus calls her *χέρνητις*, and in Luke ii. 24, the offerings made are those of the poorer class. The angel's visit to Joseph was after the Virgin's visit to Elizabeth. Joseph and Mary would seem to have lived at Nazareth before

* From this it appears that the *Protevangel* places the visit of the Magi very shortly after the birth of Christ. In the Latin Infancy the visit is placed at the end of the second year.

† This story is found in the *Talmud* of the Babylonian
death of the
gen

they went to Bethlehem. The place of the nativity was not improbably a cave,* such as are still used in the East to stable cattle in. The Magi seem to have arrived very soon after the Lord's birth. This is all that we dare regard as possible history. We now pass on to a nearly contemporary but far less respectable document.

2. *The Gospel of Thomas*.† As the *Protevangel* of James seems the parent of all the later Nativities of Mary, so this present document appears to be the source from which all the marvels of the Infancies are mainly derived. Its literary history is as follows. It was first published from a MS. of the fifteenth century by Cotelierius, in his notes to the *Const. Apost.* vi. 7, having been previously noticed by Simon (*sur le Texte du N. T.*, p. 5), and Du Cange. Another MS. was found at Bologna, and published by Mingarelli in 1764. He was followed by Thilo, who used a Dresden MS. Tischendorf gives two texts—A, derived from the Bologna and Dresden texts; B, derived from a MS. in the possession of the monks at Mount Sinai. The Latin version is from a MS. in the Vatican.

This gospel is of great antiquity, probably but little inferior to that of the *Protevangel*, being mentioned by Origen (*Hom. i. in Luc. init.*), Irenæus (*Hær. i. 20*), and Hippolytus (Ed. Miller, p. 101). It has been doubted whether the present gospel is the same with the ancient: the quotation in Irenæus however, goes far to establish the identity, though it is not improbable that much of the original gospel has been lost. It was obviously written in the interests of Docetism;‡ the whole object of the gospel being to demonstrate, by a recital of infantine and boyish miracles, the super- or rather extra-human nature of our Lord, even from His earliest years, and thus practically to contravene the tenets of Cerinthus, Basilides, and others, who either denied the Divine nature of our Lord, or only admitted its existence after His baptism.

In this gospel, then, we can scarcely recognise more than

* See especially Justin M., *Trypho*, § 78, where the same ancient legend is similarly maintained.

† The title, as usual, varies very much in the MSS., or apparent references in ancient authors. In earlier times the title seems to have been *εὐαγγέλιον Θωμᾶ*, or *κατὰ Θωμᾶν*; in later times, *Θωμᾶ Ἰσραηλῆτου ῥητά*, or *λόγος εἰς τὰ παιδικὰ τοῦ Κυρίου*.

‡ Such language as *ἀναστρεφόμενος σωματικῶς ἐν Ναζαρέτ*, ch. i. (B.)—*τοῦτο τὸ παιδίον γηγενὴς οὐκ ἔστι*, ch. vii. (A.)—*τὸ παιδίον τοῦτο ἡ θεὸς ἦν ἢ ἄγγελος θεοῦ*, ch. xvii. (A.)—seems very plainly to show the *animus* of the writer. The assertion of Cyril of Jerusalem (*Catech.* vi. 31), that it was written by Thomas, a disciple of Manes, has been abundantly disproved.

two elements, pious fraud and disguised heresy: the third element in these productions,—ancient traditions and a credulity that reproduces or embellishes them, finds here but little place. In fact, if we are to believe St. John, the whole of this and the similar gospels of the Infancy must be conceived all but avowed and self-conscious frauds. The evangelist tells us in very plain terms that the miracle at Cana was the first which our Lord performed;* all the ancient writers confirm this by their complete and unanimous silence; and even the early opponents of Christianity, who charged our Lord with having learnt His power of working miracles while a child in Egypt, never cite an instance of any display of it either in His childhood or boyhood. The present gospel and its congeners are, on the contrary, nothing but catalogues of miracles and prodigies from the very cradle upwards, and it is only here and there that they pause to give us glimpses of what might have been historically true; of what tradition at least has not wholly passed over in silence, as, for instance, the son's dutiful following of His reputed father's craft;† and even these feeble and broken reflections of possible history only come to us after being distorted through the media of vulgar and undignified legends. In this present gospel indeed the miracle-mongering is so gross, and the dogmatical propensions of the writer are so obvious, that it may be reasonably doubted whether, even at the time it first appeared, it was regarded as a regular historical compilation at all. The language is unusually barbarous, the style hopelessly bad, and the narrative itself unconnected and incoherent. The following is a summary of the contents of the document, marked A, in Tischendorf's edition.

‘Thomas the Israelite makes known to all the brethren the mighty works (μεγαλεία) of Jesus Christ. Jesus, when five years, was playing in a brook-course with other boys; he collected the waters in pools and made them clear by his word; out of the mud he made twelve sparrows. This being on the Sabbath day, a Jew tells his father Joseph; the father remonstrates, whereupon Jesus bids the sparrows to take wing. They do so, and the Jews are stricken with amazement (ἐθαμβήθησαν‡). The son of Annas

* Chrysostom, in his commentary on this passage, tells us that there were some who interpreted the words as if it were the first miracle which Christ performed specially in Cana. These good people had not improbably a taste for the Infancy of Thomas which they could not quite give up.

† Compare Justin M., *Tryph.*, § 88. Origen (*Col.*) adopted another reading, or forgot Mark Christ is nowhere in Scripture designe^d

‡ This single word serves to show

the scribe destroys the pools, whereupon Jesus rebukes him, and causes him to wither away.* Joseph is blamed for having such a son. At another time a boy runs against Jesus, and is forthwith struck dead. The parents of the child complain so bitterly, that Joseph expostulates with Jesus; the complainers are struck blind; and Joseph, who goes so far as to pluck the child's ear, is told he has acted with folly. A schoolmaster, Zaccheus, who overheard the words of the child, desires to teach him, and begins by explaining the letters. Jesus asks him how he can presume to teach B when he knows not A, and forthwith explains the mystery of A. Zaccheus is confounded, and gives him back to Joseph. When the Jews offer counsel to Zaccheus, Jesus laughs at them, but heals those whom he had cursed. All fear him. Another day, as he is playing with other boys on the roof of a house, one of the boys falls, and is killed; the rest flee. Jesus, when charged with the deed, calls the dead boy to life to contradict the accusers. Another time he sees a crowd round a young man, who has dropped a hatchet on his foot, and is bleeding to death: he heals him. His mother sends him, when 'six years old, to fetch water, he breaks the pitcher but brings the water in the folds of his dress. He goes with his father to sow, and from a single grain gathers in an hundred homers which he gives to the poor. Again, when Joseph was making a bed for a rich man, one piece proves too short; Jesus lays hold of it and stretches it to the right size. Joseph sends him to a schoolmaster, who essays to teach him his letters. Jesus says, as before, 'Explain to me the force of A, and I will explain the force of B.' The master smites him, but is struck dead. Another schoolmaster attempts to teach him. Jesus goes with him into his school, and taking up a book, does not read it, but expounds the law. The master so discreetly extols his wisdom, that the other preceptor for his sake is healed. James goes to cut wood, and is bitten by a viper; Jesus breathes on the wound, James is healed, and the viper bursts. A sick child in the neighbourhood dies; Jesus hearing the lamentation of the mother, goes and raises it to life. Some time afterwards, he finds a man just dead, who had been at work in a building; he raises him, and bids him go on with his work. All are amazed and glorify God.'

The gospel concludes with the narrative of Jesus teaching in the temple, nearly in the same form as in St. Luke.

This summary is enough to show that this composition is useless for any purposes of historical criticism; it is, however, worthy of attention as the parent of the other Infancies, Latin

vulgar notion which the author entertained of the nature of miracles. They are *prodigies*, not *signs*; their object is not mercy or beneficence, but merely to amaze and stupify the beholders.

* In one MS. of a more merciful cast Jesus is said to have healed the boy, except in a small portion of his body, which was to serve as a warning.

or Arabic; and is certainly noticeable in another point of view as showing how remarkably, in little more perhaps than one hundred and fifty years, the true conception of our Lord's character could be debased and depraved.

These two gospels seem very soon to have been translated and circulated both in the East and in the West. There appear to have been translations of the Protevangel and Gospel of Thomas, both in Syriac, Coptic, Arabic, and Latin; and these, as might easily be imagined, gave a general stimulus in other portions of the church to this kind of composition, and caused every floating legend to be turned to account, and woven into the apocryphal narrative. We have an interesting example of this process of legendary accretions in a western composition which we now proceed to consider.

3. *The Book of the Nativity of Mary and the Infancy of the Saviour.* This composition is now designated in Tischendorf's edition as the *Pseudo-Matthæi Evangelium*,* and seems very probably to have been the document alluded to in the pretended letters of Heliodorus and Chromatius to Jerome. It appeared to have originated within the precincts of the Church, but bears very distinct traces of corruptions in point of doctrine, and also, as the use of the Gospel of Thomas sufficiently proves, of a want of caution in the use of older documents. Ecclesiastical prejudices are seen plainly enough in the glorification of Mary (ch. vi. sq.), the praises of virginity† (ch. vii. sq.), and the reverence for the sacerdotal order. It perhaps is not very much later than the time of Jerome.

The literary history is brief. It was first edited by Thilo, from a MS. at Paris, to which attention had been called by Cotelierius. Tischendorf afterwards discovered two more MSS. in Italy, which he judged so much superior to that at Paris as to make them the basis of his edition. These MSS. supply seventeen more chapters, derived, as it would seem, very directly from the Gospel of Thomas, which serve to continue the narrative after the return from Egypt. As the gospel is long, and to a great degree a reproduction of the gospels already analysed, we will only pause to notice the new matter (derived, perhaps, from oriental sources) about the journey in Egypt, and, in the other parts, the different legends that have been followed, or the new matter that has been interpolated.

* This name has been usually given to the next document, the Nativity of Mary, but appears rightly given by Tischendorf to the present gospel.

† The apocryphal writer makes the high priest say, 'a solâ Mariâ novus ordo vivendi inventus est quæ promittit Deo se virginem permanere.'

Joachim's piety, especially his division of his property into three parts—for the poor, the faithful, and his own family,—is enlarged upon. When twenty years of age he marries Anna, and remains twenty years childless. The appearance of the angel to Joachim in the wilderness is expanded into a long chapter. Joachim's presentation of himself to the priest on his return, and his feast to the elderhood, is not noticed. When Mary was three years old she not only walked, but talked, and was more like a grown person than an infant.* Her occupations were—from the morning to the third hour, prayer; from the third to the ninth, spinning and working in wool; from the ninth downwards, prayer. Abiathar, the priest, seeks her in marriage for his son, but Mary refuses, vowing inflexible virginity. It is the Pharisees who object to her stay in the temple after her fourteenth year. Lots are cast to find the tribe from which her guardian is to come. The account of the choice of Joseph (who, as in the *Protevangel*, appears very reluctant) is studiously embellished. Mary has five virgins to live with her; an angel appears to her at the fountain, and again, three days afterwards, at her house, in the form of a young man of wondrous beauty. Joseph, meanwhile, is absent, engaged in the construction of houses on the sea-coast. Joseph and Mary are proved to be innocent, in the face of all Israel, with much solemnity. The speech of the Virgin about the two peoples is rudely interrupted by Joseph, but commended and explained by an angel. The virginity of Mary at Christ's birth is strongly asserted and somewhat disagreeably enlarged upon. On the third day Mary leaves the cave, and entering a stable, places the child in the manger; on the sixth day they enter Bethlehem, and on the eighth the child is circumcised. The Magi come at the end of the second year, soon after which the flight to Egypt takes place. On their way they enter a cave, which proves to be tenanted by dragons. The dragons worship the child, and fulfil Psalm cxlviii. 7. Pards and lions do the same: the latter act as guides and sumpter mules. A palm-tree is made to bend to yield up its fruit, and to disclose a fountain at its roots. As a reward, a bough of the palm is borne away by an angel, to be planted in Paradise. They approach Egypt, and, not finding an inn, enter a temple; the idols (three hundred and

* One of the earliest descriptions of the Virgin's appearance unfortunately dates nearly a thousand years after her birth. Such, however, is Cedrenus' account: 'Erat staturâ mediocri, subfusca, fulvo crine, oculis fulvis ac mediocribus, magno supercilio, naso mediocri, ac digitis longis vestes amplexabatur nullo colore tinctas.'—Ap., *Hist. Byzant.*, Vol. VII., p. 148.

fifty-five in number) fall in ruin to the ground. Upon this, Affrodisius, governor of the city, and all his host, hasten to the temple; struck by the miracle, and warned by Pharaoh's example, they worship and believe in Christ.

The seventeen remaining chapters are only in effect the Gospel of Thomas, with some few additions and embellishments. The principal addition is the journey of Jesus from Jericho to the Jordan, when eight years old, along a road that was rendered impassable by a lioness and her whelps. When Jesus appears on it, the lions hasten to meet and adore him, and the whelps play at his feet. He crosses the Jordan with these dangerous companions, the waters dividing on the right hand and on the left.

It is scarcely necessary to say that nothing can be made out of such an agglomeration of folly and fraud. The gospel is built up out of the Protevangel, certain oriental traditions, which we afterwards find in the Arabic Gospel of the Infancy, and the Gospel of Thomas. The additions and embellishments are probably pure fiction, and for the most part do not seem referrible to any ancient traditions.

4. Our fourth document is the *Gospel of the Nativity of Mary*, a production more creditable and respectable than the preceding one, which, indeed, it was not improbably intended to displace. It is written in a sober style, and is a very good specimen of a western adaptation of the *Protevangel*—in some parts by way of abbreviation, in others by expansion. Several of the same dogmatical prejudices, especially with regard to the virginity of Mary, are as apparent as in the preceding Infancy,* but the composition is very superior, both in taste and doctrine, and seems certainly to be referrible to a Catholic writer, who might have written in good faith, and have sinned more from credulity than deliberation. The events noticed in the Protevangel subsequent to the Annunciation are disposed of by this writer in a single chapter, a remark, affecting to come from Jerome, being added to the preceding chapter, intimating that it will be better to refer for these to the canonical Gospels. The work is a Nativity of Mary, and nothing else—in a word, a respectably-written plea for early celibacies and mariolatrics. There is so little substantially different from the Protevangel, that a summary is superfluous.

This gospel is usually found among the works of Jerome, and has been edited separately by Fabricius, Thilo, and, after

* For instance, as early as at the Annunciation, the future destiny of the Virgin is declared—'Virgo concipies, virgo paries, virgo nutries.'—ch. ix.

them, by Tischendorf. It has gained no little celebrity from having been admitted nearly entire into the *Aurea Legenda*.

5. Two other gospels complete the group, the first of which—the *Arabic Gospel of the Infancy*—demands some little attention as being in many respects an Oriental counterpart of the Latin gospel of the same name. It appears similarly composed of three elements—the Protevangel, Eastern, or what might be almost termed Egyptian, traditions, and the Gospel of Thomas, with some additions, which might have formed a part of that ancient and now fragmentary composition. The Latin Infancy, however, contains far more of the Protevangel, while it very briefly notices the Egyptian miracles; the Arabic Infancy, on the contrary, as might easily be imagined, reflects much of the second element, while it retains but little of the first. The miracles in Egypt, indeed, occupy no less than sixteen chapters, and may just claim a passing notice. If not edifying, they are at any rate somewhat amusing. The first and third parts need scarcely detain us.

This curious production is, with some reason, ascribed to the Nestorians,* and is said to bear evident marks of having been translated from the Syriac. It appears to have been extremely popular all over the East, and even to have found its way into Persia, traces having been discovered of a Persian Infancy which certainly had some points in common with the present. There appear some reasons for supposing that it was drawn up to be read at festivals, and belonged to a class of documents which were never regarded, even by those who compiled them, as in any degree of the same historical character as the canonical Scriptures.† In fact, both in this and in the Latin gospels, we seem fast passing into a later era of apocryphal literature—when pious fabrications were deemed useful and edifying, and when legendary compilations found favour in the eyes of the faithful, even though they might seem a little to overstep the bounds of truth and probability. History and even tradition now recede further into the background, and pious fraud begins to reign supreme.

This gospel was first published in 1697, by Dr. Henry Sike, then an Oriental scholar of some pretension, and afterwards

* This is founded especially on the titles given to our Lord, which vary according as Christ, or Jesus Christ is the term made use of. If the former, it is *ὁ δεσπότης Χριστός*; if the latter, it was *ὁ Κύριος Ἰησοῦς*. The book, moreover, is known to have been much used by the adherents of this sect.

† This seems fairly deducible from ch. xxv., where the compiler alludes to the four canonical Gospels under the title of the 'perfect gospel.' The reference at the end of ch. ix. of the Latin Nativity to the Gospels seems to point in the same direction.

professor of Hebrew in our University. Sike purchased the MS. at Leyden, at a public sale, his attention having been previously called to it by two quotations from it, which Hinckelmann had made in his preface to the Koran. Thilo republished both the Arabic and Sike's translation in his *Codex Apocryphus*, after having submitted both original and translation to the emendations of Professor Rödiger. Tischendorf published only the translation, again retouched by Fleischer. The style of the original is said to resemble that of the Erpenian Arabic version of the New Testament; but as the age of the latter is uncertain, this literary fact is of but little use in fixing the date of this gospel. It would seem most probably to belong to the close of the fifth, or early part of the sixth century.

The first part contains a few additions to the Protevangel, the most noticeable of which is that the infant Jesus, when lying in his cradle, announced to his mother that he was the Son of God. The details of the journey into Egypt form, however, the portion which most deserves attention. These we will briefly notice.—When the holy family arrive in Egypt, they go for lodging to a temple; the idol announces that an unknown God has arrived, and straightway falls down and is destroyed. The son of the priest, who was grievously afflicted by devils, is healed by a newly-washed portion of our Lord's swaddling-clothes, which he places on his head.* On their journey they come to a den of robbers, the occupants of which flee, thinking that a king with his army was coming. In the next city, a demoniac young woman is healed, out of whom Satan departs in a form possibly only too common—that of a young man. Further on their way, a bride who has been rendered dumb by sorcerers is healed; and in the next place at which they arrive, another sufferer, whom Satan was accustomed to embrace in the form of a serpent, is freed from her misery by a kiss from the holy child. A maiden who was white with leprosy is cleansed with the water with which the child was washed, and desires to accompany them. The same water cures a prince's son. The travellers then meet with three women leading and tending a mule, which turns out to be their brother, whom wicked women had changed into that shape. On their entreaty, the Lady Mary places the child upon the mule, who straightway becomes a young man. To prevent further mischief, he is married with much solemnity to the maiden that was with

* We may, perhaps, compare with this Acts, xix. 12; or the Evangelical narrative, Matth., ix. 20, *sq.*, Mark, v. 25, *sq.*, Luke, viii. 43, *sq.*, may have suggested the fable.

them. As they journey onward, they come upon a company of robbers sleeping, two of whom, however, Titus and Dumachus, perceive the travellers. Titus, with some difficulty, bribes Dumachus to be silent, and the holy family pass unmolested. These two, our Lord tells his mother, will be crucified on each side of him, Titus, of course, occupying the right-hand position. Near Matarea, Jesus calls forth a fountain, in which Mary washes his coat; from his sweat comes balsam. They then go on to Memphis, and see Pharaoh; there they abide three years.

Then follows a series of miracles which took place on the return to Judea, all of a similar character; they may have been derived from the Gospel of Thomas when in its complete state, but they differ from the miracles recorded in that gospel in being far more of a beneficent character. Only two or three recall to us the freakish and malevolent child of the earlier narrative.

6. The next composition which, though perhaps a little earlier, may be placed here as completing this group, is *The History of Joseph*. Like the last production, it is in Arabic, and has enough Oriental richness about it, and, at times, enough simplicity, to render it tolerably readable. It was, perhaps, originally written in Coptic,* and seems to have been drawn up in its present form to be read at the festival of Joseph,† who was held in peculiar reverence by the early Christians in Africa, whether semi-heretical or Catholic. The object of the book is very clear; it was intended to give to Joseph some small share of the glorification which had been already so liberally bestowed on Mary. The style is said to be very much the same as that of the Infancy; but such allusions as those to the Millenarian Feast, and to the death (rather than *assumption*) of the Virgin, have been thought to point to an earlier date. Perhaps we shall not be far wrong if we assign the Coptic original to the fourth century, and the present translation and, perhaps, compilation, to the middle of the fifth, about which time the festival of Joseph is said to have been instituted; and if we must select a heresy with which to connect it, we would name the Nestorian.

This gospel, though previously known to be in existence,

* Fragments in Coptic of this composition are still extant; see Thilo, *Codex Apocr.*, p. xxii.

† According to the *Acta Sanct.* for March 19, Vol. III., p. 7, the Catholics of the East observed July 20 as the festival of Joseph, and read his life on that day. The honour in which Joseph was held did not wane with time; Gerson, at the Council of Constance, was desirous that the Church should declare his immaculate conception.

was first published in 1722, from a MS. in the Royal Library at Paris, by George Wallin, a Swede, who added notes and a Latin version, and in most respects proved himself a competent editor. The Latin version only was republished by Fabricius, and both this and the Arabic original were again published by Thilo, in his *Codex Apocryphus*, with emendations from the hand of Rödiger. Tischendorf reproduces the Latin version as found in the edition of Thilo. From this we may give the following extracts.

The account, which, as Tischendorf remarks, is throughout rather of a homiletical than an historical character, is supposed to come from the lips of our Saviour, and to be told to His disciples as He is sitting with them on the Mount of Olives. The first nine chapters are nothing more than summaries of the events related in the Protevangel, and contain the history of Joseph, the priest* and carpenter, up to the return of Joseph and Mary to Nazareth. There Joseph abides, and in perfect health of mind and body pursues his lower calling down to his hundred and twelfth year. But now death is at hand, of which an angel forewarns him. In great distress and perturbation he goes to the Temple and prays to God that his soul may depart peacefully from his body; may the demons bar not his way; may the gatekeepers of paradise prevent not his entry, nor the lions assail him. He returns to Nazareth, but on his death-bed bewrays his apprehensions, and curses himself, all his members, and all portions of his frame that he might have used sinfully. He calls upon Jesus in words of touching entreaty. The Lord summons his mother† to Joseph's bed, and taking his dying father's hand in his, sits beside him. Finding that the good old man's soul was about to leave his body, his children are called in; they weep and lament, and our Lord and his mother weep with them. From the south Jesus sees death and hell approaching; Joseph also sees them, and groans fearfully at the awful sight. Jesus prays to his Father, upon which Michael and Gabriel appear, receive the soul of Joseph, enfold it in an envelope of light, and bear it away to the habitations of the just. The Lord closes his father's eyes, and with all Nazareth and Galilee solemnly prepares his obsequies—angels wind him in

* This statement is very unguarded, especially when the writer says two lines before that Joseph was of the tribe of Judah. Whatever may be said with regard to earlier times, it would certainly seem that in later times none but a member of the tribe of Levi could have filled this office; comp. Winer, *Realwörterbuch*, art. 'Priester,' *ad fin.*

† Termed very emphatically 'virgo illibata,' 'mater mea virgo,' 'mater mea pura.'

his shroud. Jesus then addresses the dead; no smell of death should pass over him, no worm touch him; no limb should be broken, no hair fall; intact and incorrupt should he remain to the Millennial Feast. When the principal men of the city come to array Joseph in his grave clothes, they cannot remove the wondrous shroud, nor find in it a fold. They bury him in a cave.—The apostles wonder that Joseph was not made immortal; our Lord replies that all children of Adam must die; that even Enoch and Elias must return to the earth and die. Antichrist will slay four—Enoch, Elias, Schila, and Tabitha.*

From this hasty summary it will be seen that this narrative is not devoid of interest. The whole document is so obviously pious fraud, exerted for the honour of Joseph, that it is profitless to search for any historical basis. All perhaps we may venture to assert is that the current tradition, that Joseph died during the life-time of our Lord, formed the groundwork of the story, and is certainly not in opposition to any part of the Canonical Gospels, but may be even thought confirmed by them. Still the *History of Joseph* is worth reading: there are some very curious dogmatical sentiments about death, and there is a simple pathos about the whole which will not leave the reader unrepaid for the little trouble of perusal.

7. We pass onward to a very important document, apparently of a very early date, the first part of the Gospel of Nicodemus, or, as it is commonly called, the *Acta Pilati*. It seems best to place this composition by itself; for though often found with the *Descensus*, and though this latter portion is said never† to be found without the *Acta*, yet the reverse is certainly true, and there seems every reason for conceiving that they were by two different authors, and united only under the name of Nicodemus, on account of the part which that good man plays in each. This title, however, is thought to be of very late origin. It appears in none of the Greek or Coptic MSS., and only in a limited number of the Latin; and probably can reach back to no greater antiquity than the time

* It is difficult to say who these were. We can scarcely refer them to Tabitha, whom St. Peter raised, and to Silas, of whom no such event is recorded. The later Jews have numbered thirteen, who were taken alive into paradise. These names, however, are not among them; see Eisemenger, *Entd. Jud.*, Vol. I., p. 865.

† Tischendorf notices two MSS. at Venice which have the *Descensus* alone, but these appear to have been cut away from a larger document. The reasons for supposing the *Acta* and *Descensus* separate productions are given by Tischendorf, *Evang. Apocr.*, p. lv.—lvii. This editor, it may be remarked, adopts the title, *Gesta Pilati* (so Greg. Turon., *Hist. Franc.*, i. 21, 24); we prefer retaining the more familiar appellation.

of Charlemagne, when some Western transcribers may have united* the two compositions, and affixed the common name. It has been thought that *our* nation, in its anxiety for one of its reputed apostles, has had something to do with this titulation, as the most ancient of the versions (except the Latin), the Anglo-Saxon, has the name of Nicodemus prefixed to it. We do not, however, pause on these matters of archæology. The question of real interest is this, Whether the present *Acta Pilati* are substantially the same with the very ancient document referred to with such respect by Justin Martyr, Tertullian, and other early and reputable writers. It need scarcely be said that these ancient *Acta* were not the real judiciary Acts of Pilate; nor does it at all seem likely that the unknown author could have ever seen even such essentially political documents. The *Acta* noticed by Tertullian was probably an account of our Saviour's condemnation, written by some early Jewish-Christian, and derived from eye-witnesses, or from important oral traditions, which in so short a time, and on such an event, could not have become seriously erroneous. This composition would very naturally, as time went on, have been subject to some changes and interpolations; and, as indeed we almost *know* from Epiphanius was actually the case, would have been circulated in somewhat differing forms. The great variety of readings in our present *Acta* seems to give us some reason for thinking that this extant document may have been one of these changed or interpolated transcripts; when, however, it is remembered that the quotations made by Tertullian and others from the ancient *Acta* are all found in the present *Acta*, it seems fair to conclude, especially from the nature and length of the composition, that these changes, or interpolations, have not been very serious, and that we have in this first part of this Gospel of Nicodemus, *substantially* the very ancient and important† *Acta Pilati* of the second century.

The first publisher is not known; the first three (Latin) editions appeared without any notice of date or place of publication. Birch, about the beginning of this century, first published the Greek text, from a Paris MS. He was followed by Thilo, who used three other MSS., and bestowed excessive care upon both parts of this gospel. Tischendorf succeeds with a much enlarged *apparatus criticus*, amounting to nearly

* It is difficult to say exactly when this union took place: the two narratives are found united in a MS. apparently of the date of the eighth century.

† This production must have been of considerable importance, or Maximinus would have never thought it worth his while to publish a counter *Acta Pilati*.

forty documents, Greek and Latin ; but so irreconcilable and dissentient in their testimony as to have rendered it necessary to publish two editions, A and B.* From the former we may give the following abbreviated extracts.

The chief priests and scribes go to Pilate to accuse Jesus of claiming to be the Son of God, and a king, of profaning the Sabbath, and of wishing to annul the law. Pilate urges against them the miracles wrought by Our Lord ; he is, however, persuaded to summon Jesus. Our Lord is respectfully brought to Pilate ; the standards bow as he approaches. The Jews complain of this honour being paid by the soldiers ; but are made to see afterwards that the standards themselves pay the homage. Pilate is alarmed, and wishes to leave the tribunal ; his wife, Procla, also sends warning to him. In his irresolution, he enquires of Jesus what are the charges brought against him. Among other things, the Jews urge that Jesus was born illegitimately ;† this is proved false by the testimony of twelve men. Pilate is enraged at the Jews, and desires to release Jesus. While privately examining our Lord, Pilate asks (as in John, xvii. 37), 'What is truth?' our Lord answers, 'Truth is from heaven.' Pilate saith, 'Is there not truth on earth?' Jesus answers, 'Thou seest how those who speak the truth are judged by those who have the power on earth.' Pilate again endeavours to release our Lord ; he calls attention to some of the Jews that are weeping, and plainly declares that he does not deserve crucifixion. Nicodemus pleads for Jesus ; those too who have been healed come and bear testimony. The accusation, that our Lord was claiming to be a king, prevails ; Pilate washes his hands *before the sun*, and gives up Jesus. He is crucified with the crown of thorns on his head, and a garment round his loins ; two thieves are crucified with him, Dismas and Gestas. Joseph of Arimathea asks for the Lord's body, and is, in consequence, seized and put in ward. When the prison opened he is not to be found. To add to the confusion of the Jews, the soldiers come in and announce to the chief priests that the Lord had risen ; and soon after three men come forward and testify that he had ascended unto heaven. Upon this Nicodemus counsels them to send messengers to try and discover Jesus ; the men return

* This edition is in some parts much longer than A, as for example in the account it gives of the crucifixion, the ascent to Calvary, and the touching lamentations of the Virgin. In other parts, especially the concluding chapters, it is much shorter.

† This vile charge, often repeated in the Talmud, and especially in the contemptible *Toledoth Jesu*, is noticed as early as by Celsus in Origen, *Cels.*, i., 28, 32.

without having found Jesus; they find, however, Joseph, whom they had imprisoned, quietly living in his own city. Joseph is prevailed upon to come to Jerusalem, and testify before the council; there he relates how Jesus appeared to him at midnight,* and showed him his empty sepulchre. The chief priests are stricken with terror and amazement. At last, they resolve to send for the three men who had seen the Lord's assumption; they come, and so strongly affirm it, that the council itself is forced into reluctant belief.

This is a very brief abstract; it will, however, serve to show that the *Acta Pilati* is a document of no little interest. The object of the writer is clear enough: he endeavours, on the one hand, to demonstrate the clear propension of Pilate in favour of Christ, and, on the other, to show how the accusations of the Jews were false and frivolous, and in the sequel were virtually retracted in the enforced admissions of the members of the Sanhedrim. This general object of the composition is unmistakeable, but still, if we strip off the obviously fabulous, it does seem that the writer has related some portions of the trial in a manner so very probable and plausible, that we may well pause before we sweep away the whole as a mere party fiction. There is something very natural in the way in which the Jews heap up indiscriminate accusation; there is an eager ferocity on their part, met by a steady and almost indignant scorn on the part of the governor, that seems, at any rate, very happily depicted. The desire of the Jews not only that Christ should die, but that he should be *crucified*,—that he should die the death of a malefactor, is brought out very distinctly. There are minor incidents—the weeping populace, the appearance of witnesses in favour of the accused (though here there is evidently much interpolated), the steady defence of Nicodemus, the persecution of the pious Joseph, the cloth wound round the crucified Saviour, the crown of thorns still retained on the brow, the account given by the centurion to Pilate, and the distress of that unjust man and his wife, which all tend to make us regard these interpolated, but still very ancient, records with a greater interest than we can feel for any other member of the apocryphal family.

8. The second part of this Gospel of Nicodemus, or the *Descensus*, as it is now usually termed, is a very different pro-

* It appears to have been a prevalent tradition among the Greek Fathers, that our Lord rose *μερούσης τῆς νυκτός*; see Routh, *Reliq. Sacr.*, Vol. II., p. 385, *Conc. Trull.*, Can. 89, and the commentators Balsamon and Zonaras on this canon. Gregory, of Nyssa, however, in his second discourse on the Resurrection, expressly says that the hour was unknown.

duction. Though apparently of an antiquity very little inferior to the *Acta*, and though also written under similar circumstances and with a similar design, it still passes at once into a different province of composition, and can be only regarded as an emanation from pious fraud,—an ancient fiction that was an embodiment both of ancient Jewish expectations with respect to the Messiah's coming and of actually received Christian doctrine. The author, it would seem, was a Christian of Jewish extraction, whose object was to show how conviction was finally wrought upon those who condemned his Master, and to exhibit the complete triumph of the truth. He might, as some critics seem disposed to think, have been influenced by Gnostic sentiments (as some of this sect seem to have held the doctrine of the descent into Hell), or he may, more probably, have been free from all heretical taint, and only a steady supporter of the doctrine which was current in the second century, and finds its place in the writings both of Irenæus and Tertullian,—viz., that Christ personally emancipated from Hades the prophets and holy men who were there awaiting His coming. The Jewish belief of the rising of the saints upon the coming of the Messiah* would also lend to a writer, apparently originally of that faith, some little additional bias. The present document was perhaps, like the *Acta*, an enlarged edition of some older document which at that time had a separate existence, and was not necessarily connected, though contemporary with, the more historical composition. Though we can here only pause to give a very hasty summary of what is so eminently unhistorical, we may still recommend the original to the curious reader as involving several points of considerable dogmatical interest. The following is an outline of the narrative:—

Joseph of Arimathea, wishing finally to convince Annas and Caiaphas and others, mentions that among those who arose at our Saviour's crucifixion, were two sons of Simeon, Charinus and Leuthius, who were now actually alive again in their own city, living a life of mystic silence and assiduous prayer. They are brought with great respect into the Synagogue at Jerusalem, and when adjured to relate their experiences, consent only to write. The account of each was verbatim the same, and was as follows. They were with the fathers in Hades, when, lo! a golden sunlight entered that abode of darkness and announced the coming deliverance. Adam tells them, through Seth, what he had heard from Michael, how Christ was to lead him back to Paradise. All is exultation on

* See Eisenmenger's *Entd. Judenthum*, Vol. II., p. 897.

the part of the Saints, all preparation on the part of Satan and Hades,* the latter of whom dreads and deprecates the coming of Jesus. Suddenly a voice as of thunders rolls through those silent realms, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors.† The Saints break forth into crying and joy. Again the voice of power is heard, and the Lord enters in the form of a man (ὡς περ ἄνθρωπος)‡ and floods with light the abodes of darkness. Hades is vanquished; Satan is given into his custody, and is reproached by Hades in language of notable power. Our Lord then turns to the Saints, signs Adam first, and then all the patriarchs, and prophets, and martyrs,§ with the sign of the cross, and holding Adam by the hand leads all into Paradise, and gives them to the Archangel Michael. As they enter, they see Enoch and Elijah, who are there still in their bodies, and who are fated to descend on earth and be slain by Antichrist.|| As they pass on, they meet with the accepted malefactor, who had been admitted into Paradise, and was waiting to join the rest of the blessed.—Charinus and Leuthius deliver up the documents and are no more seen.

The remaining documents in Tischendorf,—the *Anaphora Pilati* and the *Paradosis Pilati* serve to complete the apocryphal history of the crucifixion, and of the unjust judge who decreed it, but scarcely have sufficient claims to induce us to prolong a paper that has already exceeded its proper limits. They are just worth reading, and may be made some use of in illustrating and expanding the *Acta Pilati*. The *Narratio Josephi*, which, with the other two, was published by Birch, in his *Auctarium*, belongs to this group; it was treated with contempt by Thilo, and certainly does seem in some measure

* The representation of Hades as a personality, it will be remembered, occurs more than once in the New Testament; e.g. Rev. i. 18, vi. 8, xx. 13; comp. 1 Cor. xv. 55.

† These words, though usually referred to the Ascension (Justin M., Theodoret al.) are referred by a few ecclesiastical writers to the Descent. See Hofmann, *Leben Jesu*, p. 442.

‡ This is curious as showing the belief of the writer in a soul invested with some sort of distinctive corporiety, ethereal or otherwise: comp. Irenæus, *Hæc.*, ii., 31, 62. Enoch and Elias, it will be observed, are expressly said to be present with their bodies, never having died.

§ It might at first seem as if our Lord were represented as having taken all, good and evil, out of Hades. The writer appears afterwards to limit himself to the former. So also the early ecclesiastical writers who alluded to the Descent; compare Irenæus, *Hæc.*, iv. 39, Tertullian, *de Animâ*, § 55.

|| So also Tertullian *de Animâ*, § 50, who speaks of Enoch and Elias being reserved—'ut Antichristum sanguine suo extinguant.' The Patristic Expositors of the Revelation regard them as the two witnesses.

to deserve it, being little more than a piece of patchwork out of the Gospel of Nicodemus. It, however, seems to have found some favour with mediæval readers. To their admirers in our own times, we must for the present be content to leave it.

Our survey of the apocryphal gospels, necessarily somewhat hasty and imperfect, must now be brought to a conclusion. Enough, however, we hope, has been said to give the general reader some little knowledge of their origin, character, and contents; and to show that, though in many respects absurd and incoherent, they still are not wholly beneath the notice of the intelligent scholar. But the historian must not expect too much; the *Protevangel*, and especially the *Acta Pilati*, offer the fairest prospect of yielding supplementary facts to the canonical narratives. Still, after our enumeration of the few and scattered fragments of probable history, which seemed all that it was possible to collect out of the incoherent mass, we dare not hope to add much to what is already known. The archæologist has, however, a better opening. Scripture may receive from these documents several illustrations; early dogmatical opinions, both orthodox and heterodox, are here often not obscurely stated; above all, early legends may, by their means, be frequently traced up to their original sources; widely diffused traditions may often be connected and harmonized. Hofmann has done much good service in his *Leben Jesu*, but the subject is by no means exhausted. We earnestly hope this notice will induce some English scholar to still show us, in a cautious and critical spirit, what real and trustworthy elucidation Scripture may yet, in part, expect to receive from the Apocryphal Gospels.

C. J. E.





THE PROTESTANT CHURCH AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

IN giving a short account of the history and present prospects of the Protestant Church in France, I do not intend to enter upon any of the doctrinal controversies which have divided it of late, and which would be of little interest to the general reader; besides, they have often been mixed up with questions of persons, most of whom are now living, and whose motives and determinations I do not feel called upon to examine. My object is to give a short sketch of the revival and relative prosperity of the Reformed Church, after a period of unexampled persecution, and its state at the present day, and, in particular, to trace the gradual development of religious liberty in France, and its steady progress, notwithstanding the opposition of the Catholic clergy and the ill-will of a centralizing and often arbitrary government. Religious liberty is everywhere a subject of deep interest. Where should it be more so than in England; over whose fortunes it has exercised such paramount influence—whom it has emancipated from Popery and rescued from Infidelity?

The persecution which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, was one of unparalleled severity in the melancholy annals of religious animosity. For many years before the Protestants had been subjected to numerous and constantly-increasing vexations; but the Edict of 1685 rendered the open exercise of the Protestant form of worship impossible in France. The churches were everywhere pulled down; the property of the consistories, of the ministers, and of Protestants who had left the country, was confiscated; marriages between Protestants were declared illegal, and their children bastards. Vast numbers left the country, and settled in different parts of Europe—chiefly in England and in Holland. The Government of Louis XIV. at last became aware of the great loss inflicted on France by the exile of so many peaceful, intelligent, and wealthy citizens, and in 1699 all Protestants

who attempted to leave the kingdom were made subject to the penalty of the galleys. Many other odious measures were decreed during the last years of the reign of Louis XIV., and renewed under the despicable and immoral government of his successor. In 1724 it was re-enacted that the Catholic religion alone could be professed in France: ministers convicted of having preached were to be condemned to death; the children of Protestants were to be baptized and brought up as Catholics; and physicians were compelled to call in Catholic priests to the bedside of their Protestant patients. Never had persecution been more complete and unrelenting; never had it less than in the eighteenth century the palliative of religious fanaticism and ardent devotion: the men who persecuted the Protestants were generally sceptics, and often men of gross immorality.

During the latter half of the eighteenth century the persecution relaxed a little, partly owing to the want of objects to persecute, partly from the general spirit of the times. All outward manifestation of the reformed creed had ceased, save in the remote districts of Languedoc and Dauphiné, where a few zealous and daring ministers preached in some sequestered spot, "*au désert*," as it was emphatically called, or in the Cévenne mountains, where the desperate resistance of the inhabitants, known under the name of Camisards, had rendered the Catholic authorities less eager to interfere with their dangerous neighbours. Still great numbers remained Protestants at heart, some conforming outwardly to Catholicism, while others preferred to see their children bastards and their wives concubines in the eye of the law rather than abjure the faith for which their fathers had suffered. Such was the state of the Protestants in France when the influence of Voltaire and his school, and the wide spread of Infidelity, began to lessen the respect for the established religion and for religious opinions of every kind. The philosophers, and Voltaire in particular, pleaded, with surpassing talent, the cause of the oppressed Protestants, not from sympathy for their principles, but from compassion for their sufferings, from hostility to the Catholic clergy, and because they considered it absurd and unphilosophical to persecute men for such trifles—for praying God in bad French, as was remarked by Voltaire. Every Protestant will remember with gratitude the eloquent appeals of Voltaire on behalf of the martyred Calas, but he will deplore that religious liberty owed its triumph to the bitterest enemy of all religion.

From time to time the intolerant spirit of the clergy and magistrates in the South of France broke out afresh; and as

late as 1767 a Protestant minister was condemned to death by the Parliament of Grenoble for preaching in the open air. At last, the accession of Louis XVI., in 1774, gave the signal for general toleration; all the odious laws remained unrepealed, but they were suffered to fall into disuse. The appointment of Necker, a Swiss and a Protestant, to the important post of finance minister, showed that a new state of things was about to begin: such a choice would have been impossible a few years before. Finally, in 1787, influenced chiefly by the advice of the celebrated Malesherbes, Louis XVI. promulgated an edict, by which the Protestants were restored to the enjoyment of their civil rights: their marriages were recognised by law; they were allowed to transmit their property legally to their children, and to celebrate their religious worship. Numbers immediately declared themselves Protestants, whom fear or interest had hitherto restrained; others, who had steadily adhered to their faith throughout the persecution, now presented themselves before the district officers, to have their births and marriages registered; in many cases, old men came surrounded by their families, and registered their own births, together with those of their children and grandchildren. The edict of Louis XVI. was a great step: the Protestants had now obtained toleration; they soon obtained religious liberty, never to lose it again altogether.

Two years later the Revolution broke out. The National Assembly proclaimed, in its Declaration of Rights, 'That all citizens are equal in the eyes of the law, and are equally admissible to all dignities, places, and public employments, without any distinction but that arising from their virtues and talents.' The Constituent Assembly, in 1790, went further than its predecessor: it attacked the Catholic Church itself, by decreeing the Civil Constitution of the clergy, and thus breaking off the dependence of the French Catholic Church upon that of Rome. At the same time, it restored to the descendants of Protestants such of their property as had been confiscated, and remained in the hands of the State; and in December, 1790, it passed a remarkable law, by which any person, by merely proving his descent in either line from a French Protestant refugee, who had been at any time obliged to leave France on account of his religious opinions, was entitled to resume the rights and privileges of a Frenchman, and was considered as a born Frenchman. This law, a tardy atonement for the atrocious edicts of Louis XIV., is still in force, and its benefit has been claimed, within a very few years, by descendants of refugees settled in Germany or Switzerland; and any member of the numerous English families descended

from French Protestant refugees, might now become a Frenchman, simply by proving his descent, and taking an oath of allegiance to the country of his ancestors.

In the year 1790, the Protestants in France enjoyed complete religious liberty—a privilege new and strange to men who had but lately seen their ministers put to death, and their brethren sent to the galleys. But within a very short time religion of every kind, Popish or Protestant, was proscribed, and the Goddess of Reason became the only recognised divinity in France. This state of things lasted till Buonaparte became First Consul: one of his first and most important measures was to restore Christian worship in France. He established both the Catholic and Reformed Churches on a footing which has been little changed since; with the Pope he concluded, in 1801, the celebrated Concordat; and in the following year he promulgated a law which settled the organization of the Protestant Churches, and regulated their intercourse with Government. Let us examine the position of the Protestants under this law, known in France as the law of the 18th Germinal an X. (April 7, 1802).

The general character of the law, as well as of that which regulated the Catholic establishments, is to put the Church in the hands and under the control of Government. At first sight, the regulations seem much the same as those sanctioned by the ancient custom of the Reformed Church of France; but upon examination it appears that several important changes have been introduced. In the first place, it is laid down that no doctrinal decision, no formulary under the name of confession, or any other name, shall be published without the assent of Government; the same to apply to any change in the discipline of the churches; the synods, whose duty it is to examine all matters connected with the doctrine or government of the Church, cannot publish their decisions without permission; finally, all differences arising between ministers of the Church must be referred to the Council of State, and not to the synods, as formerly. In this way the whole government of the Reformed Church, and the decision of all points of doctrine, in so far as they can be published or taught by authority, remains with the civil power—that is, with the Council of State and the Minister of Public Worship,—of course invariably Catholics, and, consequently, either hostile or indifferent.

The internal government of the Reformed Churches is entrusted to pastors, local consistories, and synods. There shall be a consistorial church for every six thousand souls. Five consistorial churches form a synod. The consistory is a

board generally composed of twelve elders, besides the pastor, or pastors: it is chosen from among the 'notable members' of the Church, defined by the law as 'those who pay most taxes; every second year one half of the consistory is renewed, and the new elders are chosen by the consistory itself, with the assistance of twelve other 'notable members.' The ancient custom of the Church was, to select from the whole body of the people; whereas the new organization establishes a sort of oligarchy within the Church, contrary to its spirit and tradition. Formerly, also, the consistory was presided over by each pastor in succession, and all pastors were on a perfect footing of equality; now, the president is always to be the senior pastor; he is to be the sole channel of intercourse between the consistory and Government. This slight change is not without importance; and in the larger churches it gives the president great power, particularly that of obstructing any measure which may have been decided upon in opposition to his views. He alone corresponds with the civil authorities; he receives their orders, and often executes them without referring to the consistory; he is looked upon by Government not only as the natural intermediary between it and the consistory, but sometimes as a sort of agent, whose duty it is to superintend and direct the consistory. This is quite contrary to the Calvinistic principle: 'it is not yet Episcopacy,' says an eminent Protestant writer; 'but it is precisely that which led to Episcopacy.' The duties of a consistory are of a purely local character, somewhat analogous to those of an English vestry and churchwardens: it manages the funds of the Church, and votes subscriptions for particular objects, such as an additional stipend to the pastors, repairs, and so forth. A consistory often embraces several churches within its jurisdiction; it generally represents a large church, together with the smaller ones in the vicinity.

Above the consistories are the synods, composed of the delegates of five consistorial churches, each of which sends one of its pastors and one of its elders to the synod: it can only meet in the presence of the prefect or sub-prefect of the district, and with the permission of Government. This arrangement is similar to that of the old Church, which had its provincial synods, formed by delegates from all the churches of a province. Above the provincial synods there was formerly a general synod, composed of deputies from each province; it was an assembly of great importance, and at all times looked upon by Government with undisguised jealousy, for it represented the whole body of French Protestants, and possessed considerable means of action. In the law of 1802,

the general synods are omitted altogether; and, in point of fact, the provincial synods have never been allowed to meet, although an assembly of ten members could never be very formidable. The numerous *régimes* which have ruled over France since 1802 have been unanimous on this point, from various reasons: the Imperial Government probably from pure love of despotism, and its aversion to anything like a meeting of freely-elected deputies, or perhaps from opposition to the Catholic clergy, whose synods must have been authorized as well as those of the Protestants. Under the Restoration the opposite motives prevailed: ministers feared to displease the Catholics by giving the Protestants an apparent satisfaction, however meagre in reality. In short, at all times, and notwithstanding repeated solicitations, the permission has been uniformly refused. The want of some collective agency—of some body of men whose duty it was to lay the wants and complaints of the Protestants before Government,—has been much felt. Each consistorial church has hitherto separately communicated with Government, generally through the prefects of departments,—at whose mercy they are, in a great measure. Lately, in 1852, something was done to remedy this state of things, and modifications were introduced into the constitution of the Reformed Church, to which I shall advert hereafter.

It is evident that forms and restrictions such as I have described are totally unsuited to a Protestant Church, whose very essence and life consists in complete freedom; which must possess the power of modifying its discipline, its mode of action, and even certain points of its teaching, according to the spirit of the times, its numbers, its composition. The Reformed Church cannot be thrown into a given mould, and be condemned to retain a given shape for ever; its principle is reform and progress, whereas with its present legal organization it must needs be an inanimate body: each separate consistory dare not legislate for itself, far less for others. We shall see in the course of this essay the results of this state of compression, and the partial remedies which have been devised in order to escape from it.

The extreme jealousy with which the Imperial Government looked upon all healthy and active religious life was not confined to the Protestant Church alone; the Catholics had their full share of it. The Emperor Napoleon was personally well disposed towards the Protestants, and gave them many proofs of his goodwill,—more perhaps than any subsequent *régime*. At his coronation, in 1804, when the deputation of Protestant pastors was presented to him, he received them most graciously,

and went so far as to say to them, "If any one of my family, being my successor on the throne, should tamper with religious liberty, I authorize you to brand him with the name of Nero." These memorable words have been, on a late occasion, laid before his nephew, the present Emperor, and he has not been unmindful of them. On another occasion, in 1810, when the Dutch and Belgian clergy were being presented to him, he contrasted the conduct of the Catholic clergy with that of their Protestant brethren, and amongst other things said to the former, 'Had I not found in the religion of Bossuet the means of insuring the independence of the civil power, I should have freed France from the dominion of Rome, and forty millions of men would have followed me.' It should be remembered, however, that the French empire contained at that time whole provinces on the Rhine and the Scheldt, inhabited by Protestants, whom Napoleon was anxious to conciliate. In France, many Protestant communities were without places of worship: the Emperor granted them pecuniary assistance and churches, in many instances old churches which had become national property, and were not required for the Catholic worship. Such is the case at Paris, at Rouen, and in other towns: one of the Protestant churches at Paris is still called *Ste. Marie*, and another the *Oratoire*, having once belonged to the Oratorians.

Thus, although unfavourable to its life and internal development, the Imperial Government was of great benefit to the Reformed Church, as far as externals are concerned. It placed the Protestants on a thoroughly equal footing with the Catholics; it raised their social condition, and put an end forever to that feeling which in many parts of France caused them to be considered as beings of a lower order, and outcasts from society. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that the downfall of Napoleon was looked upon with dismay by the Protestants, particularly in the South of France, where the recollection of persecution was still lively, and where sectarian animosity still existed in such a degree that they needed the strong arm of the Imperial Government to protect them against the fanaticism of their Catholic neighbours. Their apprehensions were not without foundation, as the event proved.

In 1815, after the second restoration of the Bourbons, when Napoleon's fortunes were fallen for ever, the Protestant population of Nismes and the surrounding department of the Gard was alarmed by the threats and hostile attitude of the Catholics. The threats were soon carried into execution, and in a short space of time the northern half of the department, that inhabited chiefly by Protestants, became one scene of

violence, rapine, and bloodshed. For a long time the local authorities did not interfere, being either paralysed by fear, or devoted to the Catholic interest; not even the visit of the Duke of Angoulême, nephew of Louis XVIII., and the protection he promised to the Protestants, could produce any effect upon the bands of Catholic rabble, who, instigated by royalist chiefs, were allowed to parade Nismes and the surrounding districts, shouting out songs, the burden of which was, 'we will wash our hands in the blood of the Protestants.' The Duke of Angoulême had given positive instructions that the Protestants should be protected, and their churches reopened for public worship, and he had charged General Lagarde, who commanded the troops in the district, to see his orders executed. On the following Sunday, one of the churches was opened, and a small number of Protestants went there, protected by soldiery; but at the end of the service, when they issued from the church, a fearful tumult began, and the General, while endeavouring to restore order, was deliberately murdered by a sergeant of the National Guard of Nismes; the soldiers were driven to their barracks, forced to surrender their arms, and then fired upon, and many of them butchered by the infuriated populace. The local authorities, frightened at these enormities, were obliged to call in four thousand Austrians, who happened to be quartered in the neighbourhood, and the town was occupied by them some time. This restored tranquillity for a time, but the disturbances were renewed at intervals till 1818, when the Protestants were allowed to breathe. In 1819 fresh outbursts of fanaticism occurred; but now the Protestants, who had patiently endured three years of persecution, took to arms and determined to resist: Nismes was divided between two hostile bands, ready to come to blows, and the department was on the verge of civil war; however, the cowardly persecutors of the Protestants took the alarm, several citizens of eminence interposed between the two parties, and bloodshed was avoided. Gradually the country became quiet, and the Protestants enjoyed again that security, although not that protection, to which they had been accustomed under the Empire.

These crimes were committed in the name of royalism and with the support of the most devoted adherents of the Catholic throne and altar; and such was the power of the ultra-royalist party during the first years of the Restoration, that the events of Nismes were hardly mentioned in public. In 1815, when a Catholic and royalist member of the Chamber of Deputies, Voyer d'Argenson, attempted to draw the attention of the House to the sinister reports in circulation, his voice

was drowned by imprecations, and he was called to order. It was not till March, 1819, that, in the course of a debate about some modification of the electoral law, the whole truth came out. Count de St. Aulaire, who had presided at the elections of 1818, at Nismes, and M. de Serres, Minister of Justice, exposed the facts in their naked truth. They related the murder of General Lagarde, the numerous excesses committed by the *Verdelets* (this was the name given to the bands of Catholic ruffians, on account of the green and white ribands they wore); they showed how it had been impossible to obtain a verdict against their leaders, when at last they were arrested; for such was the intimidation used against the Protestant witnesses, that none dared appear at the trial; finally, they laid the whole blame at the door of the ministers of 1815,—who had allowed so much innocent blood to be shed.

In England much sympathy was aroused, and meetings were held in the principal towns in favour of the Protestants. The Duke of Wellington was appealed to; unfortunately he allowed himself to be misled by the chiefs of the ultra-royalist party, and instead of ascertaining in an independent manner the true state of the case, he went so far as to write a letter, which was published in all the royalist papers, stating that 'much misinformation existed with regard to the events in the south, and that what disorders had occurred were solely to be attributed to political opinions, and to the recollection of excesses committed by revolutionists and Bonapartists.' All-powerful as the duke was at that time, his letter did much harm to the Protestants, and encouraged their enemies in proportion. At last, in May, 1816, Sir Samuel Romilly, himself descended from a French refugee, brought the matter before Parliament, and moved that an address be presented to the Prince Regent, on the subject of the persecutions in the South of France; he was ably supported by Mr. Brougham. This debate drew general attention to the events of Nismes all over Europe, and at last compelled the French Government to interfere.

In France also, the cause of the Protestants became one of general interest. The mass of the population was fast getting tired of the ultra-royalist party and its excesses; it saw, in the events of the south, the manifestation of the spirit which pervaded the Government in the first days of the Restoration, and which, after a short lull, broke out with fresh intensity after the death of Louis XVIII., under his successor, Charles X. Louis XVIII. was personally favourable to the religious liberty of his subjects; himself a free-thinker, he

cared little about religious matters; but Charles X. was a bigoted Catholic, full of the most exalted notions of divine right—a monarch, in some respects, not unlike James II. of England. The Jesuits became all-powerful; a Catholic association, known under the name of ‘the congregation,’ and reckoning amongst its members most of the ministers, became the real Government of the country. Under their rule, not only the Protestants, but all classes of citizens who were not affiliated to the congregation, were subjected to a multitude of petty vexations, for which a powerful and centralized Government affords so many facilities.

Upon the whole, however, the Protestants, except in the department of the Gard, were not generally molested under the Government of the Restoration. There were many isolated cases of local vexation and petty persecution, but no general measure directed against them. In some cases, as at Nérac, the Protestants were arbitrarily deprived of an old Catholic Church, which they had used for twenty years, and which was their property. Mixed marriages between Protestants and Catholics, which are of frequent occurrence in France, became almost impossible, the Catholic priests generally refusing to perform the marriage ceremony. There is one species of vexation which deserves to be more particularly noticed, and which would undoubtedly have become general, had it not been for the energetic resistance both of some consistories and of some individual Protestants. The Charta of 1814 had declared that the Catholic religion was the State religion, but at the same time it placed all the forms of worship on a footing of equality before the law. The name of State religion was universally understood as an honorary distinction, due to the form of worship preferred by the great majority of the French people. For instance, on all public occasions the Catholic priests took precedence of the Protestant clergy; the corporate bodies, either municipal or judicial, were presumed to be Catholic; these distinctions were but fair and even necessary. But the ultramontane faction, not satisfied with these and other advantages, claimed for certain ceremonies of the Catholic worship the direct participation of the Protestant population, on the ground that they were State ceremonies. Amongst other things, the Protestants were required to ornament their houses with flowers and hangings along the streets where the Catholic processions passed; many acquiesced, but others refused to comply with an injunction which violated both the National Charta and the discipline of the Reformed Church. The case was brought before the tribunals in several towns of the South of France, and the Protestants were

condemned to fines. One of them, however, Paul Roman, of Lourmarin, determined to appeal, and his cause was ultimately tried in November, 1819, before the Court of Cassation, the highest court in the realm. The trial, known in France as the '*affaire des tentures*,' excited great interest at the time; and the decision of the supreme court, declaring the injunction illegal and contrary to the Charta, was hailed with general satisfaction; it was on this occasion that Odilon Barrot first spoke on behalf of religious liberty, a cause which has had few more zealous advocates than that eminent speaker and consistent politician.

In 1825, the ministry proposed and carried the famous Law of Sacrilege, which openly and deliberately set aside the principle of religious equality guaranteed by the Charta; its chief enactment was, that any profanation of the sacred vessels used in the mass, or that of the sacred wafer, should be punished with death; whereas a similar profanation committed in a Protestant Church only made the culprit liable to imprisonment. The law, as was observed by Royer-Collard, made the dogmas of the Catholic religion legal truths, binding Protestants as well as Catholics; for there could not be sacrilege in the eye of the law, unless the real presence was a legal truth; whereas it was notorious that many citizens, both Protestants and others, did not believe in it. The Minister for Ecclesiastical Affairs answered, that the religion of the State was the Catholic religion; and therefore the State professed the dogma of the real presence. This strange argument was quite sufficient for the ultramontane majority, and the law was passed. In the House of Peers, a Catholic prelate, unmindful of the feeling of horror which his words excited among his hearers, dared to defend the law by saying that, after all, it only forestalled Divine justice, by sending the criminal a little sooner into the presence of his Maker, whom he had insulted. The Law of Sacrilege was never put into execution, but the debates left a painful impression in the country, and it was undoubtedly one of the measures which most hastened the downfall of the Bourbons. The hostility of the ultramontane clergy turned to the advantage of the Protestants; their cause became that of every liberal; and, little by little, religious liberty began to be thoroughly understood and appreciated by all enlightened men, and became an important item of their political creed.

For the Protestant Church itself these petty vexations were of great benefit. The fear of losing their religious liberty led the Protestants to exert themselves—to be on their guard; it rekindled among them that life and earnestness which perse-

cution always arouses, and which they had lost in a great measure under the high-handed protection of the Imperial Government. Many Protestants, distinguished by their rank, wealth, or talents, began to take part in the affairs of their Church; among them the most eminent were—Boissy d'Anglas, the Marquis de Jaucourt, Baron de Staël, Admiral Ver Huel, Benjamin Delessert, Stapfer, and Samuel Vincent. With their assistance, or active co-operation, several religious societies were founded; amongst others, the Protestant Bible, the Tract and Missionary Societies. The foundation of these societies exercised a most beneficial influence over the Protestant clergy; the annual meetings in May, analogous to those in Exeter Hall, although on a much smaller scale, soon became a yearly solemnity, at which pastors from all parts of France met and conferred together, and were able to discuss points of doctrine or discipline. These assemblies, although destitute of any official character, replaced in some respects the old synods; the pastors living in remote provinces and without intercourse with their colleagues, received support and advice from their brethren at Paris; they felt that they were not isolated from the rest of the Protestant community, and were encouraged and aroused to fresh exertion. In a spiritual point of view, the effect was still more marked. The societies were founded and directed almost exclusively by men of great piety and ability; their influence was soon felt, and the Protestant clergy began to rise from the low state to which it had sunk; Christian and evangelical doctrines gained ground, and replaced the Arian or latitudinarian tenets which had prevailed to a lamentable extent. Among the good men who had a large share in this spiritual regeneration should be noticed Felix Neff, whose labours were chiefly confined to Dauphiné; Oberlin, who preached the Gospel in Alsace; and the Rev. Mark Wilks, who, beginning in 1818, devoted thirty years of his life to spreading the Word of God in France, and whose memory will be long held in affection and reverence by all those who knew him.

The Revolution of 1830, which overthrew a Government exclusively directed by the Catholic clergy, was hailed by the Protestants with satisfaction, and looked upon as opening a new era, one of real and complete liberty in religious matters. In some respects they were not disappointed, in others they found by experience that the spirit of a Government is slow to change, however its forms and even its avowed principles may have been modified. The article in the Charta of 1830, relative to religious liberty, was the same as in that of 1814:—‘Every one professes his religion with equal liberty, and

obtains for his form of worship the same protection.' But the Roman Catholic religion was no longer entitled the State religion, it was simply declared, in the same terms as in the Concordat of 1801, to be the religion professed by the majority of the French nation. This was merely stating a fact, not a principle; nevertheless, before long, the Crown lawyers endeavoured to deduce from it nearly the same consequences as from the Constitution of 1814. The Government of 1830 admitted the Jewish religion to the same advantages as the Christian communities already recognised by law. Before 1830 the Jews were only tolerated; they were now placed on an equal footing with their Christian fellow-citizens, and their priests allowed a salary from the public treasury. This was a decided step in favour of religious liberty; however, it would be erroneous to suppose that this act of justice towards the Jews had by any means the importance that a similar measure would have in England. The Jews are perhaps less numerous in France than in any other country in Europe, and they are not looked upon with the same feelings of aversion which they excite elsewhere, except in Alsace, where their profession of usury had made them odious to the peasantry. Nevertheless, their admission to a complete equality of rights with their Christian fellow-citizens was important, as carrying out a liberal principle to its full extent.

For the first five years of the reign of Louis Philippe, the Protestants of every denomination enjoyed complete religious liberty; they were able to maintain and extend their worship without molestation. This was a time of great prosperity and religious activity in the Church; new societies were formed, churches were built, and finally, the Free Protestant Church was founded by some zealous Christians, who hoped, by renouncing for their ministers the salary allowed by the State, to obtain for their Church complete independence. Here and there some inferior agents of Government threw obstacles in the way of the Protestants, influenced either by local jealousies or personal bigotry; but the higher authorities always interposed in favour of liberty, and seemed determined to adhere to the strict observance of the new Constitution. About 1836, however, a change was observable; petty persecutions began again in different parts of France, directed against every attempt at proselytism on the part of the Protestants, whereas the Catholic preachers and missionaries were left unmolested, and even protected. The Protestants, headed by a certain number of zealous and talented men, resisted in every instance, and by every legal means in their power, the encroachments of Government upon the spirit of the Constitution. They invariably

brought their cause, by successive appeals, from one court to the other, before the Court of Cassation, and never rested till the final decision of that supreme court either sanctioned their claims, or interpreted the law in such a manner as to make all further attempts at resistance useless. This perseverance on the part of the Protestants gave rise to a series of trials, accounts of which were published and circulated in great numbers, and which are of great interest, as furnishing a remarkable instance of steady legal resistance to illegal oppression. I should exceed the bounds of this essay, and weary the patience of my readers, were I to enter into particulars; for the facts of each case, and the legal points at issue, were seldom exactly the same; but the principle at stake was the same throughout, and I trust that a general statement of the French law on religious meetings, and the construction put upon it by the courts of justice, will not be unacceptable to the English reader.

I have already quoted the article of the Chartas of 1814 and 1830, which promises religious liberty to every Frenchman. At first sight, nothing appears plainer and more satisfactory; but the Crown lawyers managed to interpret it in such a manner as to nullify it altogether. In the first place, they argued that it applied only to members of an Established Church—that is, of a church whose ministers received a salary from the Treasury. This was the argument used when members of the Free Church were concerned; it was argued in return, by Odilon Barrot and other advocates, that the article of the Charta was general, and applied to every one, whatever his religious persuasion might be; that, if anything, members of a Free Church were less amenable to the control of Government than members of an Established Church; for the former owed nothing to the State, whereas the latter, by accepting the salary, might be supposed to bind themselves to conform to certain conditions exacted by Government. In the second place, it was pleaded, on the part of the Crown, that there was a wide difference between a form of worship (*culte*), and the open exercise of that form of worship—in other words, that the Charta merely guaranteed liberty of conscience, not liberty of public worship. The Court of Appeal of Orleans, in a memorable judgment delivered in 1837, disposed of this argument by stating ‘that evidently the article of the Charta was not intended simply to protect the freedom of opinions and individual belief, which are amenable only to the conscience, and escape all control of human laws, but rather to ensure the free manifestation of those opinions, by speech or by action—that is, by the practice of certain outward religious ceremonies.’ In the third place,

the adversaries of the Protestants maintained that the words of the Charta, 'Every one obtains an equal protection for his form of worship,' implied that he must first have asked for it, and consequently that no one could hold a religious meeting without the permission of the authorities. This strange interpretation of the Charta is connected with one of the enactments of the Penal Code, well known to all Protestants in France, and the source of almost all their tribulations under the reign of Louis Philippe. By Art. 291 of that Code it is enacted that 'No association of more than twenty individuals, whose object is to meet every day, or on certain fixed days, to occupy themselves with religious, literary, political, or other matters, shall be formed, except with the consent of Government, and under such conditions as the authorities choose to determine.' The two following Articles determine the penalties for the infringement of the law, and Art. 294 extends the liability to any one who shall have lent or let his house or rooms to the association. The law was explicit, but could it be reconciled with the liberty promised in the Charta? The Penal Code was promulgated in 1810, during the Empire, and it was argued by the Protestants that Art. 291 was implicitly abrogated, as far as religious meetings were concerned, by the Chartas of 1814 and 1830. The courts of law were divided on the subject; the Court of Appeal of Laon, in 1829, and the Court of Orleans, in 1838, ruled that Art. 291 was incompatible with the Charta, and consequently virtually abrogated; other courts judged differently, and, strange to say, the Court of Cassation adopted first one view and then the other. In 1830 it confirmed the judgment of the Court of Laon, and declared that 'associations of more than twenty persons, for the exercise of public worship, are not among those mentioned in Art. 291, and do not require to be authorized by the municipal authorities.' In 1842, the Court of Cassation thought differently, and in the case of the Protestants of Senneville, it ruled that Art. 291 was still in force, and that the consent of the authorities was necessary; it has ever since persisted in this interpretation of the law. In this way the Protestants were debarred from the right of holding religious meetings, in all places where Protestant churches did not exist previously; for in nine cases out of ten the local authorities refused the required permission. Thus, not only all extension of the Reformed Church was rendered exceedingly difficult, but, in places where the Protestants were too few in number to have a regular pastor, they were often unable to obtain any spiritual assistance whatsoever. Art. 291 is evidently at variance with the most elementary principles of religious

liberty; for, to use the words of the Court of Orleans, 'to admit the necessity for citizens to solicit the consent of Government, is to recognise in Government the power of refusing, and thereby making a delusion of one of the most precious rights of man.'

In April, 1834, after some serious political disturbances, ministers obtained the sanction of the Chambers for a law on associations, similar to Art. 291, but more detailed and more stringent in its provisions. Several members moved amendments in order to except all religious meetings from the action of the law, but the Minister of Public Worship declared, in the most emphatic manner, that the law would never be applied to meetings of a purely religious character, and that the word 'religious' had been inserted in order to prevent political associations being formed under the cloak of religion; the House was satisfied with this explanation, and the amendments were rejected. Nevertheless, before long, the law of 1834 was applied to religious meetings in the same way as Art. 291.

Such was the state of the law during the reign of Louis Philippe: its spirit was favourable to the Protestants, but its letter was against them. As long as the Government chose to follow a liberal policy there was nothing in the law to hinder Protestants from the most unbounded exercise of religious liberty; but when the policy of the Court and ministers was modified, they were able easily to find in these same laws the means of molesting the Protestants in the enjoyment of their undoubted rights. After 1838 the Catholic clergy, encouraged by their increasing influence at Court, seized eagerly upon the means of annoyance which the law afforded them against the Protestants; numerous trials ensued, resulting sometimes in acquittals, sometimes in fines and imprisonments. At last a case occurred which excited general alarm and indignation among the Protestants, and brought the cause of religious liberty before the Chambers.

In 1842, at Senneville, a small village near Mantes, a clergyman began preaching, at the request of several Protestant inhabitants, in a chapel built and owned by them, and continued, notwithstanding the opposition of the mayor. One Sunday, shortly after, the chapel was surrounded by troops, the keys taken from the owners, the chapel closed, and the clergyman given ten minutes to leave the parish. The case went before the tribunals, and the clergyman was condemned to a fine, in accordance with Art. 291 of the Penal Code: the Court of Cassation confirmed the judgment. About the same time there occurred several instances of Catholic aggression in Alsace, where the Protestants of the Lutheran

communion are numerous and powerful, and have always been treated with peculiar gentleness by the French Government, because Alsace is a border province, and one of the last added to the French monarchy. In many Alsatian villages it has long been the custom that the church should be shared by the two communions—Catholic and Lutheran, one taking the nave, the other the choir. At Baldenheim the Catholic priest was bold enough to have the pews of the Protestants torn up and thrown out of the church; and he went so far as to have the tombs of the old Protestant lords of Baldenheim broken open, and their contents thrown pell-mell into a hole outside the church. The Protestants, infuriated at this outrage, rushed to arms, and bloodshed was with great difficulty prevented.

These, and other occurrences of a similar character, excited alarm among the Protestants, and indignation among all public men belonging to the liberal party. In 1843 several petitions in favour of religious liberty were laid before the Chambers. In the House of Peers a long debate took place when the Report upon the petitions was laid before the House; the Minister of Justice spoke against them, and even Barthe, one of the members of the Cabinet of 1834, and the same who had solemnly declared that the law on associations should never be applied to religious meetings, now opposed the petitions. The Duc de Broglie, also a minister in 1834, indignant at this strange want of faith, rose to speak in favour of the petitions; he quoted the words used in 1834 by his former colleague, contrasted them with the speech he had just heard, and ended by calling upon Government to propose a new law, establishing clearly, and for ever, the perfect equality of all religious communions, and laying down uniform rules for the exercise of public worship. Notwithstanding this forcible appeal, the Peers rejected the petitions by a large majority. Similar addresses had been sent to the Chamber of Deputies; but the Ministry managed by different artifices to bring the session to a close without their having been reported upon to the House.

Early in the following session (1844), ninety petitions, from all parts of France, were laid before the deputies, and Government could no longer prevent their being taken into consideration. The Report of the committee was drawn up by Count d'Haussonville, son-in-law of the Duc de Broglie, a man whose sincere attachment to the liberties of his country has since been signally proved, and has never quailed before successful despotism. He discussed the law of 1834, and Art. 291 of the Penal Code, and showed clearly that they were not intended to apply to religious meetings, and, like the Duc

de Broglie in the House of Peers, he claimed the introduction of a comprehensive measure which should put an end to the contradictory interpretations of the courts of law, and insure religious liberty for every citizen, whether belonging to an established or to a free Church. Several deputies spoke with great force on the same side; Count de Gasparin, in the name of religion and the Protestant petitioners, and Odilon Barrot and Isambert, in the name of the liberal opposition. The debate lasted two days; and, notwithstanding the efforts of the Ministry, the House affirmed the conclusions of the Report by a majority of 17. Strange to say, there were two Protestant members who voted with the minority.

This unequivocal manifestation of the national feeling with regard to religious liberty led to no result; the Ministry never proposed the long-expected law, and things remained unchanged till the revolution of 1848. One of the last acts of the Court of Cassation, under the reign of Louis Philippe, was to condemn, in January, 1848, the pastor of the Baptist Church at Chauny, for having held religious meetings without an authority, which he had repeatedly solicited, and which had been uniformly refused. It transpired, in the course of the trial, that the prosecution had been commenced at the instigation of the Bishop of Soissons; and a letter to that effect, written by him to the prefect of the department, was read before the court. The matter was again laid before the Chamber of Deputies; and one of its last sittings, a few hours before the revolution of February, 1848, was occupied by a debate on the subject of religious liberty.

The revolution of 1848 was, in its ultimate consequences, an event unfavourable to religious liberty. Doubtless, in 1848 and 1849, the Protestants obtained all that they had long struggled for, and in some cases more than they could have expected; but the reaction which followed was fatal to religious as well as to political liberty, and at the present day the Protestants are further from the goal than they were in January, 1848; for the state of the law is much the same, and there is no longer a free press and a free Parliament to control the actions of Government.

However, the immediate result of the Revolution was to establish unlimited religious liberty. The Republican Constitution of 1848 was explicit on the subject: it declared that 'Every one professes his religion in freedom, and receives from the State equal protection for the exercise of his worship. The ministers of the communions, either actually established, or of those which may be hereafter established, have a right to receive a salary from the State.' The substance of the Article

is the same as that of 1830; but the wording is more careful, so that no doubt can arise as to its interpretation. It was explained, in the course of the debate on the Constitution, by M. Dufaure, the reporter of the committee, that the expression 'established communion' implied no privilege of any kind, but merely that the ministers of that communion received a salary from the Treasury; and this principle was still more explicitly recognised in a ministerial despatch of M. de Falloux in February, 1849. The most remarkable change, however, in the Constitution of 1848 is, that no mention is made of the Roman Catholic religion; the different communions are thus placed on a footing of perfect equality. Finally, in a decree of July, 1848, promulgated soon after the terrible days of June, prohibiting clubs and other political meetings, a clause was inserted, stating that 'the decree was not applicable to meetings whose sole object was the exercise of any kind of religious worship.'

Notwithstanding the new state of the law, the prefect of the department of Haute Vienne instituted proceedings against a pastor for having held meetings without his authorization. The case came on appeal before the Court of Cassation; and in November, 1851, Count Jules Delaborde, the eminent advocate, who, since 1838, had pleaded before the Supreme Court in all cases of religious liberty, had the satisfaction of obtaining a judgment which asserted, in the most unequivocal manner, the reign of entire religious liberty in France.

The great principle had at last triumphed; it had become the law of the land; but its triumph was short indeed. In March, 1852, soon after the *coup d'état*, the President of the Republic issued a fresh decree against clubs and political associations; it abrogated the decree of July, 1848, and declared Art. 291 of the Penal Code applicable to public meetings of every description whatsoever. The enemies of the Protestants soon took advantage of the new law, which was apparently directed against political meetings alone, but which was worded in such a manner as to include religious meetings. Accordingly the pastor of Mamers was prosecuted in the course of 1853; and when the case came before the Supreme Court, it declared that, under the decree of March 1852, no religious meeting could be held without the permission of the authorities.

There was nothing to be done but to submit; the law was formal; there were no longer a Chamber of Deputies to appeal to, and liberal members ready to take the defence of religious freedom; the press was gagged, and the legislative body the mere parody of a representative assembly. The decision of

the Court of Cassation was followed in several places by the arbitrary closing of the places of worship belonging to the Protestants, and particularly to the Free Church. The prefect of the Haute Vienne distinguished himself by his zeal in this crusade. In 1851, he had already made an ineffectual attempt to stop the preaching of the doctrines of the Reformed Church in his department; he now caused all the places of worship and the schools to be closed, and ordered the *gendarmerie*, or mounted police, to prevent by force the Protestants from holding their meetings. But the congregations were determined not to remain without that spiritual instruction which had become a necessity for them, nor would they renounce the faith which they had but recently embraced,—for the Protestants of the Haute Vienne are almost, without exception, converts from Catholicism, and the event has proved that their conversion was sincere. Not being able to meet in their villages without being immediately denounced and dispersed, they met in the woods, in secluded hollows among the hills, and there, under the shadow of some spreading chesnut-tree, such as abound in that part of France, their pastor would preach to them the gospel which they loved to hear, while sentinels posted on the surrounding eminences watched the approaches, and guarded against a surprise. Thus were the *assemblées du désert* once more renewed in France, in the middle of the nineteenth century, and at a time when not one Frenchman in a thousand would believe the thing possible; for in France every one believes in the existence of religious liberty except Government and the priests. These meetings *au désert* continued, notwithstanding the exertions of the local authorities, and the fines imposed upon several poor peasants guilty of having worshipped God after their own fashion. Meanwhile the Minister of Public Worship had been appealed to; the delegates of the Free Church had used every endeavour to obtain from the central authorities at Paris the permission refused by the prefect, but all in vain. At last they resolved, as a last resource, to send a memorial to the Emperor himself, and to ascertain whether it was his will that his subjects should be persecuted for their religious opinions. On the other hand, the peasants who had been fined determined not to pay the fines, but to let their cottages and fields be seized in payment by the agents of the Treasury. This courageous resistance astonished the authorities, who became alarmed at the odium they would incur if they pushed matters to extremities, and certainly contributed to the ultimate success of the proceedings of the Protestant delegates at Paris. The memorial was favourably received by the Emperor; he answered, through

the Minister of Public Worship, that 'His intentions would be ill understood if meetings held with a sincerely religious object were to be interdicted without serious motives.' The answer of the Emperor was communicated to the delegates in November, 1854; but it was not till the spring of 1856 that Protestant worship was re-established in the Haute Vienne, and to the present day the schools have remained closed. In nearly all the other parts of France, where similar vexations have taken place, the authorization is still refused, and it is doubtful whether it will ever be granted.

Such is the history of religious liberty in France, from its origin in 1789 to the present day. In the course of those sixty-five years the Protestant Church has steadily advanced; and, had it not been for the jealous hostility of the Catholic clergy and authorities, it would undoubtedly have acquired much greater extension. In many places whole villages would gladly receive the Protestant ministers of the Gospel, were they allowed to preach the Word of God without let or hindrance; there are many souls thirsting for spiritual instruction whom the empty ceremonies of the Catholic Church and the teaching of an ignorant clergy can no longer satisfy. Let us hope that the obstacles to complete religious liberty may speedily be removed; that soon, wherever a Protestant minister is called, there he may go without fear of interruption; and that the civil power will cease to interfere in matters which belong to God alone. Meanwhile, the Protestants of France will remain true to the cause they have so long defended; their efforts will never flag; and now, as in the days of persecution, it may be said of them, in the words of Théodore de Bèze—

Tant plus à frapper on s'amuse,
Tant plus de marteaux on y use.

Before I take leave of my subject, I have still a few words to say on the internal history of the Protestant Church since 1830. It was shortly after the Revolution of July that the Free Church, which I have had occasion to mention, came into existence; it originated in meetings held by several members of the Established Reformed Church of Paris. Their object was simply to take advantage of the new and more liberal constitution, in order to worship God in common, and to have a place of meeting different from the regular churches, where the preaching was not always of an orthodox or edifying character. They had not, originally, any definite idea of separating from the Established Church; but their increasing numbers and zeal on the one hand, and the coldness and indifference of many of the Protestant clergy on the other, led them, before long, to form the plan of founding a Church

whose doctrine was the same as that of the Reformed Churches of France, but which was independent of the consistories, and consequently able to choose its own pastors, and which declined to accept for the latter any salary from the State. The sacrifice of the stipend allowed by the Treasury is more apparent than real, for it is utterly inadequate to maintain the ministers, and is generally doubled or trebled by the contributions of the consistories; but it makes the consistorial churches subject to all the regulations established by the law of 1802; it binds them to Government, and gives the latter a right of interference on all occasions. This independence as regards Government, naturally led to proselytism on the part of the Free Church: hitherto the Protestants had confined their exertions almost exclusively to members of their own communion, and the religious societies founded before 1830 were authorized by Government on the express understanding that they should not attempt any proselytism among Catholics. In 1833 two new societies were formed—the French and Foreign Bible and the Evangelical Society; their avowed object was to distribute the Scriptures among all classes, and to spread Christian and evangelical doctrines in every possible way. The principal promoters were zealous members of the Free Church, and before long the Evangelical Society became a powerful means of extension for that Church; it maintains catechizers, ministers, and schoolmasters in various parts of France, it assists the Free Churches which are not yet able to maintain themselves; it directs and advises their ministers when they are at variance with the civil authorities, and communicates through delegates with Government on their behalf. Few societies have been more ably and zealously conducted; the prejudice and suspicion which the Free Church at first excited among the elder branches of the Protestant community have now passed away, and the Evangelical Society receives support from all sides; it has become the chief instrument for the increase of Protestantism in France, and the champion of religious liberty on all occasions. Some of the Churches which it has founded have united with neighbouring consistories, and brought a welcome accession of zeal and faith to the established communion, while others have remained independent, and continue to manage their affairs without any assistance from Government; the latter form a sort of confederation, known as the ‘Union des Eglises Evangéliques de France,’ and hold synods at regular intervals, where their deputies, both lay and clerical, discuss their affairs, and examine the claims of new churches to be admitted into the Union. These results are due almost entirely to the labours of the Evangelical Society, which deserves the hearty support

of all those who take interest in the spread of Protestantism in France.

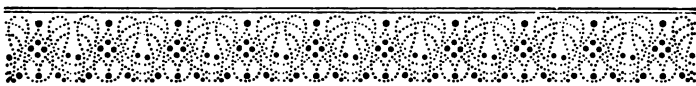
The principle of religious liberty, and in particular the question of the separation of Church and State, were ably advocated from 1831 to 1850, in a paper called the *Semeur*, and conducted by an eminent member of the Free Church, with the co-operation of the late Professor Vinet of Lausanne. That remarkable man, equally distinguished by his talents as a writer, and by his piety as a minister of the Church, published, in 1829, his *Essay on the Manifestation of Religious Opinions*, the conclusion of which is, that a Church, in order to be free, must be perfectly independent of the State, and be bound to it by no ties either of gratitude or of fear. This essay is, perhaps, the most able work ever written on the subject, and is worthy the attention of every serious reader. As far as France and the Reformed Church are concerned, Vinet's conclusions are undeniable. The Free Church of France is not placed in the same position as the dissenting communions in England: its doctrine is the same as that of the Established Church, and most Protestants go indifferently to the places of worship of either, in towns where both are to be found, as at Paris. It differs solely in this, that it is much more independent, and is free to propagate the Protestant faith, to combat the unceasing hostility of the Catholic clergy, and to reclaim some of the millions of infidels, who, under the name of Catholics, form the mass of the population of France. It could not be expected that the Catholic clergy would view with indifference this new and vigorous offshoot of the old Protestant stem; accordingly, it has directed its efforts in a marked manner against the ministers of the Free Church and the agents of the Evangelical Society, particularly since 1848, and it has generally enlisted Government on its side.

I have already mentioned that the internal government of the Reformed Church of France had been lately modified. By a decree of the 26th of March, 1852, the President of the Republic introduced the following changes into the system in force since 1802:—Each church is to be governed by a board of presbyters, elected by the whole of the congregation, and subject to the authority of the consistory. The board of presbyters of the consistorial church is the consistory itself, and the local boards send delegates to it. The pastors are chosen by the consistories on the presentation of the boards of presbyters. Finally, there is to be a central board, composed of fifteen members, chosen by Government, and sitting at Paris; it is to represent the Reformed Churches in its dealings with the Government; to take cognizance of all matters of general interest; to collect the votes of the consistories for

the nomination of professors at the Protestant universities, and send them to the minister, together with its own recommendations. These changes have been so recently introduced, that it is hard to say whether they will be beneficial. The election of the presbyters by the whole body of the congregation is a return to the ancient custom of the Reformed Church. The central board is new, and its efficiency depends entirely on its composition; the members are chosen by Government, and if the first fifteen are to be considered as a fair sample of the composition of the board, it will have but little influence on the affairs of the Protestants, for they appear, with few exceptions, to have been chosen for their social or financial importance rather than their zeal as members of the Church. Had the board been elective, it would have supplied the place of the ancient synods, and afforded effective protection for the interests of the Protestants.

Upon the whole, the present condition of the Reformed Church of France is satisfactory; it has steadily progressed since its re-establishment in 1802, and since 1830 the progress has been more marked and more rapid. The number of churches and of pastors has greatly increased, and the Church is now full of zealous Christians, anxious to promote the knowledge of the gospel by every means in their power. It would be rash, however, to expect any great religious change in France; the French are, as a body, attached to Catholicism from tradition, from love of authority, on account of the lustre shed on literature by many French prelates; but they are, above all, attached to the liberties of the Gallican Church—that is, to a certain independence as regards Rome. Had the French to choose between Protestantism and Spanish or Neapolitan Catholicism, few would hesitate; but they fancy they possess a much more enlightened and liberal form of Catholicism. Many a good Catholic in France lives in a sort of perpetual compromise between attachment to the Catholic establishment and doctrine, and alarm at the things which he is occasionally required to believe by authority, but which his reason repels as absurdities, and his common sense deplures as follies; such have been, of late, sundry miraculous apparitions of the Virgin, and the doctrine of the immaculate conception. Now, as in the sixteenth century, the follies and pretensions of the ultramontane clergy are the best auxiliaries of Protestantism; for they cause men, who otherwise would have remained satisfied or indifferent, to examine the whole Catholic system, to compare it with the Bible, and finally to judge for themselves; and that is all that an enlightened Protestant has a right to demand.

W. H. W.



THE FLY-FISHER AND HIS LIBRARY.

WHATEVER may be the demerits of our English climate, it must, at all events, be confessed that it is especially favourable to the sports of the field. Its changes, frequent and startling as they may be, are yet confined within such limits, that we have seldom a day, or even an hour of daylight either too cold or too hot for a healthy man to enjoy vigorous exercise in the open air, in clothing of moderate thickness. And this is, no doubt, one of the principal physical causes which have made the inhabitants of this island eminently a nation of sportsmen. We are habituated from our boyhood to athletic games in all weathers, and indifference to atmospheric changes grows with our muscular development. And to this Spartan training, quite as much as to any superiority of race, we owe that hardy temperament which not only encounters, but rejoices in, the fatigues of the moor, the hunting field, and the deer forest.

But there is one sport more peculiarly—we had almost said exclusively—British, which seems congenial to us as a nation, from our moral and intellectual, rather than our physical constitution. We are a nation of sportsmen—we are *the* nation of anglers. It is doubtless true, that from a very early date, and in various regions of the world, coarse, unartificial methods of angling have been in use, as occasional substitutes for the net, in taking fish for an article of food. Occasionally, we even find notices of angling resorted to as amusement, as in the celebrated fishing-bout of Mark Antony and his right royal gipsy,* from which Mr. Lover has taken a hint for one of his most comical chapters on Irish hoaxing. But it was reserved for the natives of these islands at once to popularize angling as a most attractive and interesting sport, and, in its

* This classical anecdote connects itself curiously with the evidence traceable in early Egyptian designs, that the inhabitants of that country were among the first to employ the rod and line in taking fish, and that, to all appearance, for sport as well as for profit.

most refined form—we need hardly say that we speak of fly-fishing*—to raise it to the dignity of an elegant and ingenious art, combining in a wonderful degree the active and the contemplative, the practical and the scientific element. I am not ashamed to confess that the anglo-mania has been strong on me from childhood, and that even now, in busy middle-life, I love to recreate myself with a day's fly-fishing.

The very name carries back my fancy to many a pleasant hour—many a lovely scene. Once more afloat on the still bosom of a Hieland loch, I watch with eagerness the dark line widening from its western shore, welcome herald of the breeze that will soon break up the 'mellow reflex' of the landscape around me, and refill the mirror's frame with rippled silver. The purple-robed, gray-headed hills seem closing in upon me; high over head sweeps the eagle, watchful, yet seemingly unterrified; and see, by the foot of yon burnie the roe has stolen forth to drink, from his green couch amid the birches and brackens. Or, knee-deep in a ford of the Teme, where he lingers lovingly, in many a circling sweep, round the ivied cliffs and oak-clad slopes of Downton, I wave a potent, and in that well-proportioned stream, 'all commanding wand' over the rough eddy, sentinelled with watchful trout, or where the quieter run deepens into the haunts of the grayling. Now I seem to hear the hoarse chiding of the Greta, as he chafes along his narrow bed, or the roar of 'old Conway's foaming flood,'—now the gentler murmur of some English stream, rippling through sunny meads, is 'rife and perfect in my listening ear.' The enjoyment of these local memories is heightened to anglers by association with the stirring details of what is always an interesting, often a most exciting sport. We remember where the monarch of the brook, long coy and recusant, was at length fascinated by the drop of the tiniest of midges over his very snout; and where, with our gillie's assistance, we contrived to land three lusty trout together, like the elfin in the ballad, 'a' dancing in a string.' We execrate the treacherous stake which had well-nigh robbed us of a good fish and a cast of flies at once, or bless the memory of the smooth sand-bank, pleasant to weary feet, where we at last headed, turned, and wound in the salmon who had kept the lead for some three

* I do not actually claim the artificial fly as an English invention; for a chapter in *Ælian* (very ingeniously commented on by a writer in *Fraser's Magazine* three years since) clearly describes the taking of some trout-like fish with a rude red hackle, as practised in Macedonia early in the second century. But as neither rod nor line exceeded six feet in length, the process of throwing the 'hippurus' must have been decidedly primitive.

hundred yards down a rocky channel, among stones loose, sharp, and slippery—perilous at once to shins and tackle. How have we enjoyed the early breeze that crisped the stream on a summer morning—the well-earned rest on a mossy bank in the deep, deep hush of noon—and the homeward stroll through the pensive calm of evening.

Independently of the fish and insects with which the angler is more specially concerned—in themselves a little world of marvel and mystery—his avocation gives him no common opportunities for observing some of the most beautiful and curious forms of animal and vegetable life. Stealing along by the water's edge, his footfall lost in the murmur of the stream, or muffled by Nature's carpeting, he enters unsuspected the haunts of the shyest creatures. He sees the otter steal down from his cairn, or lift his sleek, treacherous visage in the midst of the pool; he notes the general consternation of the salmonidæ at the sinuous rush of the seal, whom hungry pursuit has tempted beyond the salt water; 'doe, and roe, and red deer good' slake their thirst in his sight; he surprises the blackcock's deserted mate and progeny in their moist dingle, the wild duck and her brood as they paddle through the sedges. Leaning back against the trunk of a willow, he sees the kingfisher—a living sapphire—shoot close to his dazzled eyes, or from her perch over his head drop on a sudden plumb into the river, and as suddenly emerge with her prey; or, hidden in the shadow of an overhanging rock, he marks the water-ouzel, glittering in a silver panoply of air bubbles, run briskly along the sandy bottom of the burn.* Even the innocent gambols of the much calumniated† water-rat, joyous after his guiltless feast of grass and water weeds, or the familiar wiles of the nesting pee-wit, will find him not an unamused spectator. If a botanist, he will pick his choicest ferns in the damp, rocky hollows by the waterfall—his rarest lichens on

* Mr. Waterton, perhaps the most accurate of living naturalists in noting the habits of animals in their wild state, proves most ingeniously that this bird cannot possibly act as I have stated. I am very sorry. I wish I had not seen it do so again and again. I should also be glad (with the same high authority) to acquit the said dipper of rifling the spawning beds of trout and salmon, especially as it appears his bill is quite unfitted for such a purpose. But—how does the spawn get into his crop?

† The water-rat, or more correctly water-vole, is entirely herbivorous; and not only a harmless, but a very playful animal. He has been most unjustly held accountable for the misconduct of his voracious cousin, the Norway, or (as Mr. Waterton would have him styled) the Hanover rat. Who would have thought there could be Jacobitism in zoology!

the bare slopes above some Alpine tarn—his favourite orchises in the meadows watered by a well-peopled stream. He will rejoice in the delicate beauty of the pinguicula beside some tiny moorland runnel, and admire the silver-fringed stars of the bog-bean beside deeper and blacker waters, where the quaking turf craves wary walking. Mr. Babington's utmost indulgence would hardly admit me to a degree in botany, yet it was with a glow of pleasure that I first found myself throat-deep in a bed of the *Osmunda regalis*, on the banks of the Leven, or gathered the 'pale and azure-pencilled' clusters of the woodvetch by Greta-side, or discovered the fringed yellow water-lily* on the Thames, gleaming like the floating lamp of a Hindoo votaress. If a geologist, the angler may ply his hammer and fill his note-book along the very stream or tarn whence he fills his basket. If an artist, his rambles will acquaint him with every form of the picturesque, from the stern grandeur of Llyn Idwal to the tranquil beauties of Father Thames. It is this many-sided character of the angler's art which has united so many suffrages in its favour, and has made it attractive to so many distinguished men of such dissimilar tastes and characters. It is this, finally, which has given to the art a literature of its own, abundant and various, in proportion to the number of its votaries and the diversity of their minds, and often highly enjoyable even by the uninitiated.

It is a close, sultry morning in July. The sun looks dim and red, and a dewless night seems to have left the air unfreshened. Now and then comes a faint gust from the eastward, but instead of cooling, it seems to parch the skin like a sirocco. Heavy masses of cloud are piled up to the west, and every break in their array shows a lurid light gleaming through, of that indescribable tinge between amber and lilac which is the surest herald of a thunderstorm. The river has a dull leaden hue; not a fish dimples its surface to suck in the fly; but now and then a trout shoots up a foot high into the air, and falls back tail foremost. The most enthusiastic of fly-fishers must let his tackle rest to-day, nor need he wish for a pleasanter retreat than an Angler's Library. It is not a very extensive one—some 300 or 400 volumes—but various, as far as there can be variety in treatises on one subject, and for the most part well-selected. Here stands, in quaint black-letter, Dame Juliana Berners's *Boke of Huntynge and Fysshynge, with all the Propertyes and Medecynes that are necessarye to be kepte*. Side by side with this ancient treasure stands, in curious

* *Menyanthes Nymphaeoides*—a rare and most beautiful flower.

contrast, that triumph of modern typography, Sir Harris Nicolas's edition* of Walton and Cotton's *Complete Angler*, the title-page whereof might trouble the ghosts of the Aldi. Here be Phineas Fletcher's *Piscatory Eclogues*, as a pendant to Theocritus's twenty-first *Idyll*, with its wonderfully truthful 'Fishermen's Dialogue.' Oppian's *Halieutics*, in their classical elegance, contrast with the racy simplicity of *The Fisher's Garlands*. That thin volume in boards is *The North Country Angler*, which for an alias might well be termed 'The Water Poacher's Guide.' Yonder octavo, bearing date 1694, but written, like Walton's delightful volume, during the Commonwealth, in times when it seems strange that men should have been able to 'be quiet, and go a fishing,' is Franck's *Northern Memoirs*. 'To which is added' (as the author quaintly announces) 'the Contemplative and Practical Angler by way of Diversion.' And diverting enough it is, though not precisely in the manner intended by Mr. Richard Franck, who makes an outrageous Latinized jargon a vehicle for most awkward efforts at jocularitv. Here are Boccius's useful treatises, showing how easily and how profitably fish may be artificially propagated, raised, and fattened. Yonder lies a ponderous aggregate of *Reports* from committees on fisheries, testifying to the difficulty of legislating for the public benefit in the teeth of imagined private interest. When we have sobered ourselves with these, we may turn elsewhere for a hearty laugh, and solace ourselves with the well-illustrated *jeu-d'esprit* by the facetious Mr. Richard Penn, *Maxims and Hints for an Angler, by a Bungler*, and the accompanying chapter of 'Anglers' Miseries.' If we want local information, here are several score of volumes under the generic names of 'Guides' and 'Hand-books.' There is scarcely a district in England, or within the Welsh, Irish, or Scotch tourist's ordinary range, which has not been mapped out, as it were, with tolerable accuracy for the angler's guidance. Many of these books, without much pretension, are full of useful hints, not only as to the best stations and reaches of water, but also as to the most killing flies, their make and their seasons. Here, again, are shelves whose contents are devoted to piscatorial achievements in foreign lands. We English ride our hobbies across country, in defiance of all fences. The waters of France, Bavaria, Switzerland, Spain, the Tyrol, and above all, of Norway and Sweden, have been explored by the countrymen and disciples of Walton, and the various continental salmonidæ have been extracted *secundum artem*, by weapons from the armoury of

* Two vols. imp. 8vo. London, Pickering, 1835-6.

Chevalier, Bowness or Eaton. It would be diverting enough, though the laugh would often be against our countrymen, to trace the varying fortunes of successive British anglers on some French or German stream, in a tolerably populous district. A is the first visitant. He finds the fish 'immersed in greed and ignorance,' careless of rough fly or coarse tackle, and in fact so suicidally given that he is almost disgusted at the ease with which he fills his creel. He is rarely noticed; but here and there a peasant looks on at the process open-mouthed, occasionally uttering strange ejaculations with more than common emphasis, as he sees some finny patriarch taking a hasty leave of the waters. B takes the same beat the following year; but rumour has preceded him. He finds the fish still greedy, but less offensively so, for their education* has commenced. But, alas! he is himself an object of suspicion—of envy—of open hostility. In his first stroll by the water-side, he is escorted by a mob of rustics, who barely refrain from personal violence. Ere he again sallies forth, he has been condemned as a dealer in forbidden arts. It is clear that he either poisons the fish or bewitches them. The most civilized of his escort addresses to him, in a strong *patois*, a warning equivalent to that sometimes conveyed by a southern champion of 'the institution' to a suspected abolitionist: 'I say, stranger, I've a notion you'd better clear out.' Not understanding, or not heeding the notice, B is further admonished by the sudden descent of a large stone close to a trout whom he is playing. Other missiles succeed, despatched on errands still more personal, and B quits the field, painfully checking a strong desire to pitch into somebody, with fist or butt, and ever and anon blowing off the steam by certain phrases 'of great pith and moment,' more heartily uttered than benevolently conceived. C, the next year, finds the river formally preserved. If he applies to the now wide-awake proprietor for permission to angle, he finds it obtainable on about the same terms as a day's salmon-fishing in the lower waters of Tweed. If he resolves to 'chance it,' or invades the guarded streams in hopeful ignorance, he is liable to summary imprisonment, to be escaped, if at all, only by the most liberal application of oil of palms. A few years more, and the same water is rented by an English sportsman. However, there is plenty of

* I owe this phrase to a worthy Salopian. Standing on the bridge at Ludlow, I inquired of an individual whom I instinctively recognised as a brother of the angle, though in humble life, 'whether there were not some fish to be had in that (open) reach of water, as well as in the preserved portions of the Teme?' His reply was, 'Fish, sir! there's fish enough. But, bless you, sir, think o' the heddication they gets!'

ground—or rather water—still open on the Continent to the bold explorer—streams as yet scarce dimpled by the fly—lakes yet to be tested by the fatal spinning-bait. And for those who lack the energy or the leisure to rough it in foreign wilds in pursuit of salmonidæ, it is pleasant to fall in with such books as *Two Summers in Norway*, or the more recent work describing *A Fisherman's Life* in the same country. Even Mr. Lanman's volume of *Fishing Adventures in America*, though by no means doing justice to the opportunities of sport presented by the United States, and still more, I am assured, by Canada and Nova Scotia, and though disfigured, moreover, by pretension and bad taste, may be accepted as an instalment.* More and better books, however, are to be expected from our anglers abroad. I beg to indicate some *desiderata* by a few popular titles, which I throw out as suggestions to book-makers:—'Piscator Ferox; or, Trolling for the Great Lake Trout in Switzerland and Italy.' 'The Mango Fly; or, Angling in Upper India. With a Chapter on the Natural History and Habits of the Mahâ Sîr. By H. V.' 'Salmonia Pyrenaica; or, Fly-fishing on the Spanish Border.' 'Waters of the West; or, an Angler's Journal in British America. By a Member of the — Club.'

It may not be amiss to remind the reader that, in default of a published hand-book, he may obtain from the pages of *Bell's Life* and *The Field* useful directions for an angling tour in almost any district† in the British Isles, as well as in many foreign countries. Indeed, a selection of extracts from these prints would not be the least of a fly-fisher's treasures.

A catalogue of the contents of a piscatorial library, such as that into which I have been dipping at random, has in it something formidable as well as attractive. A large collection of books upon one subject necessarily contains not only much repetition, but much that is useless, relatively at least, and much that is absolutely trashy. Collectors are too apt to purchase a book on the mere strength of its title, and when, in so doing, they fall into a snare, they are not often sufficiently strong minded to reject the rubbish which their deliberate judgment repudiates.

Now, here are two handsome volumes which I bought without hesitation, written by a clever man, and, as I have been assured, a good angler—one, too, who, like Hadji Baba,

* I owe an apology to Lieutenant Campbell Hardy for not having given precedence to his far preferable work.

† I do not know who 'A Hampshire Fly-fisher' may be; but his hints as to flies, their materials, and their seasons, bespeak him a master of his craft.

'had seen things,' and might have been supposed well able to describe what he had seen. *The Angler in Wales*, by Captain Medwin, the friend and fellow-traveller of Byron, ought to have well repaid a purchaser; but the book is a medley, and by no means a good one—made up apparently from the odds and ends of some MS. collection of anecdotes. Mesmerism and dog-otters, snuff-taking and second-sight, affectionate terriers and literary lions, portraits of young ladies beautiful as Diana and bewitchingly familiar with the slang of horse-jockeys, tales of Welsh courtship, scandal, love, lunacy, and murder, 'are jumbled antithetically jowl by cheek.' Even where the narrator deviates into his subject, we glean but a minimum of information from his pages. I have, in my time, fished extensively, and to some purpose, in the lakes and rivers of Wales. Captain Medwin may have done the same; but if so, he kept his secret with the fidelity of Junius. His book nowhere shows us how it was done. There is little or no useful information about the flies, the seasons or the stations most favourable to the angler. Instead thereof, a great deal of space is devoted to fishing with salmon roe, a bait which he seems to think an important novelty, while, at the same time, he shows utter ignorance of the manner in which it is to be made the deadly lure which, under certain circumstances, it too surely is. If, however, he says little to the purpose about the means of success, he greatly exaggerates the results to be hoped for by the Welsh angler. Tal-y-Llyn is a good lake, but if any of our friends go thither, let them not expect to take two-pounders with the fly; still less let them attempt to emulate the crowning feat of Captain Medwin's book—the wholesale nocturnal slaughter with 'white moths' in the 'Begalen Pool.' The truth is, the trout of the Welsh lakes are not late risers, and rarely feed at the surface between sunset and sunrise, preferring, however, if they do take at such unseasonable hours, a *black* fly to a white one. Execution (or rather murder) may be done at night, especially at the influx and the outfall of the feeder of the lake, but it must be with a fat worm, a deed of darkness which should be left to poachers and quarry-men—nearly synonymous terms in North Wales. For the rest, *The Angler in Wales* contains a few good stories, which may be classed under the head of miscellaneous, and some curious matter about eels; and this is positively all. It may be that the author was haunted by reminiscences of bygone rambles and of friends who had once shared his sports, and wrote less with a thought of his readers than in the hope of disburthening his own mind. I will give him the benefit of the excuse, and only remark that Hansard's unpretending

manual,* though very dry, contains more useful matter in half a dozen pages than Captain Medwin's two volumes.

But lo! a smaller, and yet a worse book, with a name that might ensnare the wariest piscator—*Fish and Fishing in the Lone Glens of Scotland*, by Dr. Knox. I do not envy the man whose spirit is not stirred within him at the thought of a lone Scottish glen—of the sunny slope where he has scattered golden showers from the pliant broom, or 'bathed his footsteps in the light of purple heather-flowers'—of the rocky ravine where foot and hand were strained to win a way along the rough, yet slippery margin of the stream, and of the thundering linn, long remembered in dreams vocal with mountain music. What if to all these pleasant memories there be added the thousand lesser associations, known only to the angler, which make every pool, ford, and rapid tell its own peculiar and appropriate tale? Why, the book must be a treasure—a very garden of sweets for the memory and imagination! I almost murmured at the smallness of the cost.

But, oh the blessedness of expecting nothing! Here is a man with some character for scientific attainments, and who, doubtless, has engaged the acquaintance of some eminent naturalists, professing to know everything and everybody, pronouncing, *ex cathedra*, on the most difficult questions, and dealing familiarly with the greatest names,—and his whole book is a blunder. He knows little of Scottish, nothing of English fly-fishing. Even on scientific questions he is an inaccurate witness and an unintelligible teacher. His pages of detail are as tedious as they are irrelevant, his generalizations vague or inconsistent. This is a heavy bill of indictment—here are two or three samples of the evidence. Dr. Knox begins by glorifying Scottish at the expense of English fly-fishing. This is a common and not an unnatural mistake. Few men are lucky enough to enjoy both in their perfection, and there is of course much of angling in the ponds and sluggish rivers of England which is repellent to the imagination of one who has revelled in the freedom and variety of Scottish lochs and streams. It is perhaps no fault of Dr. Knox's that he is a stranger to the varied attractions of Derbyshire and North Devon, of Yorkshire and Salop,—that he would dismiss the Wandle, the Lug, and the Tees in the same sweeping censure,—that he has never tried his skill on the wary trout of the Itchin or the Lathkill, or astonished the grayling of Leintwardine. But when he describes the Test as a 'quiet muddy

* *Trout and Salmon Fishing in Wales*. By George Agar Hansard. 8vo. London, 1834.

stream,' 'something like a ditch about to overflow,' it is difficult to be patient. Gentlemen of the Stockbridge Club—not last, surely, in the difficult art of fishing 'fine and far off' for trout such as Scotland holds not, save in her choicest lakes,—this was your quarrel. Where was the ready 'Penn' that should have avenged it? But the doctor hits right and left. 'The Highlands,' too, 'is not an angling country!' Here is a sudden death to memory and hope. Those who, like myself, have fancied that the sport improved as the region grew wilder, must recant their mistaken praises of Perthshire, Inverness, and Sutherland, humbly regretting that they cannot, in their penitence, 'uncatch' the various salmones whom they have captured in the far North. I fear I cannot afford space to show how our author deals with that favoured Border district which, in his somewhat confused view, is the angler's special and appropriate sphere. But I must give a specimen of the Doctor's introductory classification:—

In the rivers and lakes of Scotland, in so far as I have fished them, there are three distinct natural families of salmones, forming the *genera* of naturalists; to each of these belong several species absolutely distinct, whatever my esteemed friend, M. Valenciennes, may say to the contrary.

Of the *genera*, or natural families, there is, 1st, the *salmo salar*, (!) or trout; some call this the *fario*. I recommend the angler to eschew all pedantry.

2nd. The *salmo trutta*, or sea trout, universally called 'trout' simply, by the salesman.

3rd. The *salmo*, or true salmon.

These three natural families have many characteristic differences, which, when present, will enable the observer always to distinguish them from each other, even although the external robe, with its various spots and colouring were either accidentally destroyed, or altered by disease, or deeply affected, as it sometimes is, by an approach on the part of the fish to its spawning or foul condition.

A few pages further on, he further involves his subject by proceeding to subdivide thus—

I.—1st. The dark-spotted lake trout.

2nd. The red-spotted estuary trout.

These are the best of their kind: they have pink-coloured flesh, and are excellent to eat.

3rd. The red-spotted common river trout, with pale flesh, and tasteless.

4th. The pink-coloured red-spotted common river trout, chiefly found in England.

5th. The parr trout, rather better, when fed in certain rivers, than the common red-spotted trout, but never equal to the pink-coloured fish.

6th. The dark-spotted river trout, of whose natural history I know but little, although I believe such a trout exists; and

7th. The *salmo ferox*, or great lake trout of the North.

—adding by way of climax, that 'II. Of the *salmo salar* or *sea* trout, the angler will meet with many species.' Let me 'eschew all pedantry' and briefly state, in opposition to this medley of names, families, genera, species, and varieties, that the British angler may have to deal with the following species belonging to one genus of the great family of salmonidæ. Three migratory, viz., 1. *Salmo salar*, the salmon proper. 2. *Salmo trutta marina*, the sea trout (often called the salmon trout). 3. *Salmo eriox*, the bull-trout. One common to lakes and rivers, viz., '*salmo fario*,' the common trout. Two properly lacustrine, though running into rivers to spawn, viz., 1. *Salmo ferox*, the great grey trout of Loch Awe, Loch Garry, &c.; and 2nd, *Salmo alpinus*,* the char. Finally, one species of a second genus, found in rivers only, viz., *salmo thymallus*, the grayling.

I could forgive Dr. Knox his faults of grammar and orthography, such as '*corrigoni*' '*la* people,' &c.; but his dicta are intolerable. Take an example of wholesome moralizing—

Knowledge may be power, but there is a power above it—money. What says Horace?—'Get money: honestly if you can; but be sure to get it.' The only real power on the earth is the bayonet, which is commanded only by money. The less that is said about *moral force* the better: the joke is stale and thoroughly exposed.

Of delicate respect for great names—

'The mawkish, claret-sipping author of the *Salmonia*, who never said a clever thing in his life.'

Nice appreciation of national character—

The natives are primitive, and the slopes of Glen Isla healthy, no doubt, to strangers; but nowhere have I seen more disease than in the inhabitants of these original-looking villages and detached cottages. The *morale* beats Paris all to nothing; but in other respects they are a Sabbath-observing population, devout, full of faith, and of large professions. Like the common people of all countries, they are profoundly ignorant of everything around them. Of the past of their own country they know nothing; of the present but little. I inquired of one of the oldest of these cottar-farmers what mountains those were in the distance. He did not know. I knew them to be the Grampians.

* I do not pretend here to pronounce on the moot question, whether there are two British species of char, or two varieties only. Mr. Yarrell, however, deems the Welsh char and the Northern char specifically different.

Ethnology—

Never did I see the races of men so well contrasted. The calm, polite, soft speaking Celt; the stormy, noisy, boorish, roaring, fretful Saxon.

It passes my faith to believe Dr. Knox a skilful angler. I believe he once caught a grilse, a feat which he thus recounts—

It happened that, fishing a little below Clovenford for trout, a seven-pound salmon took the grilse fly with which I had hoped merely to entrap a sea trout. He ran the line out instantly; the point of the rod lay in the water for five minutes at a time. I merely held on, and would gladly have been quit for the loss of the line; as it was, I landed him safely at last.

Dr. Knox was here wonderfully fortunate. I have seen a fly-fisher come to utter grief for slighter blunders in playing his fish,

‘Vidi et crudeles dantem Salmonea pœnas.’

But the Doctor is even proud of his tailoring. The same grilse re-appears in a subsequent page, and the lucky captor again records how he submitted to be ‘drowned,’* without one word of thankfulness that he was not also ‘cut.’

But I have said enough of a very tiresome book.

I have now given a slight sketch of the contents—good, bad, and indifferent—of an extensive angling library. Such a collection ought to belong to the ‘plant’ of every angling club in England, and could I see one founded at Driffield or Leintwardine, I should rejoice to contribute some select volumes as a trifling acknowledgment of the liberal kindness to which I have owed so many opportunities of sport. Such a collection, too, may now and then be formed by the wealth or diligence of individuals, as in the case of the late Cottonian Library, or that amassed by Mr. Pickering. But, in general, the fly-fisher requires but few books, and those for pleasure rather than instruction. Those few, however, should be the very best, and I may venture to name a few which deserve to be read again and again, and from amongst which one or two may be selected at pleasure which will richly repay their carriage, even in a pedestrian’s knapsack. And first of all, I need hardly say, comes dear, good, quaint old Isaac Walton. In spite of the ‘prevailing expression of cruelty’ (!) which a modern critic has detected in his portrait, I love him from my heart—a single-minded man, of a pure and loving spirit, meet for benevolent counsel and devout contemplation—watching in

* For the full significance of these terms, see Scrope’s *Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing*.

pity beside the busy conflict of life, as a pious minister might hang on the skirts of a great battle. Of his book it is difficult to speak worthily. He must be a bad man indeed who does not feel himself the better for it. It is no small compliment to Cotton's supplementary treatise, that it has earned a prescriptive right to its honourable place. Next to a pocket Walton, I think I should best like a collection of all Professor Wilson's papers on angling, not so much for the technical matter (though few more skilful hands ever wielded rod) as for the large heart and genial spirit of the man, traceable in every line. Christopher, in his shooting-jacket, contains more and less than I desire. But even there—what rich word-painting—what vigorous narrative—what varied felicities of thought and expression! Artist, poet, philanthropist, sportsman—so many-sided a character, yet of such a perfect individuality. If I had a voice potential with the publishers, Kit North *On Angling* should soon be in the press, and Stoddart should be the editor. As a fly-fisher, I feel myself in Stoddart's debt already. His *Angler's Companion* (by the way, I should like to see a less bulky edition for field service) has often jostled my fly-book in the pocket of my shooting-coat. He feels all the poetry of the art, and if at times his enthusiasm overleaps all bound, he is the better angler, and none the worse man. For sound practical suggestions, some parts of his work cannot easily be surpassed. The chapter on worm-fishing in a clear water absolutely exhausts the subject, and though I dislike the branch of angling to which it refers, I fully admit both its difficulty and its usefulness. July is a trying month to the angler, and an empty creel as odious an object as an empty purse; and when the rivers are low, I know not the fly-fisher who could match a careful ground angler, under Mr. Stoddart's able guidance.

By the bye, Mr. Stoddart is as able a writer on the conservative as on the destructive side of the fishing question. His name may be associated with those of Mr. Andrew Young, Mr. Shaw of Drumlanrig, and Mr. Edward Fitzgibbon (the well-known 'Ephemera' of *Bell's Life*) as having battled manfully and intelligently against that blind meddling of legislators, and that short-sighted rapacity of renters of cruives and stake-nets, which have threatened to make a salmon as rare in our rivers as a sturgeon. A namesake of my own has recently taken up the pen in the same cause,* with good will and good ability. But of this hereafter. I must, for the present, return to my selection of books. What Stoddart is to the

* In the columns of *The Field*,

Scotch angler, 'Ephemera' is to his English brethren. True, he lacks, or at least does not develope, the same poetic element—but, on the other hand, with equal practical skill, he is better versed in the theory of his art, and more alive to those minutiae on which success so often depends. Moreover, he has the rare merit of dealing fairly and judiciously with the works of other writers on his own pet subject. He neither plagiarizes, puffs, nor detracts, and his quotations are always to the purpose. I especially recommend his chapter on the tying of flies to those who have the leisure, as well as the nicety of touch, which may enable them to profit by good teaching.

I cannot dispense with *Salmonia*. True it is, that the book does scant justice to the author's love of sport and real geniality of character. The dialogue is generally too formal, and tinged with pedantry, or rather, with a sort of philosophical cockneyism. Halieus seems to go fishing in a dress-coat and kid gloves, and to have his luncheon brought him by a servant in livery. His hydrophobia when a stream is to be waded, even though in waterproof; his oinophobia when his friends wish to complete their 'pint of claret;' and his pompous expression of gratitude for a day's angling in the Colne, have furnished fair subjects for quizzing. In truth, despite his foreign travel, he was little used to roughing it; and though the most unassuming of men in society, yet on paper he could not wholly drop the tone of a professor. Be it remembered, on the other hand, that Sir Humphry Davy had a right to be a teacher. He brought his rare scientific attainments—his practised nicety of observation and experiment—to bear on the many classes of natural objects which present themselves to the fly-fisher in his varied rambles, and he could scarce be expected to adopt the light tone of a mere sportsman. Such men dignify the art they practise, and may claim a deferential indulgence from its professors. Be it remembered, too, that his teaching was always on the safe side. There was no fear that sportsmen would suffer from dry feet, or damage their health by abstemiousness. We wish it were equally certain that no indiscreet reader was ever led into peril by the playful recommendations of Glenlivat and deep wading contained in Mr. James Wilson's pleasant and genial volume.*

The form of the *Salmonia* is remarkably well-conceived, and the proprieties of place (with perhaps one exception)†

* *The Rod and the Gun*. Second edition, post 8vo. Edinburgh, 1844.

† I venture to state, on high authority, that the 'salmo hucho' is not found in the locality where Halieus is made to take him.

strictly observed in each chapter. I need scarcely add, that it is full of interesting matter, especially where it deals with insects and their transformations. The fly-fisher, however, who would turn this part of the book to practical account, must turn from the clumsy plates accompanying it to the illustrations supplied by another volume, also indispensable,—*The Fly-fisher's Entomology*. It will clear up his ideas wonderfully as to the relation between insects and their imitations, and prevent him from groping, as it were, in the dark, to find a fly that will serve his turn. Mr. Ronalds's mode of imitation may, in one or two instances, be improved on—as in the case of the blue dun, the green drake, and the red spinner; but, generally speaking, it is excellent. He subdivides, I think, too minutely. One-third, at least, of his flies might be retrenched with advantage in any water that I have yet fished. Perhaps, however, a larger acquaintance with the streams of South Wales might modify my conclusion on this point.

Two more books claim our special notice. *The Moor and the Loch** is an admirable work, both in matter and style. Mr. Colquhoun writes like a sportsman and a gentleman—clearly, concisely, and to the purpose, without artifice or display. You feel at once that you have to do with a man who knows more than he professes to know. I owe what success I have had in loch-fishing more to his hints than to any other teaching save that of experience; and his chapters on the haunts and habits of game and vermin in Scotland, though beside my immediate purpose here, will repay a careful perusal.

Mr. Scrope's work† on Salmon-fishing in the Tweed, though taking a more limited range, is of a yet higher order of merit. Happy allusions—strokes of genuine humour—elegant turns of expression—give life and variety to the style, and make the book attractive even to those who care nothing for *salmo salar* till he is cooked. No man ever narrated a quaint legend or a humorous anecdote better than Mr. Scrope. Take as a specimen the dialogue between himself, glorious after his first grilse, and the veteran salmon-fisher whom he labours to astonish. But beyond all this, the book has the great merit of telling the reader just the things he wishes to know—rather too much, perhaps, of poaching in its most mischievous form, but enough altogether to make an intelligent angler feel

* *The Moor and the Loch*, by John Colquhoun. Third Edition, 8vo. Edinburgh, Blackwood.

† *Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing in the Tweed*. By W. P. Scrope. Royal 8vo, 1843. London, Murray.

pretty much at home even on his first visit to the Tweed. It should, however, be observed, that many precepts contained in this delightful book, though locally correct, are inapplicable to salmon-rivers in general. For instance, with regard to spinning the minnow or small parr, the Thames fashion of casting appears to fail in the Tweed. But I have tried it in the Tay and elsewhere with considerable success, and have heard it recommended for sundry Scotch waters, by men whose experience in this particular far exceeded mine. And, as respects flies, even 'Nancy Dawson' and 'Meg in her brows' must generally give place to gayer and more glittering deceivers, such as those figured in Jones's *Norwegian Handbook*, lately edited by an able sportsman, Mr. Tolfrey.

I have now mentioned eight works, which I think should be found in every fly-fisher's library. There are others which I most unwillingly omit, as less suited to the general reader. Ten years since, for instance, I should have given a very high place to *The Angler in Ireland*. But the recent changes in the state of the country have made many of the general remarks obsolete; and the author not being (as he himself frankly avows) a first-rate angler, his book is hardly worth studying for the technical matter alone. After all, it must be admitted that *the* book of angling has not yet been written; and looking at the increasing subdivision of the subject, the various treatment of which it is capable, and the number of clever works, each containing some useful hints and accurate observations, which already preoccupy portions of the ground, I fear it is scarce to be hoped for. To write it would indeed require more extensive practice than is often attained, or perhaps even desirable, and a singular combination of endowments. We shall hardly see the gifts of Professor Wilson, Sir Humphry Davy, and Mr. Scrope united in one man; and yet, I confess, little short of such a union would complete my ideal of the author. Perhaps the fraternity of anglers are happier as it is. In the absence of one standard authority beyond appeal, every intelligent brother of the craft brings into the common store the results of his own experience; and even when he fails of drawing just inferences himself, supplies facts on which others may reason, and suggests hints which others may carry out successfully.

There are certain questions, which in reading books and 'correspondence' on angling, haunt us like an evil conscience; the real or supposed difficulty of which seems too often to be taken as an excuse for distorting or ignoring facts, misrepresenting opponents, and jumping to conclusions. On each of these I shall say something, and will begin with that *questio*

veratissima—Whether artificial flies in general are the imitation of some particular insect, for which they are mistaken by the fish, or nondescripts (to borrow ‘*Ephemera*’s’ mode of expression), which are seized only on account of their general appearance of life? The former position is generally maintained by English authors on fly-fishing; the latter by the brethren of the angle north of Tweed, or among the mountains of North Wales. Now, that the artificial fly should in general be an imitation, and in clear and often-fished waters a very close one, of some particular insect, I have no shadow of a doubt; nor do I believe that any one who has fished in the Derwent, the Driffield water, the Teme, or the Itchin, will hesitate to agree with me. Again and again have I found the ‘*March-browns*’ supersede every other fly early in the season, when the natural insect, which I had imitated most carefully, floated on the water by thousands; nor do I doubt that at such times Mr. Bainbridge’s advice, to fish at once with three *March-browns* slightly varied in tint and size, is most judicious. I have seen in like manner the little ‘*Iron-blue*,’ on a cold morning, strong on the water, when I could not stir a fin with any other lure. The day warmed—a shower softened the wind—and the recent favourite was a useless appendage to my line; while a larger, gayer insect, visible on the water, warned me, not in vain, that the ‘*yellow-dun*’ must now be taken into council. How often, again, in July and August, do the artificial fern-fly and ant-fly—killing through the sultry hours while the natural insects are also conspicuous—give place, towards evening, to that late-fluttering tempter, the red-spinner, whom I have dropped on the water, scarce distinguishable among his living likenesses. The green-drake,* again (better known, perhaps, as the ‘*May-fly*’), is a strong case in point. It is on the water little more than a fortnight, a large and ‘*ken-speckle*’ insect, and throughout that time it is very difficult, during the hours of its appearance, to induce a trout, in the streams where it is bred, to look at any artificial fly save a palpable imitation of this beautiful creature. To complete the argument, the same imitation is utterly useless on those English streams which do not produce the real insect. Again, the experienced fly-fisher will acknowledge the fact, that what the initiated call ‘*palmers*’ are taken, especially in swollen waters, in every river, and from the beginning to the end of the trouting season. Surely it is more than a

* It may be worth remark, that on the Lakes of Westmeath (in this point very unlike those of Scotland) the *Mayfly* has its killing period; and, as in England, kills almost to the exclusion of every other fly.

mere coincidence that the rough caterpillar, or palmer worm, which these lures accurately resemble, should also be astrir during full six months of the year, and be continually sent down the stream when a sudden rise of the water washes its margin.

All this is so obvious, that my readers may ask, how any one could ever propose to question it? Yet in defence of the Scottish 'nondescriptarians,' it should be said that they can tell of experiences much at variance with those on which I have built my inference. I have fished in some forty Scotch lochs, or tarns, rarely without fair success, sometimes with brilliant results; yet where the *salmo fario* alone is in question, I have but half a dozen flies on my list for active service. Of these half-dozen two only,* and those by no means the best, resemble any natural fly with which I am acquainted. I do not pretend to explain this fact, nor what mysterious harmony between a particular wing-feather and a body of a particular colour renders their combination irresistible to the trout in so many lochs† of the most dissimilar character. Still less can I tell why in one loch there is a standing *furor* for smooth silken bodies, in another for rough mohair and swine's-down of the identical colours. Yet I have seen this deliberate preference for one or the other material proved beyond a doubt again and again. These and the like problems continually recur, and contribute to make fly-fishing the intellectual amusement that many wise and observing men have found it. At the same time they warn us to beware of sweeping generalizations, and to gather our facts from a great variety of sources, ere we generalize at all. And with this remark, trite, but to the purpose, and an admonition to our Scotch 'nondescriptarian' friends to study Alfred Ronalds's *Fly-fisher's Entomology*, let us dismiss the first of our piscatorial *cruces*.

The second relates to the *salmo fario*, or common trout. Are there sundry *species* of this fish, or one species only, varied almost *ad infinitum* in shape, size, spots, colour, and firmness of the flesh, by differences of water, bottom, and, above all, quantity and kind of food? I have no hesitation in affirming the latter. This requires but little boldness, since I have on my side such authority as Mr. Yarrell; but I think I

* The practical reader may like to hear that these are, 1st, a very large alder-fly—2ndly, a large insect, with landrail wing, like a red sand-fly or cinnamon-fly magnified.

† We ought perhaps to have mentioned that the trout of *one* Scotch loch (Loch Doone) have quite an exceptional taste in flies, and care little for any but bright caprices, like Irish salmon-flies in miniature.

can furnish stronger evidence of the justice of my views than even he has supplied.

There can hardly, it will be readily admitted, be a more striking contrast than between the dingy, stunted, large-headed dwellers in a scanty moorland burn, and the gallant three-pounder trout of a not over-peopled lake, who now bores doggedly away from you down in the deeps till you fear your tackle will be strained in exercising the needful coercion, now flashes his glittering mail in an upward spring through the sunlight, making your nerves quiver between hope and fear. And I can make allowance for the hesitation of a clever writer who, for a moment, is led by this contrast to dally with an unsound theory. I allude to Mr. James Wilson, who speaks of the 'inky forms' (I quote from memory) stealing beneath the peaty bank, as if shunning the light, as *perhaps* a distinct species.

Nevertheless, it is demonstrable that the sable dwarf may, by a change of abode and diet, acquire the dimensions and beauty of the giant in gilded mail. On a high moorland beside Lartington Hall, on the borders of county Durham, runs a small burn—the same which, after gathering its dark, peat-stained waters, plunges down romantic Deepdale, to join the Tees above Barnard Castle,—‘scenes sung by him who sings no more.’ On this moorland a large pool was formed, of perhaps forty acres, its formation aided by the course of the burn. The moss-hags which had quaked along the winding banks of the streamlet were scooped away, and used to form a raised barrier round the extensive hollow, so as to deepen the waters still further. About five years after this artificial lake had been formed, and stocked from the bit burnie that fed it, I had the permission of the owner, the late Charles Witham, Esq. (a name well known in the scientific world), to try the fly, one summer’s evening, on its waters. I was very fortunate, either in my day or my choice of flies, or both—for though I had been told that the fish could rarely be coaxed to rise, I killed, in a short evening’s fishing, with my Scotch lake flies, eleven trout, of which the smallest weighed over a pound, the largest, two and three-quarters. Finer fish I have rarely seen—small-headed, hog-backed, and strong on the line. The water, as well as the bottom, being darkish, and the depth considerable, they were rather of a golden than a silver hue outside; but at that season they cut as red as trout of the Thames. I know a similar instance in a small pool on the Brown Clee Hill, fed by a petty brooklet. The fish in the pool are Patagonians, and not more large than good—those of the brook of the small dimensions suited to their residence. Or take this case, for the consideration of

those who maintain the peculiar spotting of each to be unalterable, and invariably transmitted. In the upper course of the Itchin, where well-sized trout abound—though hatch-holes, and irrigation-cuts, and bye-washes, and so forth, ‘play such fantastic tricks with the bright stream as make the angler weep,’—I have been permitted an intimate acquaintance with three distinct though adjoining reaches of water. One is wide and shallow, the bottom a bright white sand, in which weeds root here and there—deep-bordered with sedge, and teeming with flies and larvæ. The second is separated from it by a deep hatch-hole, and runs at a much lower level, through a coarse gravel, less suited to breed food for its resident population. The third is narrow and deep, with hollow banks, and the water, though crystal clear, little exposed to the light. Now, in the first of these reaches the fish are silvery bright, with but few reddish-brown spots, pink in the flesh, and fit for the table from about the 20th of April. In the second they are of a sort of tarnished-gold tinge, and thickly spotted, coarse in the head, and paler fleshed. In the third they are dark-coloured, with black spots, and come very late into season. To complete the argument, these characteristics become indistinct or blended on the *confines*, as it were, of the several reaches.

Again and again I have made a similar remark in lakes of great length, which afforded much variety of bottom. I have taken trout of a greenish-gold tinge from shallows carpeted with green weed—clear, golden-tinted, red-spotted specimens from bright gravel—and downright colliers from the rocky deeps; and at the end of a day’s sport, could have sorted out my captives with tolerable accuracy, according to the places whence they were taken. Is it to be supposed that different reaches never interchange their inhabitants? Then look at the Driffild water. Several score brace of high-coloured sparklers, moderate in size and pale fleshed, are every autumn carried down from the King’s Mill beck, where they have bright gravel, but comparatively scanty diet, and turned out in a larger water on the silvery sands about Wansford—perhaps as rich a feeding-ground as any stream can show. What results? Why, the new-comers become assimilated to the older residents—silver-hued, dark-spotted, small in the head, and (after April) pink fleshed, and highly satisfactory to the discriminating palate. In North Wales, where streams and lakes are small, and the trout in each mostly homogeneous, though the several breeds are as different as the valleys wherein the several waters run or repose, I am perfectly familiar with the

particular aspect of at least twenty varieties.* In short, the man who wants to subdivide the common trout into species, according to the differences of hue, spots, colour of flesh, average size or proportions, and such variable qualities, must make up his mind to admit a thousand species. My conclusion, then, is, that Great Britain affords one species only, but countless varieties, of the *salmo fario*.† And instead of recommending those who wish to stock their waters to procure the finest breeds, I would rather say, obtain your stock from some hungry but populous water. They will be hardier, will bear moving better, and in a very few years will attain the maximum size and condition to which the local dietary (considering both its quality and its proportion to the numbers to be fed) is capable of bringing them. Of course, the numbers are a great element in the calculation. No one ever knew a water in which pike and trout co-existed, while, at the same time, it was too well suited to the latter to admit of their extirpation, where the trout did not run large. Hence the giants of Loch Tummel and Loch Katrine—of Wansford Broad Water—of the Thames, the Colne, and the Kennet. Let me quit this subject with the remark, that among different articles of food which have been found to render trout fat and well-liking—such as the larger ephemera, certain small shell-fish, fresh-water shrimps, and the like,—one is generally unnamed, which yet I consider especially conducive to the firmness, richness, and high colour of their flesh. I speak of a certain very small leech, never, I believe, found in rivers; but inhabiting sundry lochs. I must confess myself utterly ignorant of the laws which determine the habitat of these delicate crawlers, but I have found trout literally gorged with them who were far above the common standard in colour and flavour; and were I about to establish a normal training-school for salmonidæ, I would stock my lake or reservoir with a few hundreds of these ‘hirudines,’ obtained, *e.g.*, from Llyn Manwd, near Ffestiniog. While on the subject of

* Breakfasting at Capel Curig a few years since, I had some goodly and toothsome fish set on the table. Despite the disfigurements of the frying-pan, I at once exclaimed, These are not from either of the Capel Curig lakes, nor from the Llugwy—no, nor from Ogwen or Idwal. But I have seen them before, though it was twenty years since; they are from Llyn-y-Dwinny. My friends, who were taking an active part in the *post mortem*, were incredulous, but on inquiry I proved to be right. Apropos of Welsh trout, by far the finest fish in the Principality are those of Llyn Elsi, near Bettws-y-Coed. I have taken them redder than the reddest salmon; they are always large-sized, and powerful on the hook, and *when they do rise*, take the fly in grand style. Next to the trout of Elsi comes his cousin of Llyn Morwynion near Ffestiniog.

† I have never taken the gillaroo, but the best authorities deem him merely a variety, in spite of his gizzard.

food, it may be worth while to observe that trout above three or four pounds weight are rarely dependent on an insect diet. They dine on fish, and merely pick stray ephemera by way of dessert. I have heard of cases where a diet of chopped liver has produced wonderful specimens. An acquaintance assured me that at a Waterloo banquet at Apsley House—just fifteen years since—he saw served up two trout, so fattened, from the preserves of Sir Home Popham, near Hungerford, weighing respectively seventeen and nineteen pounds. *Privatis majora focus!* These must certainly have been egregious fishes—dimly suggesting what a prize alderman might be, fed on *foie gras*. But I have heard of still huger specimens, fattened at a mill in the same neighbourhood, on small fry *ad libitum*. Two adjacent tanks, for the eaters and the eaten, are supplied by a running stream, and now and then a large hooped landing-net, with small mesh, is dipped into the reservoir of bait, and its contents handed over to the cannibals hard by. Then ensues a grand scene—a dozen monsters of the deep are rushing, plunging, gulping, wallowing, till the last victim has disappeared, when tranquil digestion becomes the order of the day. Under this system of training, a trout on a large scale, caught lank and hungry in winter, may grow ten pounds in the course of the season.

But I must quit this second *locus vexatus* of our writers on angling, to touch on two or three points connected with the subject of artificial breeding, on a right understanding of which may depend the food of thousands.

I would remark, first, that this mode of propagation, being almost inevitably on a limited scale, tells far more in waters almost or entirely dispeopled, than in those where salmon or trout, as the case may be, already abound. This is as obvious as any sum in proportion; and yet, to the discredit of Southrons be it spoken, while in Scotland the process has been largely employed in aid of the supply of salmon, in England no attempts, or next to none, have been made to restore that noblest of fish in the many streams where he has been suffered to become extinct. The most successful experiments of which I have heard have been those of Mr. Jonathan Peel, of Accrington, in that beautiful northern stream the Hodder, where they came in aid, not in renewal, of the supply. In truth, however, little can be done by breeding salmon artificially till the dangers and hindrances which beset their path to and from the sea have been diminished by intelligent legislation, and closetime has been fixed earlier in the year.

For, be it observed, secondly, that though salmon will breed from the beginning of September to the end of December,

those that are earliest bred will be most surely and most speedily* hatched, will make the best grown smolts when their time for migration arrives (usually a little more than a year after hatching), and reaching the sea earlier, will be heavier fish when they return as 'morts' or (*Scotice*) grilse. As to the process of artificial propagation, it has been yearly better understood and more skilfully practised. Mr. Young, liberally encouraged by the Duke of Sutherland, has been pre-eminently successful, and his experiments will facilitate those of others. The impregnation of the ova after their exclusion, if true, is a most interesting anomaly. I confess myself to have been long of Mr. Stoddart's opinion, that their vitality is complete when they are deposited, and that the subsequent application of the milt of the male was needless trouble; but the experiments of Mr. Young, Mr. Shaw, and others, have converted me. Negative results, however, must always leave room for a doubt, and it would be more satisfactory had Mr. Stoddart opportunity for testing his own theory, especially as two or three cases have occurred, where ova were found fertile which were rather assumed, than proved, to have been touched by the milt.

The great parr controversy has come to be little more than a mere question of names. It has been demonstrated that young salmon all pass through what has been popularly called the 'parr stage,' and that the fry of the two other migratory species resemble them very closely. The young of the *fario*, too, though readily distinguishable from any of these, in some waters have the finger-markings very distinct. It may be true, also, as several able writers assert (though my whole angling experience leads me to the contrary belief), that there is in sundry rivers a small fish specifically different from all four, but closely resembling the salmon-fry, except in that disproportioned size of the pectorals which marks the immature state of the latter. But when we are told that the salmon-fry are *improperly* termed 'parr'—*are not* 'parr'—what does it mean? Surely, as it is only a very few years since first the fry of the salmon were recognised in their striped livery before assuming their silver dress as smolts; and as they previously swarmed by millions in a hundred streams, and were caught by hundreds of anglers, they had a name. If they were not known as the parr, samlet, or skegger trout, by what name were they known? As a matter of *fact*, were not these commonest of river-fish

* Ova deposited in September will generally be quickened in about ninety days; those lodged in November and December (the months into which the breeding in our rivers is mostly forced back) will vary from 120 to 150 days,—to say nothing of the danger to the spawn or infant brood from heavy March floods.

most commonly known as parr? If so, let this idle cavilling cease, and let both parties join in sinking the name of 'parr' till the existence of an independent species, which may appropriate the title for the future, shall have been clearly established.

But I will pursue this branch of my subject no further. Since perusing the above remarks, I have found all that I would fain have said most pleasantly as well as clearly set forth in a volume by Dr. Davy—*The Angler and his Friend*—and to this I beg to refer my readers. Better days, let us hope, are in store for the salmon-fisher. I do not even despair of seeing the king of fishes restored to his old haunts in the Thames.

And now, having said my say, without fear or favour, touching sundry contributions to the literature of angling, and having ventured to deal judicially with several moot points in its theory, I will conclude with a few practical remarks which I believe will be found worthy of attention by my brethren of the craft. They are thrown together somewhat loosely, as independent results of long experience, having no other connecting link than my 'sunny memories' of many waters, which I have skimmed with the fly or explored more deeply with the minnow. Where they run counter to the general current of authorities, I entreat my readers to believe 'that I did proceed upon just grounds to this extremity.' I recommend nothing which I have not myself tried with marked success, or neglected to my cost.

First, as to the fly-fisher's tackle. The best general rule is to pay a good price at a good shop. For hard work, I myself prefer Eaton's rods; but there are twenty makers who will treat you well. If you live near a river, use a spliced rod; for travelling, one with ferules. It is well to have choice of tools with you, but a powerful two-handed trout-rod, with choice of tops, is of more varied utility than any other. As to gut, spare no expense to get the best, and keep it in oiled paper, sorted according to its thickness. Don't use that which has been through the engine—it is weaker than hair,* lasts worse, and shows more. Be especially curious as to the gut on which your tail fly is tied; that for the droppers may be thicker. As to hooks, prefer generally the Irish form for a

* Good hair in some waters is invaluable. But one thing should be observed, which I do not remember ever to have seen in print. Hair is very elastic, but will not bear a continued strain like gut. Leave it tied at a considerable stretch, and it will shortly break. Hence, even with the strongest hair, you must play your fish with a lighter, and, so to say, more variable hand than when using gut tackle.

tail fly—it swims more evenly, and pierces deeper. I have found the sneak bend better for droppers. Salmon flies should be tied on the best Limerick hooks, unless when very large, in which case a good Scotch hook, well *tested*, may be preferable, as more easily taken into the mouth of your fish. By the way, one hint here as to the colour of salmon flies. As autumn advances depend more on the blues and greens, less on the reds and browns. The latter too much resemble the sear leaves which are then whirled down the stream.

As to the make of your flies, if you tie all yourself, you will expend more time than you can well spare—if none, your assortment will be too miscellaneous, and you will miss a great enjoyment. I recommend a middle course—viz., tying your own flies for special occasions, and for patterns, which any good London maker, and sundry provincial, such as Shaw of Shrewsbury, Turton of Sheffield, or Snowey of Inverness, will have accurately copied for you. Some flies are especially killing in certain waters; get a stock of these as they are tied in that locality—*e.g.*, red sand flies and bluebottles from Dobson of Driffild; red spinners, ant flies and fern flies from Jones of Ludlow. Keep a limited number of different sorts, but these dressed with slight variations of size and colour. Prefer hackle flies for droppers, wings for your stretcher. Carry to the water-side a small fly-book and a large creel.

Questions of dress are nearly connected with those of tackle. Dress more or less warmly as suits your temperament and the weather, but avoid marked or glaring colours. Do not wade if you can help it; but if you do, wade deep and quietly. It is wonderful how a half-immersed figure eludes the sight of the fish. Unless you are very young, use Cording's stockings, with plenty of woollen within. N.B. Always carry with you the means of repairing them. If on a pedestrian tour, discard waterproof, and keep yourself warm by exercise. Tweed trousers and Welsh knit stockings are soon dried.

Next, as to the handling of the rod. We have to throw over the fish, to hook him, and to play him when hooked. I would say a few words on each of these processes, and do not despair of advancing under each head something at once new and true. This would be scarcely possible had writers qualified their general rules by drawing the requisite distinctions. We are told, for instance, to throw a perfectly straight line, that we may reach the farther and strike with the greater certainty, and I admit the general principle. But on a bright day and in a much-fished stream, such casting will not serve your turn, unless you aim at reaching an individual fish. Rather shake out your flies loosely, with a quivering motion of the

rod, and let your links of gut drop lightly, in irregular undulations. The greenest trout, under such circumstances, takes alarm at a 'straight line' drawn across the surface of the water. Bear the same consideration in mind when working your flies down and across the stream. Again, in throwing for a fish whose exact position you know, all the books tell you to cast two or three feet above him, and let the stream carry the fly down to the expectant trout—a good rule, doubtless, for the general guidance of a tyro; but for the more advanced piscator, in sultry weather and bright sky waters, in place of 'feet,' he may safely read 'inches.' It will not do *then* to let an old trout scan and study the insect approaching him. Drop the fly 'reet ower his neb,' as a young familiar of mine at Driffeld used to phrase it, and ten to one, having no space for reflection, he will 'take the death' on the impulse of the moment.

Connected with the first dropping of the fly is the working of it on and in the water. Drawing it straight along, especially up stream, though common, is a ruinous error. In salmon fishing this is well known: the line is slackened at short intervals between the sweeping movements of the fly across and against the stream; and the lure is made lifelike and attractive by the alternate contraction and expansion of the fibres forming its wings and legs. Let your trout flies be played on a similar principle, but more variously, and more down stream. Let the tail fly seem struggling in vain to resist the current which carries him down, and the near dropper dip enticingly as if in laying eggs. A tremulous motion of the wrist is sometimes most alluring. In the stillest waters, on a warm day, I have killed good fish by throwing far, and then suffering my whole cast to sink ere I moved my flies. Trout will take them thus sunk if they do not see the ripple of the line at the surface.

We will now suppose your fish to have risen—the next point is to hook him, if your line is not so taut that you feel he has hooked himself. To do this you must 'strike,' as the common term is—which has been correctly, if not satisfactorily, explained as 'doing something with your wrist which it is not easy to describe.' Is the something to be done quickly or slowly, sharply or gently? Not to distinguish too minutely, we would say, strike a salmon more slowly than a trout, a trout than a grayling, a lake fish than a river one, and, generally speaking, a large fish than a small one. As to the degree of force, a gentle twitch generally suffices—at all events, more is dangerous with any but very strong tackle. Note especially, that in order to strike quick,

you must strike gently. This requires illustration. Lay your fly rod on a long table, place a cork two feet in front of it; grasp it as in fly fishing, and strike hard, making the butt the pivot. The cork will be knocked off by the *forward* spring of the upper half of the rod before any backward action can take place, and thus much time will have been lost before the line can be in the smallest degree tightened.* Remember, too, the great increase of risk to your tackle when the line is thus slackened before sustaining a severe jerk. Nine fish out of ten that are said to break the casting-line are in fact lost by the eager violence of the striker, acting upon dry or ill-tied knots. I could say more on this subject did space permit. Thus much, however, as a parting precept. Never be in a hurry, especially when you see a good fish rise. Take your time, as he will take his, and the result will not disappoint you.

Our fish is now hooked, and the next question is how to deal with him. Some of our angling friends call this working a fish—some playing,—the former term, perhaps, having an objective, the other a subjective reference. Nevertheless, *Halius* must sometimes work very hard, or *Salmo* will have the play all to himself.† Two general principles may be laid down—first, the strain kept up on the fish should be the greatest attainable without overtaxing the strength of the tackle—which should be a known quantity,—or the *hold* of the hook, which the most experienced angler cannot always calculate accurately. Secondly, the direction of the butt should never make an obtuse angle with the line—in most cases, a decidedly acute one. As for showing a fish the butt, it is very desirable, in general. But if you do so when fishing with a single-handed trout rod in a deep stream with hollow banks, you only aid that inward rush of your fish which is but too likely to wreck your tackle. Never bring your fish to the surface till he is quite spent—he may break the hold, if not heavy enough to break your tackle. Don't go trouting with-

* The remark naturally suggests itself, that if so, a strong forward movement from the butt of the rod, by producing a reverse action at the point, would be the quickest mode of striking. And this is mathematically certain; but a trout so hooked would be immediately released by the slackening of the line.

† See a case in point in *Salmonia*. *Grilse v. Ornither*. Plaintiff replevies. Defendant cast in damages for excessive distress. *Halius (sitting in Bank-o.)* 'He is off. In one of these struggles he detached the steel, and now leaps to celebrate his escape!' Poor Ornither! Job himself had not a worse comforter. The dictum may serve as an example of the 'philosophical cockneyism' which I unwillingly recognised in Sir H. Davy's work.

out a landing-net, whatever certain writers of the rough-and-ready school may say. And if you have an attendant, don't let him land your fish till you know that you can fully trust him.

Finally, pursue a liberal sport in a liberal spirit. Help a brother angler freely, especially when less able than yourself to afford a well-stocked fly-book. Neither poach yourself nor encourage poachers by purchasing fish procured by doubtful means. Spare small fish (except in those over-stocked waters where all are small), and large fish when lank, discoloured, and out of season.

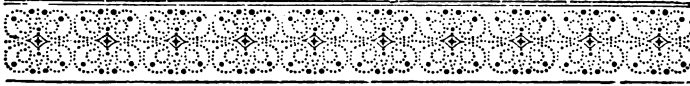
Abjure lath fishing, cross fishing, netting, and spearing, and renounce salmon roe, except to thin the trout near the spawning beds of salmon. And when you have filled your creel fairly, maintain the old repute of the brotherhood by a generous and not exclusive distribution of your booty.

So may your intervals of well-earned relaxation by lake or stream be welcome and fortunate. So may genial skies and soft showers add freshness to the air and beauty to the landscape. So may hand and eye work truly together, whether you wield the pencil or the fly-rod. So may you return home unjaded from your sport, with a light heart and a heavy basket—happy, above all,

‘to know there is an eye will mark
Your coming, and look brighter when you come.’

H. R. F.





THE TEXT OF SHAKSPEARE.

AUTHORITY and criticism are the two extremes between which the text of an author may be said to fluctuate; and it is upon the due balance and proportion of these two that the merits of any text will depend. The proportion will vary with the circumstances: where the authority is clear and consistent, as, for instance, when we possess the writer's autograph, or when there is evidence that he corrected his own proofs, nothing is left for textual criticism, unless it be the discovery of a stray passage, in which the author's hand or eye may have been unfaithful to him, so that he has either written what he did not intend, or has failed to notice some error of the printer. But when the authority is weak or conflicting, as when we have to rely on a transcript which may be in many degrees removed from the original, or when there are more recensions than one, and these seem independent of each other, and to have separate claims to authenticity, then there is a fair field for the exercise of criticism, and for endeavouring by conjecture to rescue an author's text from at least some of the errors which it may have contracted in passing through the several hands of the transcriber, the compositor, and the reviser of the press.

A text so restored will yet be very far from faithfully representing the uncorrupted language of the writer; for by far the greater number of corruptions belongs to the incurable class, where the sagacity of the good critic, like the statues of Brutus and Cassius, is made conspicuous by not appearing, and the only prescription to be followed is that golden one of Ruhnken, *Oportet quædam nescire*.

The refusal to submit to this necessary condition is continually urging one class of minds to defend the utmost absurdities, and to fancy that they are extracting a meaning from a passage, while they are only thrusting one upon it; it impels another class to reckless and indiscriminate guesswork, in which they mistake their conviction of the error of the text for an evidence of the truth of their conjectures. But besides

the confessedly hopeless passages, there lies between the self-evidently sound original text and the self-evidently just restoration a broad debateable land of suspicion and suggestion, of the possible licence of the author, or the possible felicity of the critic. Much of what is here said is applicable in a greater degree to writings anterior to the use of types than to those which have appeared subsequently; but even since the invention of printing, works are by no means exempted from those accidents which criticism alone can remedy.

The conditions under which we may generally assume the printed book to be true to the author's manuscript are, that it shall be printed from his autograph, or that of his amanuensis, that this shall take place during his lifetime, and that he shall feel the common sensibility of authors, which makes them solicitous about their text being disfigured with blunders, and stimulates even the most indolent to the drudgery of revisal. In the publication of Shakspeare's plays, one of these conditions was certainly wanting, and there is very strong evidence of the absence of the two others.

Though fourteen separate plays appeared during his lifetime, they were all surreptitious, and, consequently, unauthentic copies; it was not till after his death that Heminge and Condell, his former theatrical partners, published the complete collection of his plays; this edition is the first folio, or that of 1623. What internal evidence there may be of this book not being exclusively based upon manuscript authority will be presently considered; but it is evident, from the nature of the case, that plays, which were the property of a theatre, and which must have been repeatedly transcribed for the convenience of performers, are exposed to many more accidents than those works which are only used after they have been printed: like the twelve shields of Numa, the original and the transcripts might become undistinguishable, or they might be assumed to be equally correct, so that any one of them was indifferently put into the printer's hands.

The negligence of Shakspeare as to the fate of his plays is not less remarkable: it may be said that he did not publish during his lifetime because the terms of his partnership would, in all probability, restrain him; but that he should not have made some provision for their appearing correctly, that the nonsense which he was charged with by the early quartos should not have provoked him to some measure of self-defence—such as noting down the blunders, and giving the memorandum to some literary friend,—are proofs of singular indifference. It is impossible to suppose that he did not expect his name to

survive him : his sonnets furnish abundant proof that the same sense of immortality was kindled in him as in the other great poets ; but either he did not suppose that his glory would be tarnished by blunders however numerous they might be, which is scarcely conceivable, or else we must seek in the very constitution of his mind for the cause of this strange negligence.

What if the very quality which has made him without a rival in the drama may also account for his leaving the publication of his plays to chance ? That perfect simplicity and absence of egotism which was the ground of his sweet and sociable temper, of his spontaneous and effortless style, and of his perfect identification of himself with every character which he portrayed, would render him less apt to dwell on the prospect of his future greatness. While we see in Milton such a predominant self-consciousness, that we never for a moment lose sight of him as personally teaching us, we find that the whole mind and thought of Shakspeare is so merged in his creations, that he never speaks through his characters, but in them. As this characteristic feature of Milton's mind is accompanied with a continual reference to his immortality as a poet, so that from his earliest writings we find him in English, in Latin, and in Italian, in prose and in verse, in his letters and in his prayers, dwelling upon the thought of posthumous fame, it is not unlikely that the want of this habit of self-consciousness, or rather self-reference, for which Shakspeare is remarkable, may be connected with, and serve to explain his forgetfulness of the means by which his future renown was to be secured. It is also not unlikely that a mind so essentially dramatic never seriously brought itself to look upon a play as a thing to read, but considered its only real publication to be in its living utterance upon the stage ; so that, looking upon his vocation as quite distinct from mere authorship, he would regard all printing and revising as a curious niceness which in no way concerned him ; the same view would lead him to do that which, had he regarded himself chiefly as a writer, he would not have done,—to mix his own wonderful creations with the dull plays of inferior men, and to consent to the less necessary parts of the action in his own works being filled up by another hand. I allude to those scenes where we see clowns and suchlike persons so vastly inferior to the corresponding characters in other parts, and yet where the possibility of interpolation is excluded by the connexion of the scene with what precedes and follows.

At any rate, it is certain that this want of attention to the publishing of his own works, has lead to a greater amount of depravation of the text in Shakspeare than has befallen any other author who has written since the invention of printing.

The fifteen plays which were printed separately in one or more editions between the years 1590 and 1623, and those which made their first appearance in the latter year in Heminge and Condell's folio, have received more alterations from the conjecture of successive editors, which have become by universal consent a part of the received text, than can be shown in any other book whatsoever. Further on we may have to speak of another evidence of corruption in the many examples which still remain of lines without metre, and sentences with no conceivable meaning.

It might have been expected that the folio of 1623, appearing, as it did, in opposition to the surreptitious quartos, and professing to be the only authentic copy, would have exhibited numberless improvements on the earlier books, and those of a striking kind, such as those in *Othello*:—

Act I., 3. *Very quality* for *utmost pleasure*. *Brain* (a mistake for *beam*) *balance*.

II., 3. *Expert* for *exquisite*. *Broken joint* for *brawl*.

III., 2. *Senate* for *State*.

III., 3. *Mammering* for *muttering*. *Dilations* for *denotements*.
Tune for *true*.

III., 4. *Office* for *duty*.

IV., 2. *Acquaintance* for *acquittance*. *Used thee* for *Ud's death*.

But while it offers many differences, and occasionally differences for the better, these are neither in number nor importance sufficient to outweigh the instances of an opposite kind. But the most striking feature of all is that which was first pointed out by Malone, who has proved that the editors of the folio must, at least to some extent, have printed from the previous quartos; this he has conclusively established by such examples as the following:—

In the original copy of *King Richard II.*, 4to, 1597, Act ii., sc. 2, are these lines:—

You promised when you parted with the king,
To lay aside *life-harming* heaviness.

In a subsequent quarto, printed in 1608, instead of *life-harming* we find *half-harming*, which being perceived by the editor of the folio to be nonsense, he substitutes instead of it *self-harming* heaviness.

In the original copy of *King Henry IV.*, Pt. I., printed in 1598, Act iv., sc. 4, we find—

And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
(Who with them was a *rated sinew* too), &c.

In the fourth quarto, printed in 1608, the article being omitted

by the negligence of the compositor, and the line printed thus—

Who with them was rated sinew too,
the editor of the next quarto, which was copied by the folio, amended the error by reading—

Who with them was *rated firmly* too.

Act v., sc. 1, quarto, 1598—

But that the *earthly and cold* hand of death.

The subsequent quartos have *earth*, which the editor of the folio amends thus:—

But that the *earth and the cold* hand of death.

In *Romeo and Juliet*, the quarto, 1599, has—

Oh happy dagger!

This is thy sheath, there rust, and let me die.

The next quarto has *'tis is thy* sheath, which the folio alters to *'tis in thy* sheath. By the same process, *misbehaved*, corrupted into *mishaved*, is amended into *misshaped*. In the first scene of *Richard III.*, 'That *tempers* him to this extremity,' is first corrupted into *tempts*, &c., and then the folio patches up the metre by reading *this harsh extremity*. In the last act of the same play, scene 3, we find in the first quarto, *It is now* dead midnight—in the second, *It is not*—in the folio, *Is it not*. So *fire-eyed fury* (*Romeo and Juliet*), misprinted *fire end fury*, becomes *fire and fury*.

After this, the reader need not be told that any preference of the reading of the folio as such would betray an utter want of critical tact on the part of the commentator. But if we are thus obliged to have recourse to the unauthorized quartos for the correction of the self-styled authentic copy, it may be easily imagined in what a state those plays must be which appeared in the folio for the first time. Now these contain amongst them such important ones as *Macbeth*, *Henry VIII.*, *As You Like It*, and the three Roman histories.

It may be said, however, that where there was no printed copy to use as a basis, recourse would be had to the manuscript, and such blunders as those above mentioned would be avoided; so that the last published plays may be more correct than the previous ones. But why was the printed copy used at all if there was a legible manuscript? or why was the manuscript not referred to in the above-mentioned instances rather than hasty and absurd conjectures being called in aid? Does not this show that the reviser performed his office, not by collation, but by mere reading? And perhaps there are many passages which we now pass over without any suspicion, because they exhibit a suitable sense, where, after all, the language of

Shakspeare has disappeared under the double process of a printer's error and a reader's conjectural correction of it.

At all events, even the most resolute defender of the received text cannot deny that there are more corrupt passages in this second family of plays than consists with the supposition of a good manuscript source, legibly written, and diligently used as the standard in revisal. And yet how many forced explanations and efforts of misplaced ingenuity would the remembrance of this simple principle have saved us from! The relative merits of the first and second folios is a more difficult point, and it is also one of little importance. Undoubtedly the second folio has some good corrections—some which, to any one unpractised in the art of critical divination, might appear almost too good for conjecture, although the instance in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which gives the spiteful Steevens such a triumph over Malone, the correction *gin* into *ging* is obvious enough; but had these been owing to tradition, or copied from the margin of some corrected first folio, it is most likely that they would have been far more numerous.

From the time of the second folio the history of the text of Shakspeare is the same as that of the ancient authors—first, reasonable and generally safe emendation; then meddlesome alterations of what was not understood; thirdly, endeavours to elucidate the text by comparing it with authors of the same time; and lastly, the most abject period of all, in which German metaphysics, numbled by blind idolaters, have replaced the erect and intelligent admiration of Shakspeare. Rowe's edition (1709) contained emendations, of which the greater part have remained, and deservedly, in all the subsequent editions. Pope has some very excellent corrections and some very rash ones. Warburton has the merit of being the first to compare the language of Shakspeare with that of his contemporaries; but the ingenuity of his occasional improvements of the text is more than balanced by the misuse of the same quality in subtle and fanciful explanations. Theobald, the object of his scorn, has far oftener restored the text than Warburton. As a textual critic, Johnson is certainly inferior to most; but it must be admitted that in the age in which he lived, fruitful as it was in illustrations of the old words and of the allusions in Shakspeare, of which the industry of Steevens and Malone have left us an abundant supply, the tact of the diviner is seldom to be met with. To this observation, however, Tyrwhitt offers a brilliant and striking exception.

It is not my province to enter into a minute comparison of the several modern editions of Shakspeare, or to decide upon the comparative merits of the texts which they severally exhibit, but I may be permitted to express my belief that if ever we are

destined to see a truly critical recension of Shakspeare, we shall have to thank for it the scholars who contribute their occasional observations upon such passages as they think capable of illustration or correction, rather than to the professed editors, who think themselves bound to pass a judgment upon every point. Those who know how much more classical philology is indebted for its progress to the detached observations of judicious scholars, than to a body of consecutive notes, will readily believe that the analogy must hold good as to our present subject. But although I need give no account of the merits or demerits of our popular editions, such as those of Mr. Singer, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Collier, it is impossible to pass unnoticed the discovery made by the last of these gentlemen, and the controversy to which it has given rise.

It appears that, in 1849, Mr. Collier purchased a copy of the second folio, which he subsequently found to be full of manuscript corrections—so full that ‘there was hardly a page which did not present, in a handwriting of the seventeenth century, some emendations in the pointing, or in the text, while on most of them they were frequent, and on many, numerous.’ These manuscript corrections Mr. Collier published, but, in an evil hour for his repose, he expanded them to the size of an octavo volume, by accompanying each correction with the statement of his own approval or disapproval, and was even so imprudent as repeatedly to speak of his manuscript corrector as an *authority* for settling the reading. This seems to have excited the indignation of many, who would have been well enough contented with the corrector’s suggestions, if they had been offered as those of an ordinary commentator. So completely did some of Mr. Collier’s opponents forget what was due to him, to themselves, to the subject, and to their readers, that palpable hints of forgery were grounded upon no better evidence than the agreement of some few of the corrector’s changes with those proposed by Mr. Collier before the discovery. Others, actuated by a better spirit, though proceeding on an equally uncritical principle, have been willing to clear Mr. Collier from the ignominy of a forger, on condition of his wearing the livery of a dupe.

Instead of descending to commonplaces about presumptuous meddling, and the like, it would have been better dispassionately to inquire what evidence can be brought forward in support of the corrector’s claims to be considered as an independent source of the text. That there is no external evidence is certain; but, in Mr. Collier’s judgment, the internal evidence is sufficient for the purpose. It consists in a great number of marginal readings, in which defective passages are supplied in a manner so perfectly Shakspearian, and corrupt passages

restored so appropriately, and with an atmosphere of certainty about them, that we must at once give up the notion that nothing more than conjecture has been at work. This question can only be decided by examples of both kinds of emendation, but my space will oblige me to content myself with very few of either.

Of the additional lines, decidedly the most Shakspearian is that of *Winter's Tale*, Act v., sc. 3. The passage—

Let be! Let be!

Would I were dead, but that methinks already—

What was he that did make it?

has caused great perplexity. By far the most probable conjecture is that something has dropped out. The corrector supplies the passage thus:—

Let be! Let be!

Would I were dead, but that methinks already

I am but dead, stone looking upon stone!—

What was he that did make it?

To this correction Mr. Dyce objects that it is too Shakspearian—in other words, that it is copied from the conceits which occur a few speeches before—

Does not the stone r-buke me

For being more stone than it?

And again,—

Standing like stone with thee;

and he asks:—

‘Now, which is the greater probability—that Shakspeare, whose variety of expression was inexhaustible, repeated himself in the line—

I am but dead, stone looking upon stone!

or that a reviser of the play (with an eye to the passage just cited) ingeniously constructed the said line, to fill up a supposed lacuna? The answer is obvious.’

I confess the self-repetition, in the case of so monotonous a passion as grief, does not weigh so much with me. Indeed, if we look at it narrowly, it is not a repetition of the same thought; for in the first place he compares himself to the stone, on account of his former hardheartedness, and in the second it is admiration which is said to turn the daughter to stone. But the most we can allow this passage, if taken by itself, is the praise of great ingenuity; before we can accord anything further, we must see how the corrector maintains his character in the other additions. One or two may be given without any comment, the *Italic* line being the one supplied by the corrector. *Henry VI.*, Part II. 113:—

My staff? Here, noble Harry, is my staff:

To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh:

As willingly I do the same resign,

As e'er thy father Henry made it mine.

In *Coriolanus*, Act iii., sc. 2:—

Pray be counsell'd :
I have a heart as little apt as yours
To brook control without the use of anger ;
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

On the latter of these passages, which any unprejudiced man would, at least, admit to be a not unhappy attempt to fill up the gap in the verse, Mr. Singer considers it sufficient to pronounce—

'This interpolation is absurd: if a line is missing, it must have been something very different. It seems probable that the word *apt* has been misprinted for *soft*, and we may then read, without the superfluous and tautologous line interpolated,—

Pray be counsell'd ;
I have a heart as little soft as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.'

We can scarcely judge of the probability of the corrector's alteration, when it is set off by the foil of one so inappropriate as this, and which rests upon so little resemblance in the writing. But when we turn to the addition made in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv., sc. 2—

No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell ;
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him, *fell* ;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel,
Who has no touch of mercy, cannot feel ;
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough ;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff,—

we find an evident token (for who would attribute such doggrel to Shakspeare ?) that the corrector did not scruple to indulge his ingenuity when the occasion offered ; and this at once brings his other supplementary lines into discredit.*

Those who are convinced that the desperate passage in *Measure for Measure*, Act i., sc. 1:—

Then no more remains
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work—

suffers from an hiatus, will think it a very unfavourable feature in the corrector's case, that he has no addition to offer us in the passage. It may be said that he was not bound to supply every gap which the printer had left in Shakspeare ; but this plea will not avail him here ; for he has noticed the

* A less glaring, but equally untenable supplement is that in *Henry IV.*, Part II., i., 3:

*A careful leader sums what force he brings
To weigh against his opposite.*

passage, and in place of a supplement, proposed a very poor emendation of it:—

But add to your sufficiency your worth.

Compare this with Tyrwhitt's elegant conjecture,

But that to your sufficiency you put

A zeal as willing as your worth is able,

And let them work.—

Among the numerous corrections of one or more words in a passage, we find the following admirable specimens. *Coriolanus*, Act i., sc. 1.—

I send it through the rivers of your blood,

Even to the court, the heart, to the seat of the brain ;

for this the corrector gives—

Even to the court, the heart, *the senate* brain.

In *Coriolanus*, Act iii., sc. 2:—

How shall this bosom multiplied digest

The senate's courtesy?

for which we have—

How shall this *bisson multitude* digest

The senate's courtesy.

In *Cymbeline*, Act iii., sc. 4:—

Some jay of Italy,

Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;

for which we have—

Some jay of Italy,

Who smothers her with painting, hath betray'd him.

Emendations such as these, (and many more of almost equal excellence, might be quoted,) do not so far exceed the probable compass of unaided wit that we must set them down to manuscript authority; considered by themselves, they are not better than many confessedly conjectural restorations, such as Pope's, in *Timon of Athens*:—

Our poesy is as a gum which oozes

From whence 'tis nourished.

Where the old copy has '*a gown which uses*,' which, by the bye, Tieck prefers and translates! They may also be matched with Blackstone's correction in *The Taming of the Shrew* of Aristotle's *Ethics*, for Aristotle's *checks*, (a restoration which the corrector also gives); or Warburton's, in *Measure for Measure*—

Who falling in the *flames* of her own youth

Hath blistered her report,

which, on account of an absurd cavil of Johnson's, the editors have not dared to introduce in place of *flaws*; and many equally good might be found by levying contributions upon all the fortunate guessers, from Theobald down to Mr. Dyce.

But here is one man doing the work of twenty, and doing it better than they; so well, indeed, that if he had stopped here, if he had not proposed three or four times as many bad conjectures as good ones, if he had not altered several expressions because he did not understand them, we might have admitted a few dubious ones on the score of the good company they kept.

But such attempts as 'Report of war' for '*A point of war*,' in *Henry IV.*, Act ii., sc. 4; '*Hopes in such a suit*,' in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv., sc. 2; '*My forward ranks*,' in *Richard III.*, Act v., sc. 3; '*Enemies*' for 'runaways,' in *Romeo and Juliet*; '*The flattering death of sleep*,' in the same play, and several others which may be found noticed in Mr. Knight's Stratford edition, make it impossible to accept any one of his improvements, except upon its own merits. He may have had some authentic source, but he certainly has mingled its streams with those of conjecture, whose waters are not always of the clearest, or if he drew entirely upon his own resources, it is quite an anomalous instance of one and the same mind displaying a sagacity worthy of Bentley, and yet capable of sinking below the dullest pedant.

No future editor of Shakspeare will venture to ignore the manuscript corrector, and by degrees we may hope that all that is good in him will find its way into the text; but even when this is done much will remain to accomplish before the author's text shall have received from criticism all that criticism can yield, and can be looked upon as finally settled.

It may be asked on what foundation such a hope is built of the gradual bettering of the text of Shakspeare? I answer, on the admirable corrections which have accumulated during the last fifty years; on the undeniable restorations of men like Sydney Walker, in the past generation, and Messrs. Dyce and Staunton, in the present. But in place of laying before the reader what he has seen already, or what he may find elsewhere, I will offer a few corrections of my own, with the hope of showing that any tolerably careful reader, who has no pretension to be a Shakspearian critic, and who is but slightly conversant with the works of the old dramatists, may sometimes light upon that which abler men have passed by without noticing its corruption, or without detecting the remedy. Among my few observations, some of several years' standing, and some very recent, I have suppressed all those which I found to be pre-occupied by others; if in the remainder I shall be guilty of any plagiarism, it will be without intention, and with every willingness to restore the palm to my predecessor. One of the commonest blunders in the present text arises from putting the words out of their proper order. It is impossible to read a single play without being struck by this phenomenon; the marvel

is, that critics should not have turned it oftener to account. How successfully they have sometimes used it, may be learned from the following specimens. *Henry V.*, Act i., sc. 2 :—

They know your grace hath cause, and means, and might,
So hath your highness.

By a simple transposition of the words *grace* and *cause*, Mr. Staunton restores the true reading—

They know your cause hath grace and means and might,
So hath your highness.

So in *As You Like It*, Act i., sc. 3., '*Child's father*' has been, by general consent, changed to '*father's child*.'

In *Coriolanus*, Act iii., sc. 2—

Waving thy head
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling,

was altered by Tyrwhitt to—

Waving thy head,
Which humble thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now soften'd as the ripest mulberry, &c.

But the simplest correction is to transpose the two first words of each line, and insert the s.

In *Hamlet*, Act i., sc. 2, we read—

We pray you, throw to earth,
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father; for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And, with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart towards you.

The commentators on this passage have forgotten to tell us what the King is to impart to Hamlet. I suppose the general interpretation would coincide with that of Dr. Johnson, that he imparts himself or whatever he can bestow. Nobility of love is interpreted by Warburton *magnitude*; by Johnson *generosity*; by Heath and Malone, *eminence*, and *distinction*. And this interpretation Steevens endeavours to support by most inaptly quoting the ghost's speech—

To me whose love was of that dignity.

By a slight transposition, both these difficulties are removed—

For let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with nobility no less of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart towards you.

The nobility which he grants him is that of heir-presumptive. In *All's Well that Ends Well*, one of the French lords says to Bertram, in reference to his blind confidence in Parolles, 'I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments *wherein* so *curiously* he had set this counterfeit.' I believe that *in* has travelled out of its place, and should be placed after *so*, 'where so *incuriously* he had set this counterfeit.'

In *Twelfth Night*, Act iii., sc. 4, Olivia says—

I have sent after him, he says he'll come;
How shall I feast him, what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begged or borrowed.

The objections to the passage as it stands are obvious. I strongly suspect that confusion has arisen from *of* in one of the transcripts being so written as to appear to belong to the verse preceding its own, and that *him* was subsequently added to complete the sense. In the original copy, Olivia would have said—

How shall I feast him, what bestow? for youth
Is bought more oft than begged or borrowed of.

The same remedy should be applied to Act iii., sc. 1, of the same play—

This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art,
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men folly-fallen quite taint their wit.

I have no doubt that we should read—

For he that folly wisely shows is fit;

that is, he that wisely shows folly is a skilful man.

In *Coriolanus*, Act iv., sc. 1, Coriolanus says to his mother,—

Your son
Will so exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.
Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile.

Here *first* is explained by some to mean eminent. I presume that the context sufficiently proves that we should read—*First my son.*

In the same play, Act iii., sc. 1, the absurd repetition in the lines—

Give me leave,
I'll go to him and undertake to bring him *in peace*
Where he shall answer by a lawful form
In peace to his utmost peril—

is well worth attention, as showing the origin of those faults which transposition alone remedies. The most natural, I should almost say the only way of accounting for such a blunder is to suppose that the person who dictated the passage to a transcriber, having reached the end of one line, skipt the next, and proceeded with the third, and then, upon discovering his mistake, went back to the omitted line, and continued to dictate without ordering an erasure. Afterwards it would often happen that when the redundancy was discovered by a careless or unlearned person, the erasure would be made in the wrong place. It is to this cause of transcribing from dictation that we must also attribute the endless confusions of metre by the ignorant division of the lines, which some of our modern editors have so religiously restored.

Any one who makes such a remark must prepare himself for the taunt, that he counts the verses upon his fingers. As Shakspeare wrote in numbers, and as numbers are intended to be counted, it certainly seems wiser, in case of a deficient ear, to count upon our fingers than not to count at all. I am very far from approving of Sir Thomas Hanmer's or Steevens's practice, of making emendations to suit the metre; but there is surely a wise middle course to be observed between retaining what emends itself, or defending what is incurable, and attempting to reproduce that of which there are no vestiges remaining to guide us.

But to return to the subject of transposition. In the concluding line of Antipholus's extempore elegy, in *Comedy of Errors*, Act iii., sc. 1—

Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.
Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote.
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
And in that glorious supposition think
He gains by death that hath such means to die.
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink—

the editors inform us that Love is here spoken of as a goddess; which is no doubt correct, as in *All's Well that Ends Well* Helena says—

That your Dian
Was both herself and Love.

But it seems impossible to make anything of the passage as it stands. I believe that Antipholus was intended to say—

Let Love be light, being drowned if she sink;
by which words he at once addresses Luciana as Venus, and provokes her to lightness in returning his passion.

Some transpositions have been made without reason, as the following, in *Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii., sc. 1:—

While she did call me rascal, fiddeler,
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms
As *she had* studied to misuse me so.

This is Rowe's unnecessary alteration for the far more grammatical reading of the folio—

As *had she* studied.

In the same play, Act iv., sc. 1, we read,—

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, 'Jack boy! ho, boy!' and as much news as *thou wilt*.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold,—&c.

In this place, the old copy has 'wilt thou,' a reading very unlikely to have arisen from a printer or transcriber confounding the proper order; besides, there is no point in Grumio's answer, no waggery to account for Curtis's telling him that he was fond of cony-catching. I hope I shall not be accused of presuming to supply Shakspeare with jokes if I avow my suspicion that Grumio's answer ought to have run thus,—

Why 'Jack, boy! ho, boy!' *is* as much news as *wilt thou*.

Several editors, under the pressure of some very difficult passage, have admitted the possibility of a gap in the text, and Steevens has more than once shown that he believed this source of difficulty to be far more extensive than was generally supposed; but we shall never be rid of the desperate attempts at *understanding* all sorts of omissions, until some one shall be at the trouble to bring together, first, all the places where an hiatus has been filled up with some generally admitted supplement; and secondly, all those where the mere supposition of something having dropped out removes all obscurity.

In search of instances, I open Shakspeare at random, and light upon *All's Well that Ends Well*; here, in a single act, we find, according to the reading of the old copies, Act i., sc. 2:—

Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference between their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level; [Diana no] queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight,—&c.

The words [Diana no] were supplied by Theobald, and have, of course, been admitted by all the editors. They have

not been equally courageous in the Clown's song that occurs a little before, which Warburton filled up:—

Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy.
Fond done, done fond, *for Paris he*
Was Priam's only joy.

In the next Act we meet with the line—

Oft expectation fails, and most oft these,
standing alone in the midst of rhyming couplets. Now, if the scene were like some others, a mixture of reflection and dialogue, there would have been no just ground for suspecting an omission; but let any one read that admirable scene, that noble example of the sententious elegiac, which throws into shade all that remains to us of the gnomic poetry of Greece, and he would as soon think that Solon or Mimnermus had left out a pentameter verse as that Shakspeare interrupted the harmonious flow of his couplets.

In the passage in the first Act of the same play, beginning—

Not my virginity yet,
there is, perhaps, much more the matter than simple omission. I do not hesitate to declare my belief that the preceding speeches of Parolles are the mere ribaldry of the players. Not only is the wit utterly unworthy of Shakspeare, but there is nothing of Parolles about it—none of the extravagant attempts at Euphuism in which that red-tailed humble Bee delights. If we omit these speeches, as forced in by the players for the sake of keeping Parolles longer on the stage, we find the perfectly connected passage,—

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

Can anything be plainer? Helena's reverie naturally prompts Parolles to ask if she is meditating on life in a convent, to which Helena answers that she is not thinking of such a state for herself at present. It is impossible to say what has dropped out between these words and the speech—

There shall your master have a thousand loves.

In *Coriolanus*, Act iii., sc. 2:—

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further,—&c.

I believe there are some Shakspearians who profess to understand the meaning of—

You do the nobler.

I am very sure that Shakspeare himself would not have understood it; but, even supposing that it means something, it cannot mean anything which can suggest to Coriolanus's mind the reflection about his mother. Is it, then, her entrance that reminds him of her? Certainly not; for, as the manuscript corrector has pointed out, she does not enter till later, when Coriolanus meets her with the words, 'I speak of you;' whereas, as the words now stand, Coriolanus, seeing his mother, begins to talk about her, and, having finished his observation, informs her that she is the object of it! But if the appearance of Volumnia did not first bring her to Coriolanus's mind, something else must have done so, as it is plainly repugnant to all dramatic propriety that such a subject should be introduced by an abrupt reminiscence. Now, the only thing that could have suggested the thought of his mother must be the previous mention of her name in the speech of the patrician. When this was corrupted, the word Volumnia remained as if it had been a stage direction, and the rest was omitted. Although it is impossible to reproduce what has been lost, it is quite allowable, in confirmation of the foregoing argument, to suppose something like the passage as it must have stood previously to its corruption:—

Yet I would still

Be thus to them.

Pat. You do the noble *lady*
Volumnia wrong herein.

Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further.

In Act ii., sc. 2, of the same play, we have an hiatus thus supplied by Hanmer:—

2 Sen. But I think you'll find
They've not prepared for us.

Auf. Oh, doubt not that
I speak from [very] certainties; nay, more,
Some parcels of their powers are forth already.

Anfidius's certainty, as we see from his previous speech, is confined to the fact of warlike preparations being made at Rome. If he had known that some part had already started, and that towards Corioli, his discussion with the senators would have been merely superfluous. We should therefore reject Hanmer's interpolation of [very], and read,—

I speak from certainties; nay, more, I hear—

In Act iii., the second scene is one of the most corrupt in Shakspeare, where, by the consent of modern editors, Menenius,

the peacemaker, is made to call his countrymen barbarians, and, after abusing them, to tell Coriolanus, who has been perfectly *silent*, 'not to put his worthy rage into his tongue,' to offer to fight the Tribunes, (which clearly belongs, as well as what follows, to Cominius;) and, in pleading for his friend, to admit that he is a mortified limb indeed, but one that should be left on the body out of regard for its previous service. But there is another defect in this scene which has hitherto passed unnoticed:—

Men. Proceed by process;
Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Brut. If 't were so,—

Sic. What do you talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?

I have not the least doubt that Brutus's speech has been mutilated; for Sicinius's remark is applicable to nothing that precedes, nor are the words, 'If it were so,' grammatically correct, supposing 'if' referred to Menenius's fear of civil war; for in that case we should require *If it be so*. I believe that Shakspeare gave proof, in this case, of his dramatic skill, by making the yielding of Brutus preparatory to that of Sicinius, and that the missing words were to the following effect:—

Brut. If 't were so,
That he would yield obedience.

Sic. What do you talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?

Our Ædiles smote! ourselves resisted!—Come—

In Coriolanus's speech in the next scene,—

Cor. Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,—&c.

This defectiveness of the line would not appear, to many competent judges, a matter of suspicion. I will freely confess that the line of eight syllables occurs so often in Shakspeare, that in any less corrupt text it would be ridiculous to retain the least misgiving about it; but to my ear, at least, it sounds as unrhymically abrupt as the dramatic Alexandrine is abrupt and yet rhythmical, or as the six-syllable line is well suited to an harmonious pause; but in the passage before us, if there is any meaning, it is at least very obscurely expressed; I venture, therefore, to propose an insertion:—

Cor. Rather say you are glad
I play the man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir.

The omission of a single word in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii., sc. 1, has entirely destroyed the sense:—

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Read—

No such jade as *bear* you, if me you mean.

A little lower down, after Katherine says,—

So may you lose your arms,

it is very probable that something of this kind may have dropped out.

Pet. How mean you this?

In *Measure for Measure*, Act i., sc. 4.

Duke. Now, as fond fathers

Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,

Only to stick it in their children's sight,

For terror, not to use; in time the rod

Becomes more mock'd than fear'd,—&c.

The word *becomes* is an insertion of Pope's, in which I am surprised the editors have acquiesced, as it introduces the awkwardness of a nominative without any verb. I would rather fill up the gap thus—

will find in time

The rod more mock'd than fear'd.

The confusion arising from attributing whole speeches to the wrong person, or from not distinguishing the conclusion of one speech from the commencement of another, would seem at first sight to be the most easily remedied evil, as it requires merely the application of ordinary common sense. But we may see from some examples above quoted, how far this baneful idolatry of the vulgate, miscalled reverence for Shakspeare, may carry men of ability and learning. To this day (in spite of an ingenious lady's suggestion) the line in *Hamlet*, Act i., sc. 5—

Oh, horrible, horrible, most horrible!

is still given to the Ghost. To this day, notwithstanding Johnson's observation, we read in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii., sc. 1—

Pist. Away, Sir Corporal Nym.—

Believe it Page; he speaks sense.

[*Exit* PISTOL.]

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true. [*To* PAGE] I like not the humour of lying,—&c., &c.

The end of Pistol's speech was, Sir Corporal. *Nym* is the character which utters the words 'believe it Page,'—&c. So in *Coriolanus*, Act v., sc. 3—

Cor. Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were.

Such is the reading and versification of the folio and Mr. Knight. The second Aufidius is evidently redundant, and is owing to the name of the character to which the next speech is given. I have little doubt but that the whole passage should be read, and the verses distributed as follows:—

Cor. Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. *Tell me* now, good
Aufidius, were you in my stead, would you
Have heard a mother less, or granted less?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were.

In the first scene of the same Act we have—

Men. Well, and say that Marcius return me,
As Cominius is return'd, unheard; what then?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Say't be so ought to be given to Sicinius; as for the metre, it might be safely left to the ear of any judicious reader. But there is a special reason for arranging the passage as it ought to stand:—

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?—but as
A discontented friend, grief-shot with his
Unkindness.

Sic. Say't be so, yet your good will, &c.

The verse of six syllables may be thought by some to be purposely defective; but, in the first place, there is no pause in the sense after the word *as*, and pauses of this kind are generally catalectic, or ending in the middle of a foot; and, in the second place, the sense is as defective as the metre, for, as the words now stand, Menenius is made to suppose that Marcius may return him unheard, *but* as a discontented friend

—that is, without listening to him, *but* without granting his request. Read—

Unheard, what then? or *not unheard*, but as
A discontented friend,—&c.

Not to weary the reader with further illustrations of stage directions being confounded with dialogue, or inserted in the wrong place, I will content myself with observing, that in *Twelfth Night*, Act iv., sc. 2, the following speech is made unintelligible for want of distinction in the persons to which the different parts of it are addressed:—

Sir Toby. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, *put up your iron; you are well fleshed*; come on.

The words in italics should be bracketed, as addressed to Sir Andrew.

I will now pass on to the mention of such emendations as cannot be arranged under the head of any general principle, and must therefore be mentioned in the order in which they suggest themselves.

In *Macbeth*, in the scene with the doctor, the words

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory,—&c.
. Canst thou do this?

I suspect that the negative was introduced by the players, who misplaced the accent upon minister. That the change in the pronunciation was taking place in Shakspeare's time is proved by his indifferently using both modes. The words 'canst thou do this?' sufficiently indicate the spirit of the question. 'Canst thou not,' dallies with the false supposition, and is far too playful an irony to consist with the terrible moralizings of remorse with which Macbeth closes his career. In spite, therefore, of folios and folio-worshippers, I shall continue to read, and if need be to print—

Canst thou minister to a mind diseased.

Lower down in the same scene, Mr. Knight very properly expresses his reluctance to admit a conjecture of Rowe's:—

What rhubarb, *cyme*, or what purgative drug
Shall scour these English hence.

For the unknown *cyme*, Rowe proposed the familiar remedy, senna. It is astonishing that Mr. Dyce should accept so very uncritical a conjecture, whose only pretension to probability is, that the *Pharmacopœia* offers us no cathartic whose name is not still more remote from the corrupted word. What, then, if we change the treatment, and read—

What rhubarb, clysme, or what purgative drug,—&c.

If I am asked what authority I have for this form in the

English language, I am at a loss for anything better than cataclysm in the sense of deluge. But Herodotus uses *κλύσμα* in the sense of *κλυστήρ*, in Book ii., chap. 87. It would be worth while to look in *The famous Hystorye of Herodotus in Englyshe*, to see how this is rendered, but I have no means of consulting the work.

King Lear, Act iv., sc. 3 :—

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him : his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—&c.

A more incongruous figure of speech than that contained in the first line, it would be difficult to imagine. Sovereigns elbow no one, and such an expression as 'sovereign shame' is either beautiful or the reverse, as the epithet is borne out by the action or effect attributed to shame. There is also something careless in having two subjects to the verb *sting*; first unkindness, and then the conditions of which the unkindness was the cause. I therefore propose to read—

A sovereign shame so *embows* his own unkindness,
That stripp'd,—&c.

In *Hamlet*, Act i., sc. 2,—

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing of her galled eyes,
She married.

The Queen's tears were not unrighteous, but every way due; and though it may be urged by those who defend authorized nonsense at all hazards, that her tears were hypocritical, we learn nothing of the kind from Shakspeare; nor is it conceivable that where there was so much that deserved to be called by the worst names, Hamlet should be made to select such a trifle as the mere feigning of sorrow, as something *most unrighteous*. I have little doubt but that Shakspeare wrote, 'Ere yet the salt of *moist and righteous* tears.'

Hamlet, Act i., sc. 3 :—

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged *comrade*; beware
Of entrance to a quarrel,—&c.

Comrade is the trashy correction made by the later quartos for the original reading *courage*. Perhaps Shakspeare's word was *court-ape*. A little further, in the same scene, we read :—

Or not to crack the wind of the poor phrase
Wringing it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

The quartos have *wrong*, the folio, by way of emendation, *roaming*, and the editors, by way of compromise, *wronging*.

En cor Zenodoti! En jecur Cratetis! Perhaps some readers will think with me, that it is not unlikely that *wrong* is a corruption of *worrying*. The same description of persons will probably read, a few lines lower down, *extinct in birth*, instead of *extinct in both*.

Ibid., Act i., sc. 4:—

The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassel, and the swaggering upspring reels.

The editors are not agreed whether the *swaggering upspring* mean the swaggering upstart—*i.e.*, Hamlet's uncle (a likely epithet to be uttered before two persons, and that when he has not yet seen the Ghost, and has no other feeling towards his uncle but one of vague aversion!)—or whether it is a sort of dance; (as if the descendants of the Berserker would interpolate their serious drinking with such a frivolous thing as a dance!) I read, 'keeps wassel and the swaggering *upsy freeze*.' Not that I know what *upsy freeze* is, or whence it is derived; but it is evident, from the passage in Gul's *Hornbook*, which Steevens quotes on the word *rouse* in this place, that it was a species of drinking, and therefore appropriately joined to *wassel*. I find the same word in Will Summers' *Last Testament*, where it seems to be used in the sense of ἀμυστὶ πικρῶν. 'I know thou art but a *micher*, and darest not stand me. A vous, Monsieur Winter, a frolick *upsy freeze*: cross, ho: super nagulum.'

Henry VIII., Act iii., sc. 2:—

Wolsey. I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labor'd
More than mine own: that *am, have, and will be*
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul, &c.

The words that *am, have, and will be*, are explained by Malone. Mr. Singer has exhibited far more judgment by endeavouring to emend them. He would read 'that I *am true*, and will be.' But there is not much resemblance between *true* and *have*, and there is something languid in this mere profession of honesty. If we suppose that *have* was misread for *slave*, we have only to supply *y'* before it, and we have what seems the most appropriate declaration that Wolsey can make:—

That for your highness' good I ever labor'd
More than mine own, that *am your slave*, and will be.

Twelfth Night, Act iv., sc. 1:—

Seb. I pr'ythee vent thy folly somewhere else.
Thou know'st not me.

Clown. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid

this great lubber the world will prove a cockney. I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

The coherency of this passage is none of the closest; for what has the state of the world at large to do with Sebastian using a choice expression? But 'it is now certain,' if Mr. Singer will allow me to say so, that Shakspeare wrote *lubberly*, and not *lubber ye*, a correction to be found in the Perkins folio. My certainty, however, is not founded on the same ground as Mr. Collier's, but on the internal evidence, which led me, long before I knew of the MS. corrector, to make this change, and another which he has not made, and without which this one is so objectless, that it would almost look like a piece of tradition. The passage ought to stand thus: 'I am afraid this great *lubberly word* will prove a cockney.' Here a cockney is a *milk-sop*. Compare Littleton's *Latin-English Dictionary*: Cockney, a *child tenderly brought up*,—Mammothreptus, delicatulus puellus. This is probably the first meaning of the word; the sense of *town-bred* would naturally arise out of it, through, the greater luxuries of the town, and the effeminate habits with which town-bred youths would excite the contempt of those living in the country. The meaning of the Clown is, that this imposing word will probably turn out to be no proof that the person using it is an adept in courtly phrase—that Sebastian, when his single borrowed bravery of language is used, will show the weakness of his own wit. The only other passage in Shakspeare (I trust Mrs. Cowden Clarke's diligence in the matter) where cockney occurs is *King Lear*, Act ii. sc. 4:

Fool.—*Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put them i' the paste alive,—&c.*

The notion, which Steevens first adopted, that cokeney or cokenay might mean a cook, he afterwards abandoned; and rightly understood the passage from Dr. Percy's *Ancient Poetry*, which had once misled him, to apply to a dish. Two passages quoted by Steevens and Whalley, in which a *cokeney* is opposed to a *fat hen*, would seem to show that it is a *barn-door fowl*. At all events, it is perfectly out of place in this passage of *Lear*, and must have supplanted either *cook maid* or a similar word.

Measure for Measure is perhaps one of the most corrupt of our author's plays, but it is also one in which criticism has done but little, and in which it is probable that very little will ever be effected, unless another and more reliable Perkins shall be bestowed upon us. Even what little has been done is left unused. Not only do those still read *flaves* for *flames* (to which I have alluded before) who yet insist upon

the absurd correction of *wade in crimes* for *made in crimes* (Act iii., sc. 2), but the words in Act ii. sc. 3—'We cannot weigh our brother with ourself'—is still thrust upon us on the authority of Dr. Johnson and Malone, though Warburton had pointed out the obvious correction, 'with yourself,' which brings the line into agreement with all the argument that follows, while their interpretation of the words, even if it did no violence to the plain meaning of *cannot*, would contradict the whole context. *We allow in the great what we punish in those of low condition; and this shows that we do not apply the same rule to our brother as to ourselves!* Such is the logic which his editors attribute to Shakspeare; and this they call reverence, and the spirit which resents such profanation they call presumption!

In the same play, Act iii., sc. 1, it is difficult to know what is meant by part of Claudio's speech,—

Why give you me this shame?

*Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.*

In the last part of these words he certainly shows that he can fetch a resolution from flowery tenderness—that is, that the habits of dalliance which he has contracted may be so turned to account, that he can meet death with a graceful courage. If this is the right view of the passage, the words in italics ought certainly not to be printed as a question, but *Think you* should have a comma after it, and be understood as an imperative. I am not prepared to say whether any further change is needed. In the conclusion of the third Act the verses spoken by the Duke present several difficulties. One of them was thus removed by Johnson, but hitherto to no purpose:—

Patterning himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go.

The words

How may likeness made in crimes

have never yet been probably corrected. It would appear that under *made in*, we must look for some verb, in the sense of *enable* or *help*; for in the line 'To draw with idle spiders' strings,' the word *To* must by no means be cancelled, as the difference between the trochaic and iambic couplets is most accurately preserved. The concluding verses—

*So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting,*

are thus explained by Johnson: 'So, *disguise* shall, by means of a person *disguised*, return an *injurious demand* with a *counterfeit person*.' There can be no doubt that the false exacting is Angelo's, which was paid with falsehood, or by the substitution of Mariana for Isabella. But to say that disguise does this by means of a person disguised, is one of the strangest inversions of ordinary thought and language. The laws of antithesis require that as disguise is the disguise of Mariana, the disguised shall be the hypocrite Angelo; and if so, then nothing is more certain than the very slight change which completes the enumeration of the objects at which the Duke was aiming, by adding the bribing of Angelo to remit Claudio's sentence—

So disguise shall *buy* th' disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

A remarkable instance of the superiority of the quarto reading is to be found in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act i., sc. 2 :—

Cap. Even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be :
Which one more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

This is the reading of the folio, and it has been changed into, *which on more view*. But all the notes upon the passage only show that it is hopeless to obtain any sense from such a reading. Malone absurdly compares the old saying, that 'one is no number;' and Steevens, though he saw what the general drift of the latter part of the sentence ought to be, was quite unsuccessful in restoring the corrupt part, by his correction of *search among view of many*. The cause of all this confusion is, that the reading of the quarto, 1597, being unintelligible, was altered in the subsequent quartos, and that alteration was adopted by the folio. The original reading was, *such amongst view of many*. The faulty word was left untouched, and the sound parts were corrupted by the editor of the second quarto, who did not see that the right reading was,—

Whose merit most shall be,
Such amongst *few*; of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

It is strange that Malone, who quotes from *Measure for Measure*, *our compelled sins stand more for number than account*, could not see the point of Capulet's saying. In *Julius Cæsar*, Act iii., sc. 3, a perfectly unintelligible passage is first defended by

Steevens, and then corrected in a manner which shows that he could not have believed his own interpretation :—

Brut. To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
 Of brother's temper do receive you in
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

According to Steevens, Brutus is made to call his act *a deed of malice* ! Pope had proposed *exempt from malice* ; upon which Steevens observes, that 'if alteration were necessary, it would be easier to read :—

Our arms *no* strength of malice.'

It is surely quite unworthy of Shakspeare to use 'no strength of malice' for 'no malice, for such an expression would rather imply that there was malice, but that it was of an impotent kind. Besides, there is great awkwardness of construction in having three clauses of which the first and the last have each its appropriate verb, *have* and *receive in*, while the middle one is obliged to borrow from its neighbour. An attentive student of Shakspeare's manner will expect that the three things enumerated, *swords*, *arms*, and *hearts*, will each be suited with some appropriate figure ; nor is it very difficult to detect under the corruption in *strength of malice*, the very hand of our author.

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :
Our arms unstring their malice, and our hearts,—&c.

The false distribution of letters is a common source of error in copying and printing from manuscript, as those who are conversant with the emendation of ancient authors well know. A trifling instance may be adduced from *Twelfth Night*, Act iii., sc. 1,—*Hold ; there's expenses for thee*. As the Clown has not been laying out money for Viola, it is impossible he should receive *expenses* from her, even supposing such a circumstance could justify so strange an expression. It is probable that he would be rewarded with the same coin as he had already got from the two knights, and that Viola says to him : *Hold ; here's sixpence for thee*. In the same play, we may trace another corruption to the same cause, in Act i., sc. 3 :—

Sir Toby. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight ?

Sir And. A. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be under the degree of my betters, and yet I will not compare *with an old man*

It is useless to look for the explanation of the editors in so palpable a blunder. It must be obvious to any ordinary reader that *an old man* is a false reading for *a nobleman*. Sir

Andrew Aguecheek has just been speaking of the Count Orsino as a rival whom he cannot pretend to cope with, so that the allusion to a nobleman is most natural. In *Coriolanus*, Act i., sc. 9:—

Mar. May these same instruments which you profane,
Never sound more when drums and trumpets shall
I' th' field prove flatterers! Let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing. When steel grows
Soft as the parasites' silk let him be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I say.

Such, except in the punctuation and arrangement of the verses, is the reading of the old copy. Some have changed *him* to *them*, but I believe *him* (i.e., *the steel*) to be right. Adopting Tyrwhitt's conjecture of a *coverture*, and changing the punctuation still further, we come to the very simple and intelligible expression—

. When steel grows
Soft as the parasites' silk, let him be made
A coverture for the wars no more,

which exactly answers to the preceding 'May these same instruments *never sound more*.' And this very repetition of the same thought in a different metaphor will account for the words, *I say*. But where are they to be placed? Not at the end, where they come in most languidly, but after *let him*, the words 'be made' being removed to the commencement of the next verse. A mere change in the punctuation will supersede the necessity of any further conjecture in *Coriolanus*, Act iii., sc. 3:

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his *worth*
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd,—&c.

Here some defend 'worth,' and others attempt corrections of it, among which the most ridiculous is the MS. corrector's '*mouth*.' We ought to read—

. He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and (to have his worth)
Of contradiction being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be reined again to temperance.

A more energetic remedy is needed a little above, in the words of Sicinius:—

Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, 'It shall be so
I' th' might and strength o' th' commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, 'fine,' cry 'fine;' if 'death,' cry 'death;'

Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' th' truth o' th' cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Johnson proposed 'from the truth of the cause,' which is scarcely English, though such passages as 'Twas from the canon,' and the like, might be thought by some to support it. The conjecture which I offered many years ago, I again repeat with the most perfect conviction of its truth:—

Insisting on the old prerogative
And pow'r i' th' *teeth* o' th' cause.

Coriolanus, Act iii., sc. 3:—

Bru. For that he hath,
As much as in him lay, from time to time,
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their pow'r—&c.

For *envyed against* read *enveyed against*, or, as Holinshed writes it (I have unfortunately mislaid the reference), *invaied*, which in our modern orthography would be *inveigh'd*. To envy against a person or thing is foreign to the language, and there was nothing to induce Shakspeare to adopt such a licence of construction. Lyly plays upon the resemblance of the two words (*Euphues*, p. 47). 'Although I have been bolde to *inway* against many, yet am I not so brutish as to envy them all.'

There is much less certainty in the correction of those very faulty lines in Act iii., sc. 2, where Volumnia is persuading her son to make some show of submission to the populace. I will merely give the reading of the passage as I suppose it to have stood originally:—

Because that now it lies you on to speak
To th' people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your (own) heart prompts you;
But with such words, that are but roted on
Your tongue, *thought's bastards*, and but syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.

Coriolanus, Act iv., sc. 4, affords, in my opinion, another example of a speech being attributed to the wrong person:—

And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest things.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only that the weaker sort may wish

Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

It is far more probable that Sicinius says, *This is most likely*

rais'd only, &c., and that Brutus answers, *The very trick on't*. On the much-disputed passage in Act v., sc. 1:—

A pair of tribunes, that have wracked for Rome,
To make coals cheap : a noble memory !

Mr. Dyce has very properly objected to the alteration by which a *noble memory* is made the case after wracked. There is so much propriety in the exclamation, and so very little in the expression of *wracking a noble memory* (for though they might ruin the city, they would not ruin the noble memory of it), that the punctuation must not be disturbed. But Mr. Dyce is not so successful in defending the old reading, nor, as I think, in interpreting wracked as equivalent to racked in our modern orthography ; for though his note is conclusive as to the old practice of confounding the spelling of the two words, it is impossible to attach any sense to the expression, *who have racked for Rome*. A transposition restores the only meaning which Menenius can be conceived to intend :—

A pair of tribunes that have wracked Rome, for
To make coals cheap : a noble memory !

I conclude, for the sake of the omen, with a passage or two from *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i., sc. 1:—

Yet these fixed evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind.

As the image intended is one of misery and helplessness, and 'virtue's bones' is equivalent to 'virtue's emaciated form,' the epithet *steely* is inapplicable. I propose to read—

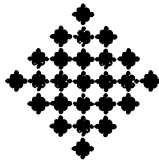
When virtue's *seely* bones
Look bleak in the cold wind.

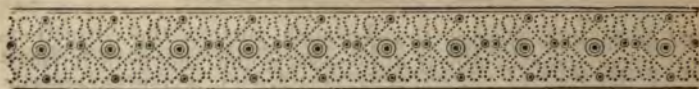
The reader will, no doubt remember that *seely* or *silly* is the expression used in the account of Bishop Latimer's martyrdom, in reference to his apparent decrepitude before he stripped for the stake. In the third scene of the same Act, when the Clown asks leave of the Countess *to go to the world*—i. e., to marry—he certainly does not say, *Isbel, the woman, and I will do as we may*, but *Isbel, your woman, and I will do as we may*. The printer mistook *y^r* for *y^e*. In Act iv., sc. 3, a similar confusion has been made between the letter *t* and *d*, where the first Lord is made to say, *Is it not meant damnable in us to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents?* whereas it is obvious that our author wrote, *Is it not mean and damnable*, &c.

It is not to be expected that the foregoing remarks should be read without irritation by those whose study of Shakspeare has led them to opposite conclusions with regard to the relative value of the early copies, or the general state of the

text as we now possess it. To such persons the corrections here proposed will appear unnecessary, and therefore impertinent. But the questions between us will ultimately be decided, not by editors and commentators, but by every Englishman who has leisure and education sufficient to make himself well acquainted with Shakspeare. Readers of this class will for a certain time be in the hands of their editor, but the very discomfort of finding hopeless nonsense and unscannable verse, will at last compel them to emancipate themselves. We ought not, therefore, to regret that the most popular modern editions have been undertaken in a spirit of literal adherence to the folio, diversified here and there with a most disastrous conjecture. The principle, that things pushed to their extremes turn to their opposites—a principle which Shakspeare has so often loved to dwell upon, and to illustrate in his own inimitable manner—may be expected to work out his deliverance from the uncritical state into which his works have fallen, and to hasten the time when men will admire him because they understand him, in place of pretending to understand him because they are told to worship him.

C. B.





COLERIDGE.

THE writers of every generation since the invention of printing have had reason to complain of the luxury and indolence of its readers. Books demanding steady thought or previous knowledge of their subject always have been, and always will be, neglected by the literary populace. If in this matter we are worse than our forefathers, the fault lies chiefly in the yearly growth of intolerance: what they were content to despise as mere laborious folly, we are strongly minded to persecute as an insolent aggression on the rights of the meanest capacity. Nevertheless, such aggressors are too often guilty of another crime, which may truly be said to have been discovered by modern critical science. Classification is our pride and our pleasure; and woe be to that which refuses to be classified. An author whose opinions will not range with those of any recognised party, or whose works never seem quite rightly lodged in any one division of a well-regulated library, occupies in general estimation what was once the place of a zoophyte or a platypus,—an uncanny creature, possibly of demoniacal origin.

Such a divine monster was Coleridge. Fearless of wasting in 'dividing' his labour, he ventured to be at once poet, philosopher, politician, and theologian; and to no school of poetry, philosophy, politics, or theology was he unreservedly a friend or an enemy. Can we wonder that his name so generally awakens a kind of suspicious awe, a dim shrinking, as from some power not altogether evil, with which, however, it is on the whole safer not to hold personal intercourse? And yet not many years ago this awe at least wore an opposite aspect: the unknown possible demon was once the unknown possible divinity to a different mood of the same mind. When Coleridge died, the reaction, which a long course of ridicule and abuse from the public oracles had been preparing against itself, at length began, and the heavy slumbers of English

fair play were broken. Many of those, who in his latter years had listened to the pageant of his 'wonderful' monologue, now gave utterance to their wonder in various notes of exclamation. Others, whose intercourse with him had been less casual, published letters, conversations, and reminiscences of all kinds. The faithful few spoke out more boldly the love and belief which they had long cherished. Thus England by degrees became aware that not only a brilliant poet, but a great man, had passed away from the midst, and wished it could understand what he said. Then followed attempts to claim his authority for various movements of the day, usually with some apology for the rude and immature confusion of his views. But new and living leaders appeared upon the scene; the rapid course of events compelled men to move in new channels, and Coleridge's name became unprofitable. The public found that mere wishing did not make him more intelligible, and of course it could not be expected to bestow labour on what might, after all, lead to by no means flattering results. Except, perhaps, his criticisms on Shakspeare, none of his prose writings obtained general and permanent acceptance. His influence retired once more within the now more numerous band of genuine students, and henceforth manifested its workings chiefly in the increased earnestness and grasp of principles in men of the most unlike schools. Meanwhile, the natural aversions suspended by a passing enthusiasm have returned with an accession of strength from at least two definite charges; on the one hand, of having originated the more thoughtful forms of theological unbelief, and, on the other, of having retarded the desired downfall of Christianity by choking his own (supposed) destructive inclinations.

Under these circumstances, no apology is needed for one more attempt to examine his claims on our faith and gratitude. It is a common delusion that Coleridge is well known; nevertheless, a reader who looks for much novelty of subject will be disappointed. Our way lies across well-worn controversies, and in the changes which the last thirty years have made in the aspect of important questions lies much of the interest of the inquiry. This practical purpose may be taken as a connecting clue to a rambling essay. Where several modes of treatment are possible, and there is not space for all, I must claim permission to 'move as in a strange diagonal,' and follow each only so far as suits my convenience. In some respects it would be very agreeable to avoid those dangerous subjects, on which every one is expected either to have an opinion or to be able to borrow one when he wants it. But Coleridge, so expurgated, would be emptied of his very

self. No important class of his principles and methods can be omitted without seriously impairing the coherence of the rest, though the detail of his opinions is by no means equally essential. For with him, as with every one to whom truth is more than a subject for speculation, there is no line of separation between the different subjects of his thoughts, still less between his thoughts and his life.

The story of his life is too vaguely and untruly represented in current impressions to be taken for granted without recapitulation. Indeed, the materials at present accessible are very far from complete. The following summary, however, which rests entirely on published evidence, will be sufficient for the immediate purpose:—

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, born October 21, 1772, was the tenth and youngest son of the Vicar of Ottery St. Mary, near Exeter, a learned and excellent man, but absent and eccentric in his manners. He was sent to school at the age of three. 'By the infusion of' certain 'jealousies into my brother's mind,' he says, 'I was in earliest childhood huffed away from the enjoyments of muscular activity in play to take refuge at my mother's side on my little stool, to read my little book, and to listen to the talk of my elders. I was driven from life in motion to life in thought and sensation. I never played except by myself, and then only acted over what I had been reading or fancying, or half one, half the other, with a stick cutting down weeds and nettles, as one of the Seven Champions of Christendom. Alas! I had all the simplicity, all the docility of the little child, but none of the child's habits. I never thought as a child, never had the language of a child.' In 1781 his father died. In 1782 he went to stay with his uncle, who pampered his fatal precocity, and then to Christ's Hospital, where he remained from eight to nine years, enduring for some time great hardship and neglect. He lived apart as before, and cared for nothing but devouring recondite books. An elder brother having become a medical student, he frequented the London Hospital, and read books of ancient and modern medicine incessantly. Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary* tempted him to affect infidelity, which Dr. Bowyer cured with a flogging. In 1791, he went up to Jesus College, Cambridge, where, in spite of his eccentricity, all went on well as long as his friend Middleton resided. In May and June, 1793, the trial of Frend, the Unitarian, took place; and Coleridge espousing his cause embraced likewise his opinions; and thus, being an honest man, incapacitated himself for holding any clerical office. Early in the same year, he narrowly missed an university scholarship, and lost the benefit

of Middleton's friendly care. Disappointed in his prospects, he thus fell for a few months into evil courses. In November he left Cambridge in a fit of despondency, apparently occasioned by some debts,* went to London, and enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons, under the name of Silas Tomken Cumberbacke. His invincible awkwardness rendered his military life wretched, but he soon became popular with the soldiers. At length he was recognised, a discharge was procured, and he returned to Cambridge in April, 1794. In June he visited Oxford, and there met Southey for the first time. This acquaintance at once put an end to his evil habits, and indeed formed the turning-point of his life. After a tour in Wales, he met Southey in Bristol by appointment in August, and there they discussed their scheme of establishing 'Pantisocracy' in an Utopian settlement on the banks of the Susquehannah. He likewise at this time engaged himself to a sister of Southey's future wife. He returned to Cambridge for one more term, and there published the *Fall of Robespierre*. At the beginning of 1795, he was fetched by Southey from London to Bristol, where he gave sundry lectures on political and religious subjects, some of which were published a few months later under the title of *Conciones ad Populum* and *The Plot Discovered*. In October he was married. By this time Southey's zeal for the American scheme had cooled down, and a quarrel, which was completely healed after Southey's return from Lisbon in the following September, ensued between the two friends. Late in this year, Coleridge's Bristol admirers were singularly disappointed in their hopes that he might turn out a great Unitarian preacher, for he delivered as his inaugural sermons two old lectures on the Corn Laws and the Hair-powder Tax. He now projected a political periodical, to be called *The Watchman*; and in January, 1796, set out in search of subscribers on the tour so inimitably described in the *Biographia Literaria*. *The Watchman* was actually in existence from March to May. In April the first volume of his *Poems* was published, and obtained a rapid success. In September, Charles Lloyd came to live permanently with him, thereby releasing him from many of the anxieties which he had suffered through poverty and his own thriftlessness. In December they went to Nether Stowey, to be near Wordsworth and Mr. Poole. Here in 1797 most of Coleridge's best poetry was written. Early in 1798, he was invited to take charge of

* Mr. Cottle and Southey assign a different reason for this departure. But a comparison of other passages renders Mr. Gillman's account more probable.

the Unitarian congregation at Shrewsbury; but two gentlemen named Wedgewood offered him a pension, with a view of restricting him to literary work. In the summer, the first volume of the *Lyrical Ballads* appeared. In September, the two poets sailed to Hamburg, where they paid their respects to Klopstock, and then proceeded to Ratzeburg and Göttingen. Here Coleridge stayed some months, attending Blumenbach's lectures. Late in 1799 he returned to England, and presently settled in London as a writer for the *Morning Post*. In the spring of 1800, he paid Mr. Cottle a visit at Bristol, and was there introduced by him to Davy, then assistant to Dr. Beddoes at the Pneumatic Institution. This was the beginning of a warm and life-long friendship. In July we find him established at Greta Hall, Keswick, with his family; and there he appears to have resided, with few interruptions, for nearly four years, being joined by the Southey's in September, 1803. In April, 1804, the state of his health induced him to try the effect of a warmer climate, and he sailed for Malta. There he soon won the respect and confidence of the virtual Governor, Sir Alexander Ball, and took the place of his secretary for several months. In September, 1805, he travelled through Sicily, and thence by Naples to Rome, where he spent the winter. A hint from high quarters that his writings in the *Morning Post* had exasperated Napoleon, and that his stay was unsafe, compelled him to seek the neighbourhood of Leghorn, and he escaped with difficulty in an American vessel, losing all his books and papers. It is by no means easy to follow his movements for the next ten years; we find him mainly in London, but also at Keswick, Grasmere, Bristol, Nether Stowey, Hammersmith, Bexhill, Bath, and Calne. During this period he delivered many lectures, chiefly on Shakspeare and on education, of which the most important belong to 1808 and 1811. In 1809 he published the *Friend* in a periodical form, and not long afterwards wrote a good deal for the *Courier*. In 1813 his tragedy, *Remorse*, was acted with great success. In 1816 his opium-eating had gained such power over him, that it was found necessary that he should live in the house of some surgeon, who would act as a kind of keeper. Accordingly, for the remaining eighteen years of his life he shared Mr. Gillman's home at Highgate, scarcely leaving the neighbourhood of London except to visit Oxford in 1820, and to join the great meeting of the British Association at Cambridge in 1833. In the year that he went to Highgate, *Christabel* (written in 1797 and 1800) was published, and also the *First Lay Sermon*; the *Second Lay Sermon*, *Biographia Literaria*, *Sibylline Leaves*, and *Zapolya* in 1817, the *Aids to Reflection*

in 1825, and the *Essay on Church and State* in 1830. He died July 25, 1834.

One of the latest descriptions of Coleridge irresistibly suggests a question of high interest in an age of biographies,—what is the ultimate result of the old saying about heroes and valets. The words merely set forth an undoubted fact of experience: but what is the meaning of the fact? We may, if we please, take it, as it is generally taken, in a Gulliverian sense, and infer that the 'heroic' in men is but a painted mask, easily detected by the near and familiar vision of passionless eyes: for this belief, or unbelief, is a wonderful ventriloquist, and can seem to speak from almost any maxim drawn from observation. We may likewise, with far greater truth, infer that by dwelling on the aspects of humanity best known to valets, the lower conditions of existence which it partly shares with the brutes, we incapacitate ourselves from discerning that in man which is truly man. The Yahoo philosophy, judiciously diluted, is always a powerful instrument of persuasion; and in no form does it work blindness with greater certainty than as inspiring petty gossip about great men. The most loving biographer must often describe small peculiarities when they are integral parts of character, or have deeply influenced the course of events. But to dwell upon them for their own sake betrays, to say the least, a strange ignorance of the necessary proportions of truth.

It would not be fair to include under the same charge certain moral imputations which are habitually laid against Coleridge. Whether or not they ought ever to have been brought before the public eye, it is now impossible to pass them by in silence. Every one knows that Coleridge was an opium-eater; and with many censors that is enough to condemn, not his character only, but even his writings. Yet not charity but justice calls upon us to inquire first whether other causes than sensuality may not have engendered a vice rare among Europeans in a man who, except for a few months of shattered hopes, was guiltless of every other criminal indulgence. In the midst of his bitterest self-accusations he always protested that he began the practice in ignorance, on the authority of a medical journal, solely to relieve intolerable pains, which returned when the stimulus was withdrawn, and so slid insensibly into a course which it would have been scarcely possible for a far more resolute will than his to have arrested. It is not denied by his accusers that he suffered grievously from pain and disease; but these, they say, were the effect, not the cause, of his opium-eating. On the other hand, no one, I believe, has supposed that it began earlier

than the present century: he himself in 1814* confesses 'a sad retrogress of nearly twelve years.' When eight years old, he passed a stormy October night by a river's bank; whereby, he writes in 1797,† 'I was certainly injured; for I was weakly and subject to ague for many years after.' By Lamb's account, as well as his own, he suffered greatly from illness in the early part of his school life in London. Nor was this all. 'From the exuberance of my animal spirits, when I had burst forth from my misery and moping, and the indiscretions resulting from those spirits—*e.g.*, swimming over the New River in my clothes, and remaining in them,—full half the time from seventeen to eighteen was passed in the sick ward of Christ's Hospital, afflicted with jaundice and rheumatic fever.‡ 'From these indiscretions and their consequences,' adds Mr. Gillman, 'may be dated all his bodily sufferings in future life; in short, rheumatism sadly afflicting him, while the remedies only slightly alleviated his sufferings without hope of a permanent cure.' These palpable facts, confirmed by many allusions in Coleridge's early letters, as well as the medical testimony of the person who had the best means of studying his case, must outweigh volumes of loose suspicions. Add the gradual victory over the long detested habit from 1816 onwards, and we shall surely judge less harshly one whom we cannot but pity.

Of the other leading accusation it is more difficult to speak. Coleridge was not happy in his domestic relations, and lived many years away from his family, who required and received help from the generosity of others.§ These are the facts. It is impossible to estimate rightly their full bearing without information which we neither possess nor ought to possess. Faint hints of the central misery, which probably dried up the fountain of his poetry and made his life hopelessly incoherent, may be found here and there in his writings, most of all in

* Letter in Cottle's *Reminiscences*, p. 380.

† Letter to Mr. Poole in Supplement to ed. 2 of *Biographia Literaria*, Vol. II., p. 323, ed. 1847.

‡ MS. quoted in Gillman's *Life of Coleridge*, p. 33, ed. 1847.

§ There is a prevalent impression that Coleridge contributed nothing to his family's support. This is quite untrue. He appropriated to their use his whole *fixed* income; that is, the annuity left to him by Mr. Thomas Wedgewood; he likewise insured his life for a thousand pounds, and paid the annual premium. See Southey's letter in Cottle's *Reminiscences*, pp. 376-7. Wordsworth's deliberate verdict of acquittal on Coleridge's supposed conduct to his family seems to have much shocked the exemplary Mr. Thomas Moore, to judge by a conversation reported in the seventh volume of that gentleman's memoirs; yet his moral judgments have never been accused of laxity by friend or foe.

the inexpressibly touching lines which close his *New Thoughts on Old Subjects*. It is indeed an old story: but it is not the less tragic, because others have suffered the same, or even because yet others have feigned its semblance to hide their own vanity and heartlessness. 'The shoe was a very pretty little shoe, but his foot was too big for it.' What was sin? and what was only bitterness? and where was the beginning of both?—these questions are happily above all human discernment. To touch them is injustice and profanity.

Coleridge's whole character completely baffles any attempt to represent it by oppositions of qualities. It is altogether inseparable from the circumstances of his life. Not arbitrary choice but the sure decree of events has strangely linked him and Southey together for comparison and contrast, as if to force upon our notice the infinity of the elements of every righteous judgment. We cannot choose but turn aside to revere the steadfast perseverance, spotless probity, and loving faith with which the brave and noble scholar won his even, upward way; the lofty scorn of all falsity in books or men, the genial sense, and other kindred graces, which constitute him the most English among Englishmen since Milton died. After such a vision it is hard to go back without intolerance to the broken labyrinthine wilderness of his friend's existence. And yet those hasty impressions will need much correction. We must, in truth, have recourse to terrestrial causes beneath the notice of moralists, who by some inscrutable law of nature seem to be endowed with adamantine constitutions. Till we remember in some degree what frame of body and mind each brought to the battle of life, and what work done each left behind him, we must not let one condemn the other. Infinite indolence and slackness of will were the source of nearly all the evil in Coleridge. He bore no hatred, but took up strange fancies against particular persons on trivial grounds. He was, moreover, always at the mercy of those who happened to be immediately about him, and thus sometimes spoke with temporary injustice of men who had every claim upon his gratitude, while in his heart he loved and honoured them to the full. Hence arose in later years an unhappy estrangement between him and Southey. Southey always admired him, but never understood him. He was utterly averse to speculation, and knew nothing of the racking power of disease. His struggles were without, not within; and they were soon conquered. He had his share of the ordinary cares and sorrows of mankind, felt them deeply, and bore them bravely. And now, as he lies in the shadow of the solid, cragless Skiddaw, the place of his burial seems well to

represent the tenour of his life. For Coleridge the lakes and mountains were no appropriate home, though he too knew and drank of their power. His wayward career and internal strife mark him out for his place among the throng of men, their disordered passions, high aims, and mutilated achievements, and the invisible order which rules their giddy dance. His works may well partake of the confusion of the age whose air he breathed; but, if the ancient doctrine of learning by suffering holds good, it will be strange if we find them woven of airy dreams.

Coleridge's claims to be recognised as a genuine poet require no vindication. One of the most common complaints against him is that he quitted a sphere in which he was so preeminently fitted to shine for others in which a poetic mind cannot but go astray. Perhaps few of his critics remember that at no time of his life did poetry hold a clearly predominant, much less an exclusive, place in his thoughts. At school, speculation was his chief delight. The supposed unnatural alliance of his pursuits was at least prefigured in boyhood, for apparently the most considerable of his early compositions (written before his fifteenth year) was a translation of the hymns of Synesius into English anacreontics. At Cambridge, politics held the first place with him, and so they did for some time after he began to reside in and about Bristol. Yet meanwhile philosophy and theology were by no means neglected, and the shaking of the opinions at first embraced did but lead to a more thorough and vigorous prosecution of similar inquiries. On the other hand, it is equally untrue to regard Coleridge's poetical activity as the glittering froth and ebullience of youthful fancy, and the final settling of his mind upon other objects as a passage from fiction to truth, from the clouds to the earth or the heaven. It would perhaps be less necessary to protest against such mistaken praise, if we were dealing with some other great poets of the present century. It is happily no longer held fantastic for grown men to count poetry one of the highest and most precious works of the human spirit. Yet many, who in words have abandoned the lighter view which prevailed thirty or forty years ago, unawares concentrate their worship upon various kinds of what is called philosophical poetry. Thus the higher class of critics now almost as often mean the philosophy in a poem when they speak of its poetry, as vulgar sentimental readers apply the same term to its mere imagery. And the confluence of these opposite delusions has contributed largely to form some of the spurious products of the last ten or twelve years, in which strange imagery and still stranger philosophy have

met in verse without any common root of proper poetry. Now, if true immortality belongs only to philosophical poetry, it must be owned that Coleridge will find it hard to make good his title. The few pages which might come under this description are nowise characteristic of him. He wrote much occasional verse on various classes of subjects, and of very unequal degrees of merit, nearly all the earlier pieces being marked with vices of taste, which he himself knew and confessed. His own dramatic compositions cannot be called very successful, though he translated two plays of Schiller with such improvements as to make them almost his own. It is by his odes, and still more by his ballads, that he must at last be judged.

An essay on Coleridge is a very different thing from a volume on Coleridge. Without, therefore, at all wishing to imply that a thorough critical examination of his poems is unneeded at the present day, I am compelled by sheer necessity to treat them under a rather limited aspect, that is, partly as illustrating the essential unity of his mind in all its modes of utterance, and partly as exemplifying certain important truths respecting the nature of poetry and poetical expression, which have been mainly brought or restored to light by his practice or criticism. In the early years of this century it was usual to designate his position by calling him one of the Lake school, though some of his poems were supposed to be exempt from his schoolmates' faults, and worthy of much praise. Against this classification he always protested, both generally and as it affected himself, and with obvious justice. Yet a true instinct guided even untruthful reviewers. In spite of wide diversity of character, opinions, subjects, style, and other more or less outward properties, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey had at bottom a common purpose, which manifested itself in their poems as well as elsewhere; and it would not be hard to show that, while all owed their position to independent circumstances and lines of thought, each was no less in some sense a disciple of the rest. For two main articles of his literary creed, the absence of arbitrariness in all true poetry, however wild, and the worthlessness of artificial diction, Coleridge was, according to his own account, directly indebted to his schoolmaster, Dr. Bowyer, who taught him to study Shakspeare and Milton side by side with the Greek tragedians, and to abhor harps, muses, and the Pierian spring. Bowles's sonnets exercised a yet more direct influence of the same kind upon him while he was still at Christ's Hospital; and in his stay at Cambridge he justified his condemnation of the diction of his contemporaries not merely on abstract grounds, but by reference to the Greek and elder

English poets. In 1794 he read Wordsworth's *Descriptive Sketches*, and two years later became acquainted with the author himself. Out of this intercourse arose the plan of the *Lyrical Ballads*,* which has been described by Coleridge in a passage of singular interest and importance:—

During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry,—the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination. The sudden charm which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunset diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself (to which of us I do not recollect) that a series of poems might be composed, of two sorts. In the one the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in *this* sense they have been to every human being who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency. For the second class subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity, where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them when they present themselves.

In this idea originated the plan of the *Lyrical Ballads*, in which it was agreed that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic, yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for those shadows of imagination

* Those singular persons who delight to represent Coleridge, for praise or blame, as the apostle of Germany to England, have lately been reinforced from an unexpected quarter: only henceforth Wordsworth must share the honour with his friend. In the *Révue des Deux Mondes* for October 1, 1856, p. 506, M. Charles de Rémusat informs Paris and the two worlds, that the *Lyrical Ballads* were a '*recueil inspiré par le génie de la poésie allemande*.' It will probably be sufficient to say that at this time neither Wordsworth nor Coleridge, nor apparently any of their friends, knew a syllable of German. Waiving this slender objection, a very determined critic might perhaps be able to deduce the *Ancient Mariner* from Bürger's ballads, provided he had never read it. But who can have 'inspired' Wordsworth? Klopstock? Surely the *Edinburgh Review* was never half so cruel. However, one of Coleridge's Bristol lectures does convict him of having read a translation of Schiller's *Robbers*, which has perhaps as much affinity to the *Lyrical Ballads* as to '*le génie de la poésie allemande*.'

that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us,—an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes, yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand. With this view I wrote the *Ancient Mariner*, and was preparing, among other poems, the *Dark Ladie* and the *Christabel*, in which I should have more nearly realized my ideal than I had done in my first attempt. But Mr. Wordsworth's industry had proved so much more successful, and the number of his poems so much greater, that my compositions, instead of forming a balance, appeared rather an interpolation of heterogeneous matter. Mr. Wordsworth added two or three poems written in his own character, in the impassioned, lofty, and sustained diction which is characteristic of his genius.*

The conclusions to be drawn from this extract appear to be as follows. The two poets agreed mainly in their poetical creed. Both were idealists, in so far as they rejected mere imitation of phenomena. Both were stern realists in their hatred of the common spurious idealism which professes to 'improve nature;' and made it their aim rather to bring out and make manifest through words the beauty actually present in things than to clothe them with an adventitious drapery of beautiful words. But they resolved to produce a book, the total effect of which should represent the fulness of their belief by means of a divergence in its parts, the idealistic element predominating, not standing exclusively, in the one, and the realistic in the other; and each chose the task to which the natural bent of his mind inclined him. The result was curious. Owing to the accident of Coleridge's indolence, the realism of Wordsworth gave its colour to the whole work. Then came the second edition, with a new volume, from which Coleridge's portion altogether disappeared, and in which the celebrated preface was inserted; and the onesidedness, which had been originally assumed for a particular purpose, naturally became fixed in greater intensity, and defended on its own merits. Thus Wordsworth appeared henceforth to the world, and in part to himself, as identified with a theory respecting the subjects and language of poetry, which conveyed scarcely more than a half of his better mind. Coleridge's lyrical ballads must be read with a similar understanding; that is,

* *Biographia Literaria*, II., 1-3.

they are more romantic in character than they would have been had he intended them to stand alone as representatives of his poetry, much less of his idea of poetry in general. According to him, all poetry must move between the 'two cardinal points,' of which he speaks above, some approaching more nearly to the one and some to the other. It implies, to quote his words in another place, 'a more vivid reflection of the truths of nature and of the human heart, united with a constant activity modifying and correcting these truths by that sort of pleasurable emotion which the exercise of all our faculties gives in a certain degree, but which can only be felt in perfection under the full play of those powers of mind which are spontaneous rather than voluntary, and in which the effort required bears no proportion to the activity enjoyed. This is the state which permits the production of a highly pleasurable whole, of which each part shall also communicate for itself a distinct and conscious pleasure.' Various as are the aspects of poetry touched on in this paragraph, its latent bond of connexion is Coleridge's doctrine of the imagination, of which, indeed, it is but a condensed and yet somewhat full exposition. It is quite possible that, in the late elaboration of his doctrine with reference to pure philosophy, Coleridge may have borrowed useful hints and phrases from Maasz, Schelling, and perhaps others. But undoubtedly he worked it out in the first instance at the early period when he and Wordsworth were together planning the *Lyrical Ballads*. The felt necessity of discovering what it was in Wordsworth's mind which made him so truly a poet, and yet so wanting in the recognised marks and badges of a poet, drove him into a partly psychological inquiry, and revealed to him the essential diversity of imagination and fancy. What has now become a commonplace in all the higher schools of criticism was then a novelty, and Coleridge must be regarded as its first teacher or restorer. The question was of far greater importance than appears on the surface; for the answer involved a complete revolution in the theory and recognition of poetry and art in England, perhaps with even wider and deeper results than the parallel work accomplished chiefly by Lessing and Goethe in Germany. To distinguish the proper organ of poetry from its light and capricious handmaid, was in effect to claim truth as the universal matter of poetry, and shut up fiction within the limits of its possible form. The steps of the process were two. First, imagination was denied to be the maker of images. Here was at once a thorough subversion of the current criticism, which believed poetry to consist in the use of eloquent or sublime metaphors and similes. But Percy's

Reliques had found some few congenial readers, and to them the new doctrine could not seem very absurd. By degrees it met with a wider acceptance, and produced an excessive austerity of taste in all who, holding fast their one fundamental principle, were unable or unwilling to look beyond it. Not so Coleridge. For, secondly, he restored imagery, and fancy, the maker thereof, to greater dignity and activity than ever, only without independent action. Nothing was farther from his wish than to proscribe anything which the great poets of other days had sanctioned by their use; nay, they were his primary teachers: from them he learned what poetry was; and his original anxiety was to find reasons for his inward conviction that Wordsworth was truly one of the same great company, however the canons of the eighteenth century might condemn him. But, further, the method which Coleridge followed compelled him to examine more carefully in themselves the faculties which he had been distinguishing from each other, and at the same time to ask what was the office of the images which elder poets had unconsciously spoken, and later critics gathered, dried, and garnered in 'Steps to Parnassus' for the use of makers of poetry. The answer cannot be acquitted of philosophy, and even theology. Coleridge undoubtedly believed that the outward world of sense is but the appropriate clothing and manifestation of an invisible and spiritual world; and that true poetry deals on the one hand only with the world of sense, and on the other hand with it and its manifold contents only so far as they are symbols of corresponding realities in the world of spirit. According to him, the first work of imagination is, passively to read this symbolic language of nature; the second, actively to reproduce it faithfully and truly, but so modified as to convey the perceived meaning to all minds endowed with a like passive capacity of interpretation. Of course, such a language can be no arbitrary system of correspondences agreed upon by poets or even mankind at large, much less invented by any one ingenious author, but must proceed from some kind of 'pre-established harmony' of creation: and, what is equally important, the meaning of nature can only be learned by a truthful and affectionate study of nature as she is in herself, and the beauty and majesty in which she is moulded. For indeed we should gain little by casting out arbitrariness from human art, if we were thereby to transfer it to divine creation. But Coleridge is never tired of repeating that every true symbol is or includes a lower form or power of the thing symbolized. Now imagination, seeing every object more truly and completely than is possible to the unimaginative eye, and

yet—nay, therefore—always seeing in it a token of that which is absolutely invisible, must needs combine both visions in one representation, when it actively endeavours to speak to kindred minds in poetry and art: in other words, it paints nature not absolutely, but as contemplated by man,—a being who belongs to both worlds at once, and is capable of beholding glimpses of the one reflected from the unconscious face of the other. In distinguishing poetry from science, Coleridge dwells much on what he calls the ‘fusing’ power of imagination, by which it gathers up many scattered elements into one whole, or restores a whole out of a few fragments. In this peculiar excellence he is himself unsurpassed: with two or three of his vivid strokes a scene ‘flashes’ entire into his reader’s imagination, where Scott, for instance, with perhaps equal truth of eye, but wanting in poetical intensity, would have given only an accurate catalogue of features for the memory to receive one by one, and then add together.

Coleridge’s remarks on fancy are comparatively scanty. He connects it with memory, and shows that it acts chiefly by association, joining together by some accidental resemblance ideas essentially unlike in nature. Beyond insisting on its proper work as the mere instrument of imagination, he has nowhere explained why imagination, often able to act alone, does yet often demand its joyful assistance, and what are the several ways in which such assistance can be rendered: nor, so far as I know, have other critics supplied the deficiency. Yet the question is closely connected with some of the deepest problems of philosophy, and must be answered in some degree in order to give intelligence to our enjoyment of Coleridge’s own noblest poems. Perhaps it will not be out of place here to offer one or two imperfect suggestions. When imagination speaks with her own voice, the language, although seldom literal, is always serious and direct. If she were a dogmatist, she never could need other language for any purpose whatsoever. But the images with which she has to do can never be separated from the impression which they make on the thoughts and feelings of men, especially those thoughts and feelings among which the pure intellect would be regarded as an uncongenial intruder. A slight touch is enough to wake them, and rougher handling is apt to destroy their life for the time being. Hence imagination, if she would address them at all, must often address them in an indirect, circuitous, and seemingly paradoxical way; and for these purposes she needs the services of fancy. Hither we must refer irony in all its forms, which we gladly employ when the strongest direct expression seems to be utterly

inadequate to the feeling expressed, and the weakest to violate it in the act, and so we rather suggest it by contrast through a verbal falsity which seeks its interpretation not from the trite use of the whole world, but from a mutual intelligence and simultaneous correspondence of spirit between the speaker and the hearer. Probably the most common work of the fancy is in playfulness and laughter, modes of indirect utterance which belong as truly to the very highest and most solemn aims of the imagination as to any more trivial impulse. They enter in a very subtle way, along with other kindred elements, into what may be called poetical mythology, which is used with consummate grace and skill in the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, the best commentary on Coleridge's doctrines concerning poetry. In nearly all true ballads the modifying operation of imagination is insignificant, because little needed in a tale of human action; but, in other respects, it works in full power. Much of their excellence consists in our feeling that the poet is looking with us at the deeds of his heroes with an equally wondering and interested eye, not articulating his own thoughts (if indeed they take any form in his mind), or wishing to draw inferences or morals, nay, rather dreading the spontaneous action of the understanding, as likely to destroy the charm and reality of the prospect. If a moralizing saw ever is dropped, it is almost always a truism, a saying known to be unlike and utterly unequal to the impulse in the mind at the moment, and *therefore* appropriate, arising from a balance of the felt necessity of utterance and an antagonistic shrinking from utterance. Further, all ballads are symbolical in the entirely true sense in which all history is symbolical, as setting forth deeds representing the inward and eternal workings from which they spring; and their perfectness in this respect would be destroyed by any intermingling of the things symbolized; they are therefore as transparent as possible, and their whole aim is to set the action before us, believing that to be a better teacher than themselves, and trusting implicitly to the singleness and penetration of our sight. *The Ancient Mariner* contains in addition more complex purposes, which are wrought out chiefly with the aid of the fancy. The quaintness of phrase at once suggests some departure from the routine of human life, in the midst of which we are placed at starting. By degrees we are led on, like the Wedding Guest, to hang on the increasing mystery which surrounds the awful stranger. From the familiar scenes of our own Temperate zone we pass to the Tropics and the South Pole, and encounter whatever natural glamour the visible earth herself can afford. By a

single act of wanton and useless destruction, practised by the man upon a harmless bird, a new order of thoughts comes imperceptibly in. Punishment follows upon the whole ship. The superstitions of sailors lead the way to a dreadful revelation of actual spiritual powers. For the purposes of poetry, which can only deal in the concrete, they must needs assume a separate existence, and become extranatural as well as supernatural. This is in truth the secret of Coleridge's success in what is incorrectly called his skill in treating the supernatural. The human fancy has always a tendency to conjure up beings in which the imagination sees symbols of the truly supernatural; and then, when a man or nation or age has lost its imagination, superstition steps in, and the creatures of fancy become *substitutes* for the true unseen world, and men believe in ghosts* because they have ceased to believe in anything above nature in themselves or higher than themselves. But Coleridge never cuts off his 'spirits' from the rest of creation; they are not ghosts haunting an alien earth, but have their appropriate homes in some region of land, or air, or water. If it be answered that in this he is but following popular dreams, so let it be: the dreams of ignorant childhood are, it is true, no more than dreams (whatever that may be), but they differ widely from the dreams of remorse or madness. Coleridge takes pains to let us see the mere stuff of which they are made: he dissolves them into the common sights and sounds of nature; and, when they have passed quite away, the mystery of their power is thenceforth transferred to nature herself, and eye and ear bear messages to and fro in a language not their own.

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!'

Be calm, thou Wedding Guest!

'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,

Which to their corses came again,

But a troop of spirits blest:

For, when it dawned, they dropped their arms,

And clustered round the mast;

Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,

And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,

Then darted to the Sun;

Slowly the sounds came back again,

Now mixed, now one by one.

* Whether any similar belief may legitimately and rightly arise from other grounds, is a totally different question. The text does but comment on the *Ancient Mariner*.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
 I heard the skylark sing;
 Sometimes all little birds that are,
 How they seemed to fill the sea and air,
 With their sweet jargoning!
 And now 'twas like all instruments,
 Now like a lonely flute;
 And now it is an angel's song,
 That makes the heavens be mute.
 It ceased; yet still the sails made on
 A pleasant noise till noon,
 A noise like of a hidden brook
 In the leafy month of June,
 That to the sleeping woods all night
 Singeth a quiet tune.'

One more important element of Coleridge's doctrine of the imagination, and therefore of poetry, remains to be noticed. We have seen that its subjects must be treated as beheld by man, and modified accordingly: but what are these subjects? Nature and man, is Coleridge's answer in the passage already quoted. Here again we must look back to the last century for a moment. When John Dryden consented to part with his native strength and sit in Delilah's lap, what could be expected but that lesser men would follow so illustrious an example? Wise reasons for so doing were not long wanting.- Bolingbroke's favourite maxim was eagerly caught up by his accomplished translator, and the whole Coffee-house school sang

'The proper study of mankind is man'

in full chorus. A noble and pregnant doctrine, truly, in its positive sense: but unfortunately its propounders meant to say that the proper study of mankind *is not* God or the works of God, it being assumed that man is his own creature, and the nursling of fashion. Such was the spirit of the song, as well as the speech of true heroes no less than of valets for a century. The French Revolution nearly silenced it: but Lord Byron caught it up with an energy more nearly approaching to belief than he bestowed upon anything else: his greatest and most heartless poem was its swan-song. So much for 'man.' Throughout the whole period, dim traditions of 'nature' were preserved in the most modish of all its compositions, the Pastorals. At length James Thomson rediscovered 'nature' herself, and his steps were followed by several others, most notably (in theory, at least) by Cowper, who uttered the antagonistic shibboleth, as truly blasphemous as Pope's, yet like it capable of a sound interpretation—

'God made the country, and man made the town.'

This brief survey of familiar facts is necessary to explain the position of Coleridge and Wordsworth when they set themselves to reform the existing practice of poetry, or at least to explore a better way for themselves. Wordsworth originally belonged to the pure naturalistic school, and his *Descriptive Sketches* are a good example of his earlier mind. To this day a great many intelligent persons, even many of his greatest admirers, suppose this to have been his character to the last. The fullest evidence to the contrary, if any is needed, is to be found in the well known magnificent *Lines on Revisiting the Wye*, where he tells how, having once known only

'a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye,' at last he 'learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue.'

In Coleridge, the process was exactly inverted. For he

'was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars;'

and his thoughts were wholly engrossed with human affairs before they were allowed to rest on outward nature. Hence both the young poets in different ways restored to mutual converse the two objects of divided worship, and thereby gave to each a life and freedom long unknown. Yet neither was false to his first calling. Thanks to 'the soothing thoughts that spring out of human suffering,' Wordsworth could still say to the 'fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,' that he 'only had relinquished one delight to live beneath their more habitual sway,' though now they were to him but the foreground and background to the thoughts and deeds of his brethren. And Coleridge, as we have in fact already seen, chiefly sought them either as mere springs of refreshment, and cool healthy impulses to hopes and fears of quite another kind, or as finding in them 'dim sympathies' with himself, and snatches of the 'eternal language' of God† and His image.

We must not take leave of Coleridge as a poet, without

* *Frost at Midnight*, in *Poetical Works*, I., 217, ed. 1844.

† *Frost at Midnight*, 216, 218.

doing justice to another of his services, his restoration of music to metre. The old antithesis of sound and sense has introduced considerable misapprehension into this matter. No one of ordinary sanity will accuse Coleridge of indifference to sense in poetry or science, verse or prose; yet such a high estimation of melody as he entertained is very commonly reputed a mark of a shallow and unthinking mind. Prejudices of this kind can never be met by argument: the best answer is a rude line which Coleridge was fond of quoting on various occasions:

‘Sis sus, sis Davus,—sum caltha, et non tibi spiro.’

The weakness, if such it was, was one of several that he caught from our elder poets. The balance which they had maintained between rhythm and rhyme was entirely destroyed by the poets of ‘man.’ In the hands of that polished school, the art of versification consisted in cutting down the pleasant hilly road into a level or decorously inclined railway, along which the voice slid with gathering momentum to the grand shock at the final goal. One great mechanical change made by Coleridge was of itself a thorough revolution, that is to say, what he called reckoning by accents instead of syllables; in other words, the occasional and temperate use of feet unequal in length, at least in numerical length. By introducing at the same time new forms of metre, he became indirectly the fashioner of the best known poetry of the present century, from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* onwards. Yet these, after all, are only modes of composition: their greatest value is, that they were able to furnish an appropriate body to that deep and spiritual music which heaves and plays through so many of Coleridge’s poems, and which has flowed from him into the great master of our own generation. We have already learned how it can make itself felt in the ballad rhythm of *The Ancient Mariner*: its power will, perhaps, be still more distinctly perceptible in animating and enriching the plain iambics of a passage which forms an excellent commentary on the whole doctrine of poetry:—

‘O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!
And, would we aught behold of higher worth
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth;

And from the soul itself must there be sent
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element.*

If in the later and more perfect works of Coleridge's poetical energy we have seen him departing from objects of temporary interest and seeking rest in unchanging nature and the permanent thoughts and passions of mankind, we should not forget how different were the causes which first woke the music within him when manhood began. Few readers will care to look at more than the name of *The Fall of Robespierre*; but *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*, and the two wonderful odes *To the Departing Year* and *To France* will not easily be forgotten, and, while they are remembered, will be received as true marks of the bent of their author's mind. The most purely romantic of English poets, the most profound and abstracted of English philosophers, was before all things a keen politician. The lectures at Bristol, *The Friend*, the newspaper articles which consumed much of his ripest manhood, the *Lay Sermons*, and the essay on *Church and State*, attest to the fullest extent his pride of citizenship, and anxiety to teach others to know and act out the glory of Englishmen. Every one, who has heard anything of his life, knows in general terms that in youth he was vehemently opposed to existing governments, and in old age their warm defender. In other words, say his liberal enemies, he was a base political apostate. No, plead kind apologists, that is too harsh a judgment; he shared the inbred antipathy of boys to 'tyrants,' and expressed it with an enthusiasm and indiscretion arising from his poetical temperament; maturer years and increased knowledge of the world taught him that, in practice, peoples and rulers go on quite as well as can be expected, and could not be improved by setting up any imaginary higher standard: he did not apostatize, he only cooled down from the boiling-point of poetry to temperate common sense. The first charge is untrue; the apology, which in reality contains a heavier charge, is not quite unfounded, and yet conveys an altogether unjust impression. The scheme of Pantisocracy must be set aside at once, as having little or no relation to the question. It was not so much a political theory as a flight from the disorder of politics. It was no discredit to be wanting in experience at the age of twenty-three, still less to have loftier hopes of society than others; the real fault was in the indolence which chose rather to enjoy a snug retreat away from the world, than to take part manfully in righting its wrongs. Yet even here there was

* *Dejection; an Ode*: in *Poetical Works*, I., 237.

somewhat to admire in the resolution, founded not on cowardice but on deliberate conviction, not to dabble in rebellion, directly or indirectly. As far as evidence goes, the scheme grew from no deep root in his mind; it was at variance with the tenour of his politics, early as well as late: and, if traces are anywhere to be found of its results, it must be in the very unsatisfactory essay in *The Friend* on the politics 'of the pure reason,'* in which he seems almost to deduce the actual framework of society from human evil.

On the other hand, Coleridge's exultation in the French Revolution was most truly characteristic of him. He saw it before it rolled into that abyss of blood and foulness with which it soon became identified in the minds of spectators, and from which even now it requires an effort to separate it. If the manifold results of two-thirds of a century restrain our stern satisfaction from rising into joy, at least we can honour the joy of those who could see in it only a new Avatar of liberty. This is the first and most indispensable prerequisite for sympathy with Coleridge. An unquenchable thirst for liberty is the one unchanging spring of his whole life, always guided and modulated but never checked by his equal reverence for law. The impulse which came from politics spread through every region in which he ever cared to move. Paying all homage with Wordsworth to the power whereby 'the most ancient heavens are fresh and strong,' he at the same time could tolerate no supposed claim which explained freedom away, or reduced it to a phantom in a dream never to be realized. Doubtless he believed that we understand very ill wherein freedom consists, and that many principles which 'common sense' assumes to be its gaolers are at last its truest friends and allies: but not the less did he maintain that it must still be followed through error and blindness as the last and most awful duty of man. Let no one despise these ancient common-places. If, as one of our wisest prophets has told us almost with his latest breath,† in spite of our boastings, we never have been in such danger of making freedom a 'thing suspect,' and then abandoning it, as now, it cannot be useless to ask a hearing for one more warning voice, before 'the natural man' of the nineteenth century has wholly given the rein to his animal cravings for slavery.

After the first burst of enthusiasm, Coleridge had much to learn. The crimes of the supposed friends of liberty brought

* Section i., essay iv.; Vol. I., pp. 252-278, ed. 1844.

† See the preface to *La Nation Boutiquière and other Poems*, by Henry Lushington.

rudely to nothing his hopes of coming happiness for Europe, and for a while he shrank in disgust as far as he could into poetry and philosophy, converting them from amusements into a part of life. On his return from Germany he renewed his interest in politics with the first whiff of English air, and wrote vigorously in the *Morning Post* for some months. He still was opposed to the war, and indignantly assailed the ministry for rejecting Napoleon's overtures of peace; but at the same time condemned the internal policy of imperialism then being established in France. The national spirit, which would not be repressed even in the *Conciones ad Populum* and *Watchman*, now came forth in a clearer and more unqualified manner. In March, 1800, he wrote the essay on Pitt which has puzzled so many of his readers. In order to understand it, we must put aside all recollection of *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*, which originated in a totally different feeling. There Pitt was the almost impersonal representative of the temporary English policy which Coleridge hated, and therefore was eager to keep separate from the idea of England herself. In 1800 he thought of Pitt only as a man and statesman, and calmly discussed his merits in that character. Even after more than fifty years, it is perhaps hardly possible yet to estimate the true value of the heaven-descended minister. Coleridge certainly showed little appreciation of his manifold skills and clevernesses. Keeping in mind Burke's wisdom and Fox's hearty though perverted warmth, he was not likely to admire the fluency which could make big words supply the place of lofty aims. Accustomed to feed on such political lore as he could gather from Milton, like himself a poet, it may have been unreasonable, but it certainly was natural, that he

‘Swore it vexed his soul to see
So grand a cause, so proud a realm,
With Goose and Goody at the helm;
Who long ago had fallen asunder
But for their rivals' baser blunder,
The coward whine and Frenchified
Slaver and slang of the other side.’*

It is strange that he dwelt so little on what he habitually felt to be Pitt's great offence, that of consolidating what we should now call a 'party of order' by exchanging old reverence of king and laws for an enlightened anxiety to protect one's own lands or till from greedy Jacobins. However this may

* *A Character*, in *Poetical Works*, II., 139.

be, the Peace of Amiens relieved Coleridge from a rather anomalous position. The growing suspicion with which he regarded Napoleon at length received ample confirmation; when the war began again, he strenuously supported it on behalf of the liberties of Europe; and henceforth it became the passion of his life to warn his countrymen of the dangers which the French Emperor threatened to bring upon the precious heirlooms of accumulated centuries. The practical experience gained during the few months of his secretaryship to Sir A. Ball in 1804 and 1805, and scarcely less the insight which he obtained into the condition of Sicily and Italy, were of great use in giving definiteness to his subsequent thoughts on politics, and quickened his interest in the subject. Hence his first published prose work, *The Friend*, although wide in its range, was predominantly political. A vehement nationality pervades the whole series of essays, and occasionally breaks out into express assaults upon spurious cosmopolitanism; but the author is equally anxious to show the loss of nationality which must ensue in proportion as morality is disbelieved to be applicable to politics; nor does he shrink from considering the case of international law. The essays on this head are of peculiar importance, from the indignant rejection of the doctrine of general consequences on the one hand, and of the mere rules of diplomacy on the other. Next come the *Lay Sermons* in 1816 and 1817, which should be carefully compared with the *Conciones ad Populum* and *Watchman* by any one who doubts the continuity of Coleridge's political principles.* But the fullest exposition is to be found in the essay *On the Constitution of the Church and State, according to the Idea of each*, published four years before Coleridge's death. The main purpose of this pregnant book will be more appropriately discussed in another place; it deserves notice here as marking the limits of the author's matured political views. In this respect the impression which it leaves is, on the whole, meagre and unsatisfactory. The emphatic word 'constitution' is the key to the entire purpose. Whatever value belongs to the theory of constitutionalism, and to the stage of European history associated therewith, is collected together and set forth in the purest and best light; but the student who wishes to learn the relation between these transitional forms and more

* The essay headed 'Once a Jacobin always a Jacobin' (published in the *Morning Post* in the autumn of 1802, and reprinted in the *Essays on his own Times*, p. 542) should also be read: it is important for other than personal reasons.

ancient and universal doctrines, will hardly find here much help. It is at least a natural suspicion that the soothing influences of age, hinted at some pages back by our good-natured apologists, may have had something to do with the acquiescence in checks and compromises. It would however be ungrateful to forget the positive principles, which are enforced with much power, such as the necessity of progressive and permanent elements in a state acting in co-operation, the fundamental character of property, and, more than all, the majesty and divinity of law. To these merits must be added one greater still, an historical attitude in contemplating politics. It is true that Coleridge's historical knowledge was very imperfect, and that he was too prone to generalize largely from insufficient data. But all his writings are pervaded with the conviction that permanent truths become falsehoods to our minds if we neglect to study them in their embodiment in actual events and institutions: and whatever temptations he may have had to indulge in pure theory were amply neutralized by his pursuit of poetry, and especially his active faith in Shakspeare.

Our way hitherto has lain in the field of 'general literature:' it is now time to pass to the forbidden sciences of philosophy and theology. The landmarks by which we may trace Coleridge's progress in philosophy are few and uncertain. We have already seen that at an early period of school life he was passionately fond of speculation; but there is no evidence to connect these boyish amusements with the serious processes of later years: apparently the last few months at Christ's Hospital, and the first year or more at Cambridge, were occupied with other thoughts. The adoption of Friend's Unitarian doctrines was probably Coleridge's first approach to a real conviction. The *Religious Musings*, with the appended notes (omitted in the later editions), written in London on Christmas Eve, 1794, amount in fact to a confession of his faith at the time of his leaving Cambridge. In addition to the usual theory connected with his newly found creed, he expresses great admiration for Hartley and for Berkeley. Similar doctrines occur in his Bristol addresses of the following year, along with a strong assertion of 'philosophical necessity,' which he was subsequently fond of recanting with peculiar energy.* For the next few months, there are no signs of anything but a passive acquiescence in Hartley, as the 'sage

* One of these recantations deserves quoting. 'I hope that this last paragraph' ('vice is the effect of error, and the offspring of surrounding circumstances,' &c.), 'in all the fulness of its contrast with my present convictions, will start up before me whenever I speak, think, or feel intolerantly of persons on account of their doctrines and opinions.'

who had settled everything. At this time political events alone had any strong hold upon Coleridge's mind ; but, when the course they were taking made him shrink away in despair, he had recourse to the study of the foundations of religion and morals.

'Here,' he says, 'I found myself all afloat. Doubts rushed in,—broke upon me 'from the fountains of the great deep,' and fell 'from the windows of heaven.' 'I was pleased with the Cartesian opinion, that the idea of God is distinguished from all other ideas by involving its reality ; but I was not wholly satisfied. I began then to ask myself, what proof I had of the outward existence of anything, of this sheet of paper for instance, as a thing in itself, separate from the *phenomenon* or image in my perception. I saw that in the nature of things such proof is impossible ; and that of all modes of being, that are not objects of the senses, the existence is assumed by a logical necessity arising from the constitution of the mind itself, by the absence of all motive to doubt it, not from any absolute contradiction in the supposition of the contrary.'*

This statement, though expressed in Kantian language belonging strictly to a later period, shows pretty clearly that the track followed was that of the ordinary eighteenth-century philosophy, ending in the dead-lock of Hume. Such is also the purport of another passage, which is further important as describing the process of thought intermediate to those mentioned in the second and third sentences of the last quotation, and showing how Coleridge came to see that the same method which annihilates all philosophy, except positivism, will, if carried out consistently, in turn annihilate positivism itself, and reduce us to the old 'sophistical' denial of the possibility of affirming even phenomena.

After I had successively studied in the schools of Locke, Berkeley, Leibnitz, and Hartley, and could find in none of them an abiding place for my reason, I began to ask myself, Is a system of philosophy, as different from mere history and historic classification, possible ? If possible, what are its necessary conditions ? I was for a while disposed to answer the first question in the negative, and to admit that the sole practicable employment for the human mind was to observe, to collect, and to classify. But I soon felt that human nature itself fought up against this wilful resignation of intellect ; and as soon did I find that the scheme, taken with all its consequences, and cleared of all inconsistencies, was not less impracticable than contranatural. Assume in its full extent the position *nihil in intellectu quod non prius in sensu*, assume it without Leibnitz's qualifying *præter ipsum intellectum*,

* *Biographia Literaria*, I., 204.

and in the same sense in which the position was understood by Hartley and Condillac, and then what Hume had demonstratively deduced from this concession concerning cause and effect, will apply with equal and crushing force to all the other eleven categorical forms, and the logical functions corresponding to them.*

This same year, 1797, appears to be the date of Coleridge's first acquaintance with Spinoza, whose writings made a permanent impression upon him, although his enchantment by the Ethics was of short duration and altogether incomplete. It was theology which had originally sent him to the 'ontological demonstration' of Des Cartes, and so into this whole course of reading and thought; and in like manner theology was now his safeguard. This may appear strange, when we remember that his theology was Unitarianism, always prone in philosophical minds to dissolve into Spinozism, and that a kind of Spinozism had actually pervaded his *Religious Musings*. But the very tendency, which had meanwhile been giving definiteness to his Unitarianism, had likewise a most salutary influence: he disliked Catholic doctrine more positively than before, not from metaphysical difficulties, but because it seemed to him to involve immoral consequences, in short, a violation of 'the sacred distinction between things and persons.' To a man, whose theological opinions were thus deeply grounded on moral principles, it was simply impossible to fall down and worship the *unica substantia* of Spinoza. The same sure foundation sustained Coleridge throughout, in Christianity as in Unitarianism: personality, and the rights and obligations of persons, are to be found somewhere in the heart of all his philosophy and all his theology.

With a mind still unsettled, he entered Germany in 1798. Under Blumenbach he resumed his boyish predilection for physiology in a sounder way than Hartley had taught, and learned much which he was able to turn to good account subsequently. He likewise became acquainted, at second-hand, with Eichhorn's lectures on the New Testament. Their effects were not all of the same kind: on the one hand he carried away certain crude perversities of interpretation, which he never cast aside, but sometimes imitated only too faithfully; on the other, he became practically familiar with the idea of Biblical criticism, an advantage more than compensating for any errors of detail. But it was Lessing's works that affected him most powerfully at this time, as his letters clearly show. Fresh from his inquiries into the secret of Wordsworth's

* *Biographia Literaria*, I., 141.

poetry, and always true to his classical predilections, he could not but pay homage to one who had done so much to purify the German language and literature from French corruptions, had laboured to base criticism on philosophical grounds, and had studied the works of the ancients with such a free and unpedantic affection. He cherished for many months a design of writing a Life of Lessing, and made large collections for the purpose: indeed he tells Mr. Josiah Wedgewood that his main business at Göttingen had been 'to read all the numerous controversies in which Lessing was engaged.'* Literary sympathy was doubtless the attraction to Coleridge in the first instance; but it is impossible that he can have been brought near to Lessing's dealings with several yet graver matters, without receiving into his mind new and fruitful trains of thought. A greater than Lessing however now claimed his allegiance: this visit to Germany first introduced him to the writings of Kant.

The popular impression about Coleridge's philosophy represents him almost solely in his relation to Kant, and the distinction between reason and understanding common in some sense to both of them. Here again a blind instinct has undoubtedly taken a right direction: the truth of more express current statements cannot be allowed so readily. The cardinal distinction of Coleridge's philosophy was obviously derived from Kant, and it is no less true that the English doctrine presents features alien to the German; to determine however the exact points of coincidence and divergence is by no means so easy as is commonly assumed. The few suggestions offered here are, I hope, substantially right, but it is quite possible that they may need correction in detail. A thorough comparison of Coleridge with the whole modern school of Germany would be an invaluable contribution to philosophy, provided always that it were attempted by some one possessing an acquaintance at once extensive and familiar with the range of original writings, and a wholesome abhorrence of contemplating German thought through the spectacles of M. Cousin or his English parasites. One great source of confusion has been the whimsical representations (not caricatures, but *inverted* portraits, if such a thing can be imagined) in which the figure of Kant has for many years presented itself to English eyes. It is but lately that, thanks to Sir W. Hamilton and his friends,

* See his letter of May 21, 1799, in Cottle's *Reminiscences*, 427-8. Coleridge's language renders it impossible to place this Life of Lessing in the list of projected books, of which nothing ever was written but the title. If not lost with his other papers in his escape from Italy in 1806, the MS. may still be in existence.

almost the clearest and coldest of intellects has ceased to appear as an enthusiastic dreamer of gorgeous dreams, ignorant of severe logic, and despising physical science.

Now, utterly inapplicable to Coleridge as such a picture must appear to any one who knows him well, there are plausible excuses for it in his case which are quite wanting as regards Kant: and it may be suspected that Englishmen have often formed an image of Kant simply by exaggerating their already perverted image of his panegyrist. Nevertheless in reality Coleridge, as far as I remember, nowhere in his writings professes to describe the doctrine of Kant. Writing for lovers of wisdom and not for critics of its history, he took no pains to distinguish how much of his matter was borrowed from predecessors, how much 'original;' perhaps he did not know. He frequently mentioned Kant's name with gratitude, as he did those of others, especially in this affair of the reason and understanding; but he neither said that he had taken his doctrine bodily from Kant, nor laid claim to any correction or addition of his own. The state of the case appears to be as follows: Kant, starting from a school unlike anything with which Coleridge was acquainted, and retaining throughout several of its peculiarities, had nevertheless been compelled to recognise, like him, the results of Hume's courageous speculations, and was therefore stopped by the same difficulty, though affected differently by it. The first step which he took towards solving the problem of experience was to assert that all the objects of consciousness are presented to the mind from without, and modified by the mind from within; that the objects so modified (*phenomena*) can tell us nothing about the things in themselves (*noumena*) thus partially imaged, although we have no right to deny their existence: but, on the other hand, that we *are* able to know the laws according to which our minds modify the objects presented to them, the permanent moulds of consciousness; and that therefore we may hold fast to the internal realities among the fleeting and changeable matter of experience. At this point many who call themselves Kantists are content to stop. Coleridge, on the other hand, never appears to have been much impressed with this particular result of the Critick, except with reference to the distinction of *phenomena* and *noumena*. Yet even here there is a difference; *he* dwells on the fact that *noumena* are not *phenomena*; *they*, that *phenomena* are not *noumena*. But Kant went on to say, that by means of these moulds, whether of sensuous intuition (space and time) or of conception (the categories), we merely get a heap of disconnected and helpless notions unless we

have another faculty which can bring them on the way towards unity by combining them into conclusions according to its own three moulds, the *ideas* of the soul, the world, and the deity. This higher faculty he called the speculative reason, and the lower faculty, which supplies it with materials for its activity, the understanding; both together being sometimes included under the general name of the reason, or the pure reason. The result of the whole Critick was to show that by none of the several processes which make up what he chose to call 'knowledge' can we discover the real nature of any object whatsoever presented to us, but only of our own faculties and of the particular forms under which they are severally compelled to apprehend all objects. Kant's third step was to declare the contents of man not yet exhausted, seeing he cannot but acknowledge a moral law, speaking to him with a simple imperative voice, although it cannot be evolved to knowledge out of experience by any processes of speculation; to show that its existence (pure from all notions of happiness, which must necessarily be of empirical origin) compels us to presuppose three postulates, immortality, freedom, and the existence of God; and that we must therefore possess another faculty for purposes of belief, which he sometimes called the practical reason, sometimes the reason in its practical operation, enjoying a supremacy over mere speculation. For 'we can by no means,' he says, 'require of the pure practical reason to be subordinated to the speculative, and thus to reverse the order, since every interest is at last practical, and even that of the speculative reason is but conditional, and is complete only in its practical use.*' It was these second and third steps that mainly took possession of Coleridge's mind, but he appropriated them in a different form. Moreover in the eighteen years between the publication of Kant's great work and Coleridge's visit to Germany many criticisms had appeared, among others that of Jacobi, which considerably affected the formation of his own doctrine. His language, like that of Kant, vacillates much within certain limits, but the changes can usually be accounted for. Habitually he does not distinguish speculative and practical reason, and the real force of the common term is determined by its 'practical' application. In other words, when reason is set broadly against understanding, it contemplates truth (and that not moral truth only, as with Kant) immediately, and not by a dialectic process.† There is,

* *Kritik der praktischen Vernunft*, Th. i., b. ii., hptst. 2.

† Mr. Mansel (*Lecture on the Philosophy of Kant*, p. 27) asserts that the English expositors of Kant are curiously in error on this point.

however, an ambiguity about the speculative reason. When Coleridge defines his terms, he declares this faculty to be only a particular function of the understanding, 'understanding enlightened by reason;* but occasionally (though never, I think, without warning†) he defers so far to Kantian use, against his own better judgment, as to call it simply 'reason' for several successive pages: but he never includes the lower functions of the understanding, as Kant sometimes does. On the other hand, reason with him, in its true and proper sense, must, I think, at least in part, take in Kant's 'judicial faculty,' which Kant himself intended to mediate between his unnaturally opposed speculative and practical reasons. The province of this faculty is the appropriateness (*Zweckmässigkeit*) in nature, that is, both appropriateness to our senses (beauty and order) and mutual appropriateness of use

Coleridge, in his 'Aids to Reflection,' and Mr. Morell, in his 'Philosophy of Religion,' both exhibit the views of Kant's antagonist [Jacobi] apparently under the full conviction that they are those of Kant himself. I have already observed that Coleridge never professes to be an 'expositor of Kant,' but his own. As for his ignorance about Jacobi, he says in *The Friend* (I., 208, ed. 1844), 'I should have no objection to define reason with Jacobi, and with his friend Hemsterhuis, as an organ bearing the same relation to spiritual objects, the universal, the eternal, and the necessary, as the eye bears to material and contingent *phenomena*. But then it must be added, that it is an organ identical with its appropriate objects. Thus God, the soul, eternal truth, &c., are the objects of reason; but they are themselves reason.' The whole essay should be carefully read. *Speculative* reason is 'discursive' with Kant; but so it is with Coleridge, though he did not think that properly it deserved to be called reason. On the other hand, reason *sensu proprio* is 'intuitive' with Coleridge, but so is practical reason with Kant to all intents and purposes, and perhaps also speculative reason *with respect to its three ideas*. That Kant does not use the word 'intuitive' proves nothing, for he expressly limits it to sensuous intuition in § 1 of the *Transc. Æsth.*, in the *Critick of Pure Reason*.—But not *hinc illæ lacrimæ*. That English scholars should persist in using 'reason' in Coleridge's rather than Kant's sense is the grievance, because here words mean doctrines, and the practice at least testifies that there are still a few who prefer Plato and Coleridge to their antagonists, ancient or modern. Nor is the usage historically incorrect. Sir W. Hamilton's notes on these and similar terms have introduced nearly as much confusion as they have removed. But he confessed that *ratio* is not *ratiocinatio*.

* There is a verbal exception in the *Aids to Reflection* (I., 162-164 175, ed. 1843); but the doctrine is substantially the same. The ambiguity arises from the fact that Coleridge's reason is never merely practical, but does in a certain sense speculate.

† Very fully in the pages following the above quotation from *The Friend*.

between different objects (final cause).^{*} The latter field must certainly be subject to Coleridge's 'reason;' the former would probably be claimed by his 'imagination:' but are they distinct faculties, or only one faculty exercised on distinct classes of objects? Coleridge nowhere asserts their identity; yet its acceptance would give new force and coherence to much of his criticism. At all events, they are connected together with reference to him in one very important way. It can hardly be doubted that his recent solution of a poetical difficulty, by the establishment of imagination as a distinct faculty transcending, employing, and animating fancy, prepared his mind to welcome Kant's doctrine as leading the way to a yet greater deliverance, and tended, perhaps unconsciously, to modify the doctrine so received. Coleridge and Kant approached the question with very different aims. For the young English politician belief was a necessity of life, not of speculation. He went down to psychology in both cases, partly because the current of his age bore him thither unawares, partly because the end of the clue which might guide him out of the labyrinth was to be found in that cheerless cave. But it was not his natural dwelling-place. It was small comfort to him to be assured that the Scottish destroyer was put in chains, seeing that we might now know the unchanging forms in which our minds must needs fashion all their representations, false or true. What were the categories or the schemata of sensuous intuition to a man who was wanting to know whether it was really impossible to resist the last grand discovery of the age that these same 'minds' of ours are our prison-house, and that we cannot tell whether there be either God or world beyond their walls? It was otherwise with the distinction of the reason and understanding; there he found an assurance that man's reasoning powers are not man himself, and that he may rise above their impotence, and have direct faith in unseen realities. What were the precise steps in Coleridge's mind, it is now impossible to say. We can however see that the doctrine in this first rude form, that is, Kant's modified by Jacobi, was not discarded by him. It appears distinctly in the greater part of the *Aids to Re-*

^{*} The terms used are *ästhetisch* and *teleologisch*. The doctrine that both kinds of *Zweckmässigkeit* are objects of one faculty is curiously illustrated by the recent elevation of the intermediate morphology (strictly one manifestation of 'beauty and order') by the side of teleology as an universal principle of nature. As the word 'teleology' is ambiguous, being often used in a much wider sense, it would be better to call this elder principle 'ergology,' the doctrine of function.

flection, which does not profess to be a treatise on theology or philosophy, but a set of 'disciplinary and preparatory rules and exercises of reflection' for learners,* dissuading them from allowing their primary moral and theological beliefs to be disturbed by difficulties of the mere understanding. Regarded in such a light, it might not be altogether wrong to call reason faith, as Jacobi had done at first; but even so Coleridge's meaning would have been ill expressed. He constantly said that faith was not reason *per se*, but reason in conjunction with the will, in short, reason in active operation. This was no arbitrary metaphysical definition, but followed necessarily from the moral and practical basis of his mind as well as the particular purpose in this case: reason could not be reason, if it were impossible to reject its affirmations, 'the proof of which no man can give to another, yet every man may find for himself,' and that with a certainty proportionate to the health and purity of his whole inward nature. But the doctrine of the *Aids* does not convey more than a part of Coleridge's mind. It was not enough to exhibit reason as a merely apprehensive power, manifesting itself as faith and conscience: it was necessary to claim for it the function of all true knowledge.

Coleridge seems never to have distinctly asked, what is the nature and province of logic: and hence there is some vagueness in his use of terms which it is possible to apply to the operations of both reason and understanding, arising mainly from the ambiguous position of the 'speculative reason.' But he is decidedly opposed to Kant, inasmuch as he makes reason to be fully intellectual (in the wider sense of the word) as well as moral, light as well as life; and this for reasons of great significance. We have regarded him hitherto as the disciple of Englishmen and Germans; but he was, at the same time, independent of them all, through his keen enjoyment of Greek wisdom. He had dallied with Plato and a motley train of 'Platonists,' genuine and hybrid, from boyhood onwards; but their teaching seems to have stood in no clear relation to his thoughts until he met with Kantian doctrines, and then it substantiated them for his mind in a way quite unlike the more dialectical purpose of Kant himself. From this source probably came the doctrine of the ultimate identity of knowledge and moral excellence, which is latent throughout Coleridge's philosophy, but nowhere rises into

* The intended nature of the book, which might be inferred from some of its own statements, is thus distinguished from the 'system of faith and philosophy of S. T. C.' Note (written in 1827) to the *First Lay Sermon* (p. 270, ed. 1839).

such prominence as in this double aspect of the highest reason: whence wisdom and even purity of taste are exalted by him to a dignity and sanctity which they can never obtain while they are confounded with the vulpine prudence of the understanding. To Plato also, in conjunction with the New Testament, must be traced Coleridge's energetic denial that the reason or spirit is with him, as it is with Kant, only a faculty of individual men, and not rather a divine nature of which all are partakers, and that equally.* And so he passed to a region not familiar to English travellers, the first step in which is the identification, in some sense or other, of knowledge and being. Respecting this the most transcendental part of Coleridge's philosophy, regarded by himself as of peculiar importance, it would be premature to conclude before the publication of the papers understood to be now in Mr. Green's hands. Starting from certain physical suggestions of Jacob Boehme and Giordano Bruno, he at length recognised in some of Schelling's writings a coincidence with his own imperfect results. But the mutilated exposition given in the *Biographia Literaria* he latterly confessed to be immature;† nor has the defect been hitherto supplied by more than a few vague hints, by which we may gather that his floating thoughts found at last an adequate support in Christian theology. His philosophy of identity however must always have stood far apart from that of the German 'idealists,' owing to an essential difference in their respective points of contact with Kantian doctrine. When Kant's system was complete, it afforded two perfectly distinct places of escape from the bondage of ignorance, which it seemed to establish, or at least to confirm; the one through the practical reason, the other through the permanent forms in which the speculative reason, understanding, and senses apprehend phenomena: both were alike exempt from the tyranny of sensuous experience. Coleridge seized the former, enlarged its bounds, and secured for knowledge a region superior to, and independent of, technical speculation. His work, though perhaps it never distinctly presented itself to his mind as such, was to thrust down logic from its

* The relation between reason as a faculty and as an universal life, and the impropriety of calling it a 'sense' in the former aspect, are discussed in a valuable note of 1827 to the *First Lay Sermon*, pp. 264, 265.

† The marginalia on some of Schelling's treatises, published in the last edition of the *Biographia Literaria*, are of great value, personal and intrinsic. They shew well the instinctive rebellion of Coleridge's mind against the implicit materialism in some of Schelling's early doctrines.

usurpation over all human thought. And he vindicated for all the light which is common to all, and never can become the individual property of each. Fichte, if I mistake not, tried to escape from experience by the other road, and sought for certainty in the perpetual constancy of the mind with itself in sharp antagonism with all that is not itself. In such a case 'the mind' could only mean, in the first instance at least, the mind of each individual man. This primary standing point of Fichte was surely likewise that of his two great successors; even when they seemed to begin their constructions in the far distance, they bore with them the assumptions which flow from regarding the mind and its own forms as the sole infallible origin of certainty. We are apt to overlook the merely logical foundation of their processes, because they were not syllogistic, but passed from stage to stage by new kinds of dialectic motion. But since the objects of their speculation were fashioned and determined by the equally logical operations of conception and judgment, they were still ultimately the slaves of their own understanding; and the final result appears to be little more than a grand magnified projection of the categories upon the face of nature. It is very far from my wish to bring accusations against these great and noble men, of whom in truth I know very little; least of all, when their very names are objects of suspicion and dislike to a large section of the public. But justice to Coleridge requires that he should not be subject to needless reproach under the ambiguous title of an 'idealist,' when his methods, no less than his results, differ so widely from theirs.

A pertinent question still remains, in what way Coleridge met or evaded the Kantian reduction of all knowledge to knowledge of phenomena. No express answer appears in his works; but analogy with his expansion of Hume's earlier doctrine (quoted at pp. 317-8), and the indirect bearing of a few other passages, may enable us to reconstruct the substance of the solution with reasonable probability. In the first place, the force of Kant's doctrine tells only upon those who start from the same premisses with him. To cast out what he called 'dogmatism' was the one purpose from first to last: and yet even to speak of dogmatism, in that sense of the word, presupposed an arbitrary distinction and separation which Coleridge could not easily sanction. The fact is, that the old Wolfian leaven infected Kant to the last. He asks his questions in such forms as already imply his answers. He approaches the subject with such a wondrous logical apparatus as could hardly fail to lead to negative results. In the assumed opposition of *a priori* and *a posteriori* knowledge

lies hid the whole theory. Suppose, for a moment, that it is valid; yet what have we gained? The matter of experience may be fleeting, and the forms of our own minds permanent, but what right have we to say that one is less phenomenal than the other? Nay the very mind, in which we suppose these forms to inhere, may itself be a delusion to itself. Criticism must lead us at last to a simple subject instantaneously cognizing a simple object, neither of them having any existence except relatively to the other; and by no possible process can we recompose a succession of these atomic subjects into what we call a mind,* without having recourse to one of those postulates, or 'dogmas,' which it is the special office of criticism to avoid, namely, that of personal identity. Neither again can the critical philosopher make the forms of his own mind a ground for attributing the same forms to the human mind generally, without employing another postulate, that of race or kind. When therefore we find that mere speculation cannot assure us that our presentations of phenomena have any correspondence with the things themselves, we need not hesitate to adopt this postulate likewise. Its predisposing grounds of course lie away from the immediate field of discussion: they are purely ontological, arising from the moral monstrosity of supposing that God can have given us lying faculties. But such also are the grounds of the two other postulates, being founded on our idea of what the order of nature requires. The self-complacent popular Kantism therefore, which talks much of the relativity or 'subjectivity' of our knowledge, is only preserved from undermining itself by an absolutely annihilative scepticism, through the unseen help of those postulates which it refuses to employ at another stage. Accordingly, it need hardly be said that with Coleridge postulates are not disagreeable necessities, much less forbidden illusions, but the very essence of true philosophy. 'From the indemonstrable flows the sap that circulates through every branch and spray of the demonstration.'

Neither was it possible for Coleridge to have any great

* The word 'subject' is here purposely used in a more limited sense than is common in the present day, in order to avoid confusion. *A being having a capacity of becoming a subject* (in this sense) is frequently itself called a subject. The one exists only in cognition, only in synthesis with a similarly only relative object; the other exists absolutely. A neglect of this important distinction (noticed, but inadequately explained, by Sir W. Hamilton) vitiates some of Professor Ferrier's interesting disquisitions. The ignorant and indiscriminate use of these terms and their derivatives in the literature of the day is much to be condemned, not on the ground of their being useless or pedantic, but because they are perfectly invaluable.

horror of experience, in the wider sense of the word which the critical school employed. The aim of his philosophy was not to eliminate it, but to redeem and organize it. His 'idealism' could sanction no impatience of its existence, any more than his spiritualism could lead to a fanatical impatience of our bodies. At the same time he could not allow it any supremacy; since the effort to submit ourselves in pure passivity to empirical impressions, from within or from without, is in effect an abandonment to the empire of the understanding and its independent forms, reversing the whole purpose of Bacon, and returning unawares to all the evils of scholasticism; and the proper work of neither can be done, unless they are both subordinated to practical reason, such as Coleridge represented it, not a mere sense, but an active and judicial power. From Lessing and Herder he could not fail to learn one other aspect of experience. If Kant furnished speculation, they taught him the philosophical value of history, the summed experience of the human race in all the stages of its marvellous education. And he in turn gave the lesson a fuller application than either of them had ever done, when he began to grapple with the problems of theology in earnest; and this in a twofold way. Firstly, he declared that a religion not revealed, an *a priori* religion, is a contradiction in terms: secondly, he denied that revelation could be either wholly outward or wholly inward, and denounced as equally heretical the attempts to exclude either the 'ideal' or the historical element of Christianity.

Perhaps we may best understand Coleridge's position by examining his much canvassed aphorism, that every man is born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian.* There is a certain broad truth in the saying as applied even to philosophy proper, still more to what is in one sense practical philosophy, the entire inward constitution of a man, the attitude in which his thoughts and feelings approach all possible objects, and the reciprocal bearing of his thoughts and feelings towards each other. It likewise embodies a truth which will one day be more obvious than it is now, that unmixed Greek philosophy is the exemplar and index-map by which all the subsequent speculations engendered by the additional action of the Latin and Gothic minds must ultimately become intelligible in relation to each other, exhibiting as it does the natural and simple progress of the West in its first conscious search for

* *Table-Talk*, p. 95, ed. 1836. The same conversation (July 2, 1830) is further notable, as being the only recorded occasion on which Coleridge did full justice to Aristotle's merits. But his actual knowledge was probably slender enough in this and most other provinces of ancient philosophy.

wisdom. Coleridge's maxim becomes however positively false and misleading, if we suppose it to refer all forms of thought to one or other of the two schools. It may be true that Plato is the summing up of one great period, and Aristotle the comprehensive prophecy of another; still we must not forget the generations reaching out before and after. The principle of fixity and permanence was sought throughout nature, and in mathematics, and in yet more impalpable regions, before man was discovered to be diviner than they, or his divinity to be unintelligible unless there be a common source of being diviner than all, and linked with all. Nor shall we gain much by simply calling Aristotle the father of logicians. The logic of conception, the subject of his *Categories* and *Metaphysics*, represents the true bent of his mind so far as it was theoretical, and whatever he may have done in elaborating the two other provinces of logic, and in psychology (the debateable land between philosophy and science), and in science proper, the real interest of these subjects belongs to after years. When genuine Aristotelians have gone astray in philosophy or in science, it has not been through their syllogisms, but through their categories.

Much light is thrown on this and similar questions by two other less known principles laid down by Coleridge. The one is suggested to him by reflecting on 'the temporary victory of the false and the superficial, and its establishment in the chair of learned as well as popular opinion.' 'The cause,' he says, 'is in the instinct of the mind to aim at the highest in the first instance; and hence with imperfect means, and in the absence of all the main conditions of its attainment;—the cherub's aim, the child's or savage's wishes, passions, prejudices; alchemy, astrology. But the remark was intended chiefly in reference to the nominalists' controversy with, and temporary though still *continuing* victory over, the realists in the fifteenth century.* The law of progress here laid down

* *Notes Theological, Political, and Miscellaneous*, p. 202. Compare also the following sentence from the *First Lay Sermon*, p. 252. 'The slave of custom is roused by the rare and the accidental alone; but the axioms of the unthinking are to the philosopher the deepest problems, as being the nearest to the mysterious root, and partaking at once of its darkness and its pregnancy.' This conviction, and not any mystical habit of mind in himself, is the true cause of Coleridge's fondness for reading the works of mystics. Every speculative mystic is in fact a new beginning of philosophy, and unconsciously repeats in his own mind the processes of the earliest schools. Hence the *verbal* materialism of the most spiritually minded men. They combine an unquenchable thirst for speculation with either an ignorance or an ignoring of the existing results of speculation; and think without the

is of the utmost importance in studying the history of philosophy and of much else; though unhappily it contradicts the implied conviction of most living thinkers. Those who say that modern thought is all vanity, and would send us back to some halcyon age of wisdom, which seems not so much to recede as to melt as we approach it, can see no marks of divine arrangement in the whole extended chain which knits us to the Ionic cities on the Ægean Sea: and those who cannot and ought not to disbelieve the progress of the race, which somehow brings us daily nearer the goal, and then go on to assume the falsity of the old when it is felt to be at variance with the new, cannot possibly tolerate a doctrine which seems to send the full-grown world back to its swaddling-clothes. 'As the old man doth not become a child by means of his second childishness, as little can a nation [or race] exempt itself from the necessity of thinking which has once learnt to think: * our path must lie forwards, whithersoever it may lead. And yet it is surely no sentimentalist's pretty conceit that, as old age must put on the weakness of childhood, so childhood anticipates the piercing and spiritual sight of old age; and the final result of a cumulative lifelong experience, gathered in not by the mere intellect but by the whole man, corrects and unfolds but cannot supplant the living unity of the early vision. The best mark by which to distinguish the truest heroes of humanity, both from mere pioneers and from eclectics, is that their anxiety is neither to preserve nor to destroy, but—I use the words advisedly—to fulfil. The marrow of all 'philosophy of history' is contained in Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*.

The other principle of Coleridge, which we require, is our old friend symbolism, the common language of poetry, the higher philosophy, and theology. 'A symbol,' he says in one of his many definitions, ' (ὁ ἐστὶν αἰὲν ταυτηγορικόν†) is characterized by a translucence of the special in the individual, or of the general in the special, or of the universal in the general; above all, by the translucence of the eternal through and in the temporal. It always partakes of the reality which it

distinctions, which appear to their contemporaries necessarily obvious to every sane human being, but are in reality the products of painful experience many centuries ago.

* *The Friend*, I., 163.

† 'The nature of which [symbols and symbolical expressions] is always tautegorical, that is, expressing the same subject, but with a difference; in contradistinction from metaphors and similitudes, which are always allegorical, that is expressing a different subject, but with a resemblance.' —*Aids to Reflection*, I., 154. Compare the rest of the paragraph, and the long note at pp. 196-9.

renders intelligible; and, while it enunciates the whole, abides itself as a living part in that unity of which it is the representative.* Thus the true reason is sometimes said to behold realities immediately, sometimes through the medium of symbols, even as the understanding deals only with the conceptions of realities. But symbols and conceptions are absolutely heterogeneous. Conceptions are pictures constructed from within by the understanding, combining whatever aspects of real truth it has been able to receive from the reason or senses, and henceforth to it the necessary substitutes of the truth itself; while symbols are a lower and sensible form of realities, by which, as by a ladder let down from heaven, we are able to climb up to their highest and purest substance. In ordinary language, conceptions (as represented by names) and symbols are indissolubly blended; and any theory of language must be fundamentally wrong which overlooks either its nominalistic or its realistic use. Hence Coleridge is equally indefatigable in inculcating precision and clearness in the use of words as leading to clearness of conception, and in repelling attempts to tie down words to a single meaning, regardless of the complicated associations which they bear, and ought to bear, along with them. Of these associations, a great number are what may be called accidental, the result of peculiar historical combinations; but others express a sense of true and eternal affinities belonging to the very essence of symbolism. Whatever may be the powers or impotence of thought, Coleridge distinctly asserts the impotence of language to describe the highest truth, except by describing symbols of the truth. Of course, conceptions and symbols are both imperfect and 'finite,' but the nature of their imperfections is totally different: symbols actually 'partake of' the things symbolized, while the most perfect conceptions are only copies of so much of the things conceived as can be reduced under certain forms of the understanding (the categories): the one defect is of kind, the other only of degree. It is obvious that this doctrine of symbols is little more than a reproduction of the Platonic doctrine of ideas in another form. Coleridge's habitual language with respect to Plato makes it certain that he would have acknowledged the obligation if he had ever given a detailed scheme of his own principles. But his philosophical writings, like Plato's, consist almost wholly of applied philosophy; and this fact at once contributes to their immense value for those who seek, as he sought, only to find the truth,

* *First Lay Sermon*, p. 230.

and renders it difficult for an expositor to construct a museum of his doctrines for the benefit of curious beholders.

These considerations are of great service in determining Coleridge's place in philosophy. That he was a Platonist rather than an Aristotelian, no one can doubt, although he was a warm friend of all branches of logic, psychology, and science. The fancy that he was a Neoplatonist is plausible, but absolutely untrue. He was fond of reading one or two Neoplatonist writers, because they exhibited a certain fraction of Platonic doctrine applied to ideas of a later growth, and it was refreshing to him to catch even the faintest echoes of the Athenian wisdom; but their temper was ludicrously at variance with the whole purpose of his life. He had, however, a greater affinity than probably any other unmythical modern writer to the pre-Socratic schools. Their great fallacy was to confound true natural symbols with the things symbolized, even as it has been the fallacy of Aristotle, and of most schools since his time, to confound artificial conceptions, or signs of conceptions, with the things conceived or signified. Now Coleridge's writings abound in passages very perplexing to the modern reader, in which he suddenly digresses into transcendental physics or quaint mathematical formulæ. Yet he never for a moment forgets that he is only using a peculiar language, and that only because it is the most true and vivid for his especial purpose. Although knowing little of mathematics, he was unwearied in urging their importance, not only for purposes of education, but as an indispensable organ of the highest philosophy. What was called the mathematical method in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, led to barren results; for in fact it was only pure formal logic extracted from its application to certain parts of mathematics. Kant gave the hint of truer views; Coleridge can hardly be said to have expanded it, but he applied it in full faith, and so made a beginning; what the end will be, no man can prophesy. Again his cherished studies in physiology and chemistry mark at least his thorough enjoyment of those natural sciences which we are told are to supersede philosophy. Yet his chief delight was to read in them the tokens of truths above nature, and therefore he could not only tolerate but revere all who in former times had brooded deeply over the same signatures, though led sometimes astray by fancies and confusions from which his modern education had kept him free. If the law of progress mentioned above holds good, his example must be followed sooner or later, and a hearty recognition of Plato must include a return to yet elder strivings after light. For one result of such an event we may be pre-

pared by much that Coleridge has written, and also much that is already taking place; namely, that philosophy and art will continually draw closer to each other, and both to simple natural history. At present the cant about art is nearly the most hateful

In the land that produced one Kant with a K,
And many cants with a C.,

and not much less nauseous in our own land. Yet the signs of faithful and vigorous work are more patent still; and such agencies, with those of advancing science, may one day have power to restore and purify philosophy. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that by that time moralists and logicians will have ceased from contemptuous language about the senses; a genuine spiritual philosophy needs no such *bourgeois* self-assertion to maintain its own dignity. At all events, it is vain to hope that we can expect to stop the downward course of European thought, till it is fully run out. M. Comte's law of progress has at least a temporary and parenthetical truth. Philosophy has denied that it has anything to do with the knowledge of God, and is now being rapidly swallowed up by positivism or science militant, and ancient experience tells of a yet lower deep. Yet when we shall seem to lie at the lowest point, we may perhaps be near the very highest, and the senses themselves may become the very instruments of our deliverance. Then philosophy may begin afresh once more, as from its Ionic cradle; and the spirit in Coleridge, which seemed to be aimlessly stooping over a buried past, will be found rich in prophecy for a living future.

Coleridge's formal debts to German and Greek speculation are so prominent, that there is danger of overlooking the English heart of belief which was, after all, the substance of his philosophy. The distinction of faculties was vital to him, because without it he must either abandon his faith in God and a spiritual world, or admit an intolerable chasm between his speculative and moral nature. This latter alternative would have been, and is, by no means dreadful to a great many worthy persons, excellent members of society, and intelligent students of philosophy. He was of another—it may be, a less philosophical, but hardly a less English—constitution; at the worst, it was his misfortune, not his fault. Some suppose that, because he was an 'idealist,' and spoke of 'that other world which now is, and without the being and working of which the world to come would be either as unintelligible as *Abracadabra*, or a mere reflection and elongation of the world of sense—Jack Robinson between two looking-glasses,

with a series of Jack Robinsons in *secula sæculorum*,* he looked upon chairs and tables, trees and rocks, as so many empty phantoms, with which the true philosopher has nothing to do. On the contrary, the visible world was most thoroughly substantial to him, *because* he believed it to be sustained by an unseen world. Again, this 'reason' of his is imagined to be a mysterious power granted to a select few after long and unearthly meditations. To him it is the one common equal possession of all, at once the pledge and the means of their unity, the destroyer of all false aristocracies of intellect. It is not a power which the wise may henceforth be able to use; but which every man, woman, and child since the creation have been perpetually using, though its influence is greatest in the most simple-minded, the least sophisticated by a one-sided education of books or life. Again it is equally false to say that he took credit for the distinction of reason and understanding as his own, or that he represented himself as the interpreter of German wisdom in this country. His books are full of attempts, with various degrees of success, to show that the distinction was implicitly recognised by English authors of all classes and all ages, sometimes even in the same terms. Whatever is of native growth is dear to him; and his severest lashes fall on those who have introduced foreign modes of thought and speech.

There are one or two points concerning Coleridge's relation to English philosophy, which require to be considered expressly. He seems to have valued highly certain essays in *The Friend*,† in which he professed to have reconciled Plato with Bacon. Starting from the hard language which Bacon employs towards the Greek metaphysicians, Coleridge protests that he has done justice neither to Plato's method, nor to Aristotle's science, whatever excuses may fairly be urged in his defence. He asserts that Plato's 'method is inductive throughout;' that he 'argues on all subjects, not only from, but in and by, inductions of facts;' that he 'pursues with unmitigated hostility the assumptions, abstractions, generalities, and verbal legerdemain of the sophists.' On the other hand, he complains of Bacon's own worthless attempts at induction and vague language about collections of particulars, but affirms that he demands at the same time a 'mental initiative, as the motive and guide of every philosophical experiment;' that the great object of

* *Dialogue between Demosius and Mystes*, after *Essay on Church and State*, p. 190.

† In iii., 108-216, but especially essays viii. and ix., pp. 157-175. The same matter, in nearly the same words, occurs in his treatise on Method prefixed to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*.

both their labours was to destroy 'the arrogance which leads man to take the forms and mechanism of his own mere reflective faculty, as the measure of Nature and of Deity'; that 'they both saw there could be no hope of any fruitful and secure method, while forms merely subjective were presumed as the true and proper moulds of objective truth.' The first member of the comparison is undoubtedly the most valuable. Although it is a mere assertion, unsupported by examination of a single dialogue, its worth is great, as removing at one stroke a great many vague fictions about Plato, shewing that his method was as little *a priori* as *a posteriori*, and bringing him directly in contact with modern science. The defence of Bacon, though fuller, is less satisfactory: it rests mainly on the undoubtedly pregnant maxim, *Prudens questio dimidium scientiæ*, and on the references to the *lux intellectus*, *lumen siccum*, as supreme and independent of the moulds of the *intellectus humanus*.* Surely however such slender inferential evidence is inadequate to establish the existence of a doctrine, which might have been expected to make its presence felt throughout the *Novum Organum*, had it been held by Bacon with any firmness. On the whole, there is too much reason to fear that he did not habitually and distinctly contemplate any other than a negative reform on this particular point; in short, to improve and purify generalization without the addition of any uniting element supplied by the mind itself. If however Coleridge is historically wrong in this respect, his own philosophical exposition has not lost its value even in the present day. The unfortunate confusion of a purely formal and logical process with the progressive method of science, under the common name of induction, has caused the latter to be too frequently identified with a form which it usually but not necessarily takes, that of advancing from the many to the one. Coleridge, on the other hand, dwells solely on the necessity for 'a previous act and conception of the mind' in addition to experiment or observation, and points out that a law may be discovered by a true process of induction even from a single instance. But his whole doctrine follows directly from the general relation between reason and experience.

Coleridge's moral philosophy need not detain us long. Perhaps the most striking fact, considering the universal supremacy which moral considerations held in his mind, is

* Dr. Whewell, whose view of induction agrees with that of Coleridge in the most essential point, founds a similar defence on still more indirect evidence; but acknowledges distinctly that Bacon 'does *not* give due weight or due attention to the ideal element of our knowledge.'—*Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, II., 237-9.

that there is so little to say about it. For psychological ethics he had little or no inclination, possibly because the subject never presented itself to him as matter of direct speculation: he wished to be clear about the principle of morality, because without that he could not find his way in any subject whatever. One of the purposes of the *Aids to Reflection*, as stated in the preface, condenses in a few words the sum of his belief; 'to establish the distinct characters of prudence, morality, and religion; and to impress the conviction that, though the second requires the first, and the third contains and supposes both the former, yet still moral goodness is other and more than prudence on the principle of expediency, and religion more and higher than morality.' This sentence however does not notice five golden pages on the confusion of sensibility with morality, as far worse than that of prudence with morality.

'Are not reason, discrimination, law, and deliberate choice,' he asks, 'the distinguishing characters of humanity? Can aught then worthy of a human being proceed from a habit of soul, which would exclude all these, and (to borrow a metaphor from paganism) prefer the den of Trophonius to the temple and oracles of the God of light? Can anything manly, I say, proceed from those, who for law and light would substitute shapeless feelings, sentiments, and impulses, which, as far as they differ from the vital workings in the brute animals, owe the difference to their former connexion with the proper virtues of humanity?'

It is singular that Coleridge's writings nowhere show any acquaintance even with the name of Butler. It was natural enough that he should pass over many English moralists, good and bad: if Paley had not been accepted as a great authority, Coleridge would probably never have preached the crusade, which others have carried out with such success. Butler however stands alone, even in his own school. It is impossible to believe that Coleridge can have known a man of such laborious and far-seeing thought, so impatient of the isolation of any principle however firm, so possessed with the idea of a constitution, and holding fast so earnestly the unity of all things, without placing him habitually among his chosen friends of all ages. Yet there was a radical difference between them which will illustrate better than anything else Coleridge's relation to English ethics. A very slight acquaintance with philosophical history is enough to show that the 'independence' of morality, both in its essence and in its criterion, has been a tenet common to many different schools, ancient

* *Aids to Reflection*, i., 24—28.

and modern. This therefore is no true proof of philosophical affinity. Unhappily for the interests of truth, the doctrine has been supposed to be specially characteristic of the Stoics, as the contrary of the Epicureans. When therefore Butler is discovered pointing to the Stoics as his teachers, it is generally assumed that he is only referring to the independent character of morality, or at most to the 'following of nature' in the simplest form of the idea: and the assumption is plausible enough, if, as usually happens, we take our idea of the Stoics from the excellent but not very philosophical members of the late Græco-Roman school. In reality, great as are Butler's own merits as an original thinker, the *Analogy* even more than the ethical sermons is Stoic to the core, in the true and ancient sense of the word. The constitution and order of the universe,—not excluding spiritual agencies of God or man, but still primarily the material universe, or nature,—is assumed as the type to which the proper state of all subordinate creatures is to be referred. This is only so far a peculiarity of Butler, that, being the greatest man of his age, he expressed its mind more fully and consciously than any other; but it is the latent central thought of the whole eighteenth century in England, and less distinctly the two preceding centuries; and even their Epicureanism cannot be rightly understood except in reference to it. Coleridge's morality, on the other hand, is thoroughly Platonic. He is no less sure that the true condition of each single part of creation must bear reference to an universal type. But he cannot identify man with nature or a part of nature: he contemplates man as under a political, not a cosmical order. To the one God is the necessary soul of the universe: to the other the universe is the manifestation and clothing of God, yet man a higher manifestation of Him still. This characteristic would probably have been more conspicuous in Coleridge's writings, if he had treated morals apart from other subjects; but in so doing he would have been in some measure self-contradictory. The whole Stoical aspect of human life, and the circle of ideas of which the theory of habits is a good representative, can hold but a very subordinate place in a philosophy, which throughout assumes its own incompleteness without theology.

Coleridge's divergence from Butler shows itself perhaps still more obviously in his treatment of 'nature' in reference to morality. It is possible that his study of Spinoza, and consequent revulsion against a view of philosophy which under colour of complete unity obliterates the diversity of natural and spiritual action, may have turned his mind in the direction which it took so decidedly afterwards; but a more positive

and effectual impulse must have come from Kant's ethics, and the opposition between freedom and nature therein contained. There are however, I think, no traces of the question as worked out in Coleridge's mind till a much later time, when it came into direct contact with theology in the shape of the Pelagian controversy. But meanwhile the sorrowful experience of his own inward life had been for him, as for St. Augustine, a source of another kind of light than any which speculation could supply. The consciousness of evil, born with him and clinging to him, was brought home to him with a power and clearness which made all sentimental dallying with the matter impossible. This is one of the fundamental points in which his theology stands in the sharpest opposition to that of Schleiermacher, with which it is sometimes ignorantly confounded. Monstrous as it seemed to him to give the name of evil to much that is only a lesser and lower kind of good, he thought that all falsehood lies in calling evil only a lesser good.

'This one conviction,' he says, 'determined, as in a mould, the form and feature of my whole system in religion and morals, and even in literature. These arguments were not suggested to me by books, but forced on me by reflection on my own being, and observations on the ways of those about me, especially of little children.' 'Suffice it for the present to affirm, to declare it at least as my own creed, that whatever humbles the heart and forces the mind inward, whether it be sickness, or grief, or remorse, or the deep yearnings of love, (and there have been children of affliction, for whom all these have met and made up one complex suffering,) in proportion as it acquaints us with the thing we are, renders us docile to the concurrent testimony of our fellow-men in all ages and in all nations. From Pascal in his closet, resting the arm which supports his thoughtful brow on a pile of demonstrations, to the poor pensive Indian that seeks the missionary in the American wilderness, the humiliated self-examinant feels that there is evil in our nature as well as good;—an evil and a good, for a just analogy to which he questions all other natures in vain. It is still the great definition of humanity that we have a conscience, which no mechanic compost, no chemical combination of mere appetite, memory, or understanding can solve; which is indeed an element of our being;—a conscience unrelenting, yet not absolute; which we may stupefy, but cannot delude; which we may suspend, but cannot annihilate; although we may perhaps find a treacherous counterfeit in the very quiet which we derive from its slumber or its entrancement.*

Philosophy however was not useless in Coleridge's endea-

* *Friend*, III., 312-4.

vours to turn personal consciousness into doctrine. Without attempting to solve what he expressly declares to be insoluble, he points out that 'whatever is comprised in the chain and mechanism of cause and effect, of course necessitated, and having its necessity in some other thing, antecedent or concurrent,—this is said to be *natural*; and the aggregate and system of all such things is *nature*:'* that the very essence of morality, of man's proper freedom, consists in his refusing to be the passive slave of motives, in other words, to drop into 'the chain and mechanism of cause and effect;' and therefore that the corruption of the will consists in the admission of a nature into itself by its own act.

This doctrine however, if standing alone, might in practice have led to some strange results, which were far from Coleridge's purpose. He did not wish to represent man's proper state as that of an *unnatural*, but a *supernatural* being. Neither the world without, nor that in man which is connected with the world without, were to be regarded as evil in any sense whatever; evil, as far as they are concerned, could consist only in forgetting or inverting their relation to man's spiritual being. On this very ground he condemns the asceticism of Fichte's moral theory. But he could scarcely have escaped similar consequences, or preserved morality from becoming ultimately negative, if he had not taken into account that man must have a rightful relation to what is above him as well as to what is below him. Hence with Coleridge morality passes insensibly upwards into religion: he could not separate them, and he could not identify them. The attempts of each to deny or absorb the other, which are usually sure marks that either a religion, or an æon of a religion, is drawing to its close, were repugnant to his conscience and his philosophy alike. But as little could he tolerate a divided empire: to each must belong the whole of humanity.

And now, when we advance to theology, it is impossible to

* *Aids to Reflection*, I. 46. A note on Jeremy Taylor (*Literary Remains*, III., 334) deserves quotation as a forcible summary of the whole matter. 'A person, *quoad* person, can have nothing common or generic; and, where this finds place, the person is corrupted by introsusception of a nature, which becomes evil thereby, and on this relation only is an evil nature. The nature itself, like all other works of God, is good, and so is the person, in a yet higher sense of the word, good, like all offsprings of the Most High. But the combination is evil, and this not the work of God; and one of the main ends and results of the doctrine of original sin is to silence and confute the blasphemy that makes God the author of sin, without avoiding it by fleeing to the almost equal blasphemy against the conscience, that sin in the sense of guilt does not exist.'

feel that we are stepping into an altogether separate region. The practical relation between morality and religion must be based on a similar coextensive union of philosophy and theology; and here too the rejection of either by the other must be an occasion of serious alarm. Singly they are powerless against the aggressions of science, when, leaving her own work of affirming her facts, she begins to deny their truths. United, they may not only maintain their own ground, but help her onwards on her ever expanding course of knowledge. Sooner or later, it must become evident that the enemies of either are the enemies of both. If the limitation of our faculties is such that we cannot apprehend the truth of things in themselves, the defect is equally fatal whether they be supposed to be discovered, or to be revealed, or both. Whether the eye go to seek the truth, or the truth come to seek the eye, the rays are equally stopped, if there be an impenetrable film between. Plato and St. Athanasius must stand or fall together. The ordinary language about limitations is full of confusion. All history is unmeaning, if it does not display the unfolding and training of latent powers in man, to receive the Light which puts off veil after veil. True humility for each man, or nation, or age, consists in his confessing the obstacles which his own darkness has opposed to the light, and the consequent little progress that he has made in rendering it his own, not in denying the existence of lofty powers in himself, or in his race, rich in blessing even now, and hereafter to attain a full maturity. 'This morbid supposition,' most truly says Professor Ferrier, 'is not humility. It is either laziness or stupidity trying to look respectable in the garb of a mock modesty; or else it is scepticism assuming the airs of superior wisdom; or else it is timidity pretending to be caution; or else it is hypocrisy endeavouring to curry favour with the Governor of the universe, by disparaging the faculties which He has endowed us with. Whatever it is, it ought no longer to be endured.' Supposing it be true that there is no branch of knowledge which is not, or may not become, within the reach of man, it does not therefore follow that his powers are or will be unlimited; there may be as true a limitation in intension as in extension, in quantity as in quality. The confusion arises from transferring the material notion of limits belonging to space or time to the heterogeneous conditions of the spiritual world.* It cannot be re-

* Bearing this in mind, Platonists may sit very lightly under the scorn poured upon 'the unconditioned.' Formlessness and negation belong only to the *ens generalissimum*, the logical notion of the unconditioned; to attribute them to the Highest Being would be absurd in a Platonist, impossible in a Christian, for whom the Trinity is the

peated too often, that an impotence of human language may indeed imply an impotence of human conception, but cannot imply an impotence of human nature generally, until logicians have produced some better arguments to show that conception is a necessary part of all thought. Taking their stand practically on Aristotle, they say that man has no faculty above the understanding, and therefore he must be deluded when he thinks he sees things as they are. Coleridge, as a true Baconian, says he sees things as they are, and therefore must have a faculty for doing so. Demonstration is alike impossible in both cases; each side must start from a postulate; the question is, which postulate makes the order of the world the more intelligible.

Coleridge had therefore not only no philosophical temptation to substitute religion for theology, but every conviction on every subject would have been cut adrift by such an act. Neither was he anxious to set up any new criterion of theological truth. Of course he showed no favour to 'a belief that seeks no darkness, and yet strikes no root, immovable as the limpet from the rock, and like the limpet fixed there by mere force of adhesion;' and appealed to the most approved theologians of other ages against the postponement of truth to orthodoxy. But, as his idea of freedom demanded law, so his idea of belief demanded authority, not as a restraint but as a guide to thought; and that authority he sought not in the ephemeral traditions of his own day, but in the two great historical witnesses of a divine book and a divine polity. I do not intend to describe his opinions on these or other theological questions in detail; but one word must be said on the right way of studying them, as grievous misunderstandings prevail respecting them even among persons who ought to know better. It is never sufficient to rely upon a single passage, however great may be its length. Coleridge's observations in different places singularly modify, and at the same time illustrate each other. Even in his continuous writings, the most trustworthy matter is usually to be found in the notes; but the casual remarks written in the margin of his books, and published after his death, give the deepest insight into his convictions, and in some measure into the processes by which he arrived at them. On the other hand, in reading these literary remains, it is

culmination of morals as well as of metaphysic, or rather of both in one. In their eyes it is precisely in the highest region that conditions are least contingent, least capable of being supposed to exist only in human apprehension, that they are most truly absolute, eternal, real. In this respect, at least, the Platonist Coleridge and the Eleatico-Aristotelian Hegel have no point of contact whatsoever.

doubly necessary not to lay too much stress on casual thoughts which, bubbling to the surface at the moment, are at once set down on paper. Few could escape grave suspicion, if all their instantaneous impressions and doubts were thus fixed in perpetuity.

These scattered notes are further an excellent memorial of the associations with which Coleridge instinctively connected his theology, as it appeared at last. The stages through which it passed during his middle life are obscure, because we have so little reliable information respecting that period at all. It is obvious, from a passage quoted before, that in 1797 his doubts had gone down to the very foundation. His keen logical mind* was incapable of any compromise short of unqualified atheism. But the same necessity which carried him thus far, carried him further still, even to the impossibility of making any affirmation about anything. This was a result at variance with common sense, or whatever is the right name for the instinctive repugnance of human nature to consider itself a phantom among phantoms; and yet all the steps of the process were equally conclusive. The flaw must lie somewhere in the initial assumption, that is to say, the postulate, that postulates are inadmissible for a rational being, and Coleridge felt sure there must be some way out of the labyrinth. That way was supplied by Kant; demonstration is valid within its own province; but we can and do act, and rightly act, independently of demonstration. The claims of the practical reason are as valid as those of speculation; nay, certain characteristics of speculation presuppose the practical reason for their explanation. We must not suppose that Coleridge's Unitarian creed relaxed its provisional hold upon his heart at this time. He himself mentions that the writings of certain mystics 'contributed to keep alive the heart in the head; gave him an indistinct, yet stirring and working presentiment, that all the products of the mere reflective faculty partook of death, and were as the rattling twigs and sprays in winter, into which a sap was yet to be propelled from some root to which he had not penetrated, if they were to afford his soul either food or shelter.†' His subsequent adoption therefore of the Catholic faith as his own can in no measure be called a 'faith from

* As this quality of his mind is frequently denied, Southey's not too friendly opinion may be of some use. 'It is not a little extraordinary that Coleridge, who is fond of logic, and who has an actual love and passion for close, hard thinking, should write in so rambling and inconclusive a manner.' Letter to Miss Barker, Jan. 29, 1810, in Warton's *Selections from Southey's Letters*, II., 188.

† *Biographia Literaria*, I., 152.

despair,' a violent and excessive reaction from an imperfectly pursued scepticism. The scepticism was complete, and the answer to it came not from the Creeds, but from Kant. Nor could Kant have any direct effect in turning him to orthodoxy; for the doubts, which made him an Unitarian rather than a churchman, were neither logical nor metaphysical, but moral; and therefore more likely to be strengthened than weakened by explicit belief in the practical reason. What he really owed to Kant was a firm restoration of the balance of his mind, and a capacity for distinguishing between the different forms which a doctrine will assume, as apprehended by one or another faculty. Indirectly therefore his new philosophy did negatively enable him to embrace a purer faith, by leading him to distinguish between a spiritual truth and the counterfeits which the mere understanding substitutes for it, in the vain attempt to explain it: and therefore not to reject the one, because his conscience revolted against the others. In the *Aids to Reflection* he reproduced, with adaptations to a fresh purpose, the considerations which had influenced himself with respect to two cardinal doctrines, those of original sin and the atonement. He is often now represented as himself there denying them; whereas the reverse is the case. He had been denying them for many years on precisely the same grounds on which they are denied now; and his deliberate conviction, that that denial had rested on an intellectual confusion, (a conviction formed, be it remembered, when he had no motive, either outward or inward, to become orthodox, except the pure love of truth,) was the first step in a total change of his theological position. He was enabled to find his way by noticing certain historical perversions of true doctrines, the course of which will best be described in his own words respecting one of them:—

'The first great divines among the reformers, Luther, Calvin, and their compeers and successors,* had thrown the darkness of storms on an awful fact of human nature, which in itself had only the darkness of negations. What was certain but incomprehensible, they rendered contradictory and absurd by a vain attempt at explanation. It was a fundamental fact, and of course could not be comprehended; for to comprehend, and thence to explain, is the same as to perceive and thence to point out a something before the given

* In another place Coleridge more correctly designates St. Augustine as the author of the explanation; of course not denying his great services on behalf of the same truth, though he unawares altered it in making it more definite for controversial purposes. Mr. Thomson (*Bampton Lectures for 1853*, pp. 160, *sqq.*) points out St. Anselm as similarly related to the parallel case.

fact, and standing to it in the relation of cause to effect. . . . In process of time, good men and of active minds* were shocked at this [perversion]; but, instead of passing back to the incomprehensible fact, with a vault over the unhappy idol forged for its comprehension, they identified the two in name; and, while in truth their arguments applied only to a false theory, they rejected the fact for the sake of the mis-solution, and fell into far worse errors. For the mistaken theorist had built upon a foundation, though but a superstructure of chaff and straw; but the opponents built on nothing. Aghast at the superstructure, these latter ran away from that which is the sole foundation of all human religion.†

The great obstacles to the reception of what Coleridge had always believed to be the literal meaning of the Bible being now removed, he abandoned Unitarianism, apparently some time before his visit to Bristol in 1807, when he announced the change to Mr. Cottle. An interesting letter to that gentleman however, written in the same year,‡ shows the gradual and cautious manner in which he felt his way onward. As he advanced, he took as his guides the greatest English divines since the Reformation, Bull and Waterland perhaps more than any. Two or three strange aberrations remained with him to the last; but, with these exceptions, the Creeds have rarely had a believer at once so hearty and so intelligent. It was however in the theological literature of the Stuart period that he chiefly revelled. For nearly all the Fathers he expressed a contempt which can only be accounted for by his ignorance of their writings except through quotations in modern dogmatical treatises, and by the slavish way in which their authority was there thrust upon him. Of the middle ages he knew very little, and not much more of the continental theology of later times. But Hooker, Field, Donne, Jeremy Taylor, Baxter, Bunyan, Leighton, and Fuller were beloved friends, of whose company he could never tire. Their kingly power and rich breadth of wisdom afforded him an ample field, where high divinity and genial manhood might meet: and if, living in days before scholasticism and dulness had cramped the vigour

* Jeremy Taylor and the Arminian divines generally.

† Note on Jeremy Taylor's 'Unum Necessarium,' in *Literary Remains*, III., 295-6. It is doubtful whether the quasi-Kantian method followed in the *Aids to Reflection* of not only rejecting explanations, but simply affirming the doctrine as a mysterious truth *respecting which nothing further can be said*, expresses all that Coleridge thought on the subject, at least a few years later. There is some reason to suspect that he was inclined to modify the clause italicized, and assert the possibility of in some degree entering into the truth by means of spiritual analogies and symbols.

‡ In Cottle's *Reminiscences*, pp. 314-325.

and narrowed the bounds of English theology, some ran now and then into fatal perversities of doctrine, they were all the more endeared to him for their wilfulness. To their number must be added one foreigner, if indeed he be a foreigner whose truest home must always be on English ground. The old thin folio of Martin Luther's *Table-Talk*, translated by Captain Henry Bell with Laud's sanction and approval, and after an interruption by the civil wars finally published under the auspices of Oliver Cromwell, seems to have lain nearer to Coleridge's heart than any book except the Bible. What Luther did is valued by most of his admirers far more than what he was, or thought, or said. To ordinary Protestants his most characteristic words are perhaps more unintelligible than any which have been spoken for four centuries; nay out of Germany he receives most praise as a revolutionary hero accidentally speaking in a theological dialect. Quite other were the causes of Coleridge's worship: he found in Luther's strongest meat the very marrow of divinity: he believed that since St. Paul no man had been brought into such living contact with central truth. On the whole, this fervent sympathy with Luther is perhaps the truest extant token of the man Coleridge antecedent to the poet or the philosopher. They both have shared, and must continue to share, the same kind of evil report. The blemishes in the characters of both are manifest to all men, and should never be denied, though our estimate of them will vary entirely, according as we contemplate the men from within or from without. It is natural but fruitless in these cases to try to change an adverse verdict: 'they jest at scars who never felt a wound': all that can be done is to correct a few superfluous prejudices, and remove direct mis-statements of fact. No arguments are available against the very plausible opinion that King David's worth is summed up in saying that he was a murderer and adulterer, troubled with odd metaphysical scruples about a census; who did however some service by reforming a few flagrant abuses, and wrote some beautiful Hebrew poetry.

It was natural that a man, devoted so completely to the Augustinian element of the Reformation in the Latin or human province of theology as Coleridge, should, in the controversies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, range himself much more completely with the Calvinists than with the Arminians, as far as positive doctrine was concerned. And yet the list given above will show that his affections were not confined to either side. Nor must it be supposed that he was drawn to the great Arminians solely by personal considerations: they did represent to him a standing protest

against the inveterate tendency to exalt God not only above but against man; to give theology a tyranny over all other knowledge, and to place godless restraints on art, literature, and all joyous freedom of humanity. His complaint was, that the course they adopted defeated their own purpose, and introduced unawares as cruel superstitions as those of their antagonists, and not, like them, springing from a deep root of truth, though it were but a half-truth. But most of all did he curse the introduction of the 'Old Bailey' theology of the Dutch Arminian jurists as a source of ineradicable corruption, breeding naked or disguised Socinianism in the second or third generation; and, when that particular evil was repulsed in the Church of England by Bull and Waterland, poisoning innumerable minds with an immoral intellectualism under orthodox forms down to the present day. After the Restoration, his greatest favourites were to be found in the fantastic but truly philosophical school which had gradually formed itself at Cambridge, after the Calvinism represented by Cartwright and Whitaker had died away. In the theology of the eighteenth century he found little to rest on with satisfaction; yet by its prolongation into the present century it partly determined the form of his own theological publications. The prodigious changes which have taken place in the last forty years render much of the *Aids to Reflection* very perplexing to those who forget the time when it was written. Because the Warburtonian doctrine, that all language respecting direct spiritual influences is purely metaphorical, is scarcely intelligible to us now, we must not forget that in the first quarter of the century it was almost an axiom of orthodoxy, and its denial identified with fanatical Methodism. To denounce it with all his might, and at the same time to clear the truth from the spurious additions of the Methodists, was one of the great purposes of Coleridge's life. To Wesley himself, or his professed followers, or the corresponding movement within the Church, it was impossible that he should feel any repugnance, except in so far as they attempted to vilify and uproot more ancient truths of which they knew nothing. This characteristic of his writings and conversation had however other effects: it compelled sundry thoughtful men to recognise the fact that a belief in spiritual influences, and the tremendous power which may thereby be exercised, are no prerogatives of any one type, least of all a thoroughly modern type, of Christianity, that they have at least an equal affinity with the most genuine elements of old English tradition. The outward fruits of that conviction constitute a no less conspicuous than important part of the history of the

last twenty-five years, and therefore are known to the whole world; but the world does not recognise how a spirit of freedom originated and still animates a movement, which bears upon its surface such innumerable results of an altogether opposite and reactionary kind, and is itself too palpably capable of ministering to a hateful spiritual bondage.

Another doctrine won by painful experience Coleridge had yet earlier thrown into the midst of awakening English thought, 'the incalculable possible importance of speculative errors on the happiness and virtue of mankind.' It is implicitly contained in his whole creed, on poetry and philosophy as much as theology; but requires articulate exposition in any not merely historical view of his work in the world. It is set forth in *The Friend* with needful preliminary cautions in words which will not bear paraphrase or abridgment.

All of us, without exception, in the same mode, though not in the same degree, are necessarily subjected to the risk of mistaking positive opinions for certainty and clear insight. From this yoke we cannot free ourselves but by ceasing to be men; and this too, not in order to transcend, but to sink below our human nature. For if in one point of view it be the mulct of our fall, and of the corruption of our will, it is equally true that, contemplated from another point, it is the price and consequence of our progressiveness. To him, who is compelled to pace to and fro within the high walls and in the narrow courtyard of a prison, all objects may appear clear and distinct. It is the traveller journeying onward, full of heart and hope, with an ever-varying horizon, on the boundless plain, who is liable to mistake clouds for mountains, and the mirage of drouth for an expanse of refreshing waters.

But notwithstanding this deep conviction of our general fallibility, and the most vivid recollection of my own, I dare avow, with the German philosopher [Jacobi], that as far as opinions and not motives, principles and not men, are concerned, I neither am tolerant nor wish to be regarded as such. According to my judgement, it is mere ostentation, or a poor trick that hypocrisy plays with the cards of nonsense, when a man makes protestation of being perfectly tolerant in respect of all principles, opinions, and persuasions, those alone excepted which make the holders intolerant. For he either means to say by this, that he is utterly indifferent towards all truth, and finds nothing so insufferable as the persuasion of there being any such mighty value or importance attached to the possession of the truth as should give a marked preference to any one conviction above any other; or else he means nothing, and amuses himself with articulating the pulses of the air, instead of inhaling it in the more healthful and profitable exercise of yawning.*

* *Friend*, I., 123-5.

Coleridge's essay on Church and State was his last and most important work. Few subjects are so trite and wearying, and yet in England it always has been and always will be more vital than any other, the one in which principles are most indispensable, and in which the question whether they are real or only abstract is most surely tested by their application to facts. The way in which Coleridge's book meets the occasion which impelled him to write it, is full of instruction in many respects; but we must pass on to its express contents, which are often represented in an erroneous light. According to the theory revived by Arnold out of Hooker, but really almost universal in the latter part of the Tudor period, the Church and the State of a country are merely different aspects or functions of the same body. In practice, however, this verbal doctrine comes to mean the actual absorption either of the State into the Church, or of the Church into the State. The former alternative, represented by the Covenanters and the Papal States, may be neglected as utterly opposed to both the best and the worst tendencies of the English mind; the latter, expounded with peculiar vigour by the great Rothe, is daily acquiring new influence and importance. Further, we have the many theories of an 'alliance' of Church and State as two independent powers within a country, varying indefinitely according to the relative preponderance assigned by the ecclesiastical or civil tastes of the theorist. Into no member of either of these groups is it possible to resolve Coleridge's doctrine. The duties of a nation, he says, comprise both the outward functions, which every one attributes to civil government, and the inward work of education and civilization. But these distinct kinds of action cannot be carried on by the same machinery and officers, or each will tend perpetually to destroy the other. Absolutely independent of all civil governments, there is likewise an universal Christian Church, having its own officers performing certain specially religious duties, and constituting an integral part of Christianity, without which Christianity is 'vanity and dissolution.' In Christian countries, where the same persons are both citizens and churchmen, the nation accomplishes its own purposes best by employing as its educative officers the existing officers of the Christian Church. This would of course be impossible or extremely inconvenient to both parties, if there were any real clashing between the two functions thus assigned to the same persons; but, on the one hand, the most complete education to make men good citizens is that which they will receive from such a body as the Christian clergy; and, on the other, the Christian clergy can

never do their own proper religious duty to their congregations except in educating them into good citizens. Hence the only disqualifications of a particular clergy for the work of national education are, first, such a foreign allegiance as will override national allegiance, and secondly, such a condition and mode of life as violates the domestic structure of society, without which men cannot become good citizens.

This theory however derives its chief importance from the principles which it embodies, namely, the distinctness and mutual necessity of law and religion, the forbidding, correcting, restraining power, and the guiding, informing, inspiring power. Coleridge points out the sad results which follow when either they are confounded together and their opposition denied, or they are set at enmity with each other and their harmony denied. It will be observed that this principle is directly connected with others which came before us some while ago, respecting the relation between morality and religion, between philosophy and theology. To apply it in all the changing conditions of human life and society is the problem of the nineteenth century.

In looking back over the wide field of activity which we have been examining through many pages, it is impossible not to remark a striking peculiarity of Coleridge's mind, which at once enables us to estimate the true nature of his work, and explains a few phenomena of his writings which have often provoked censure. He must be a perverse critic indeed who would deny to Coleridge whatever merit consists in originality; and yet he is accused of plagiarism on very conspicuous grounds. It is certain that he wrote many passages almost absolutely verbatim in the language of others, without giving notice that he was so doing. In much the most serious case, he inserted a general warning so comprehensive, with express mention of the then little known author from whom he was going to quote, as to acquit him of any intentional dishonesty; it is only one instance of the vague and slipshod way in which his references were habitually given, where there could be no possible motive for mystification. The truth is, that he possessed an extremely bad and confused memory for facts, along with an extraordinary passive tenacity of words which he had read.* It is undoubted that coincidences of *thought* did

* At Cambridge he would read a pamphlet in the morning, and in the evening repeat whole pages verbatim. Many of the long quotations in his works appear to have been written down from memory. On the other hand, his confusion about facts is curiously exemplified in some recorded instances of his inverting the process of a plagiarist. 'Conti-

frequently take place between him and other philosophical students, some of which can easily be accounted for; and, when he came to put them into words for the first time for his books, his memory, without his consciousness, doubtless suggested the existing language, under which he had previously recognised his own ideas.* But other cases, in which it is perfectly gratuitous to assume any attempt at deception, belong to the peculiarity alluded to above, of using the sayings of others as a nucleus for his own sayings. In this sense he was a far greater plagiarist than his accusers represent him. The translation of *Wallenstein*, the incrustation of Leighton, Field, Henry More, and others, in the *Aids to Reflection*, the passion for writing marginal notes, are but a few indications of a mind which expressed its thoughts most naturally in the form of commentary. Surely here is a striking outward mark of his function as an interpreter of the old to the new.

Another combination is no less significant, the unity of tragedy and comedy in his thoughts and language. The grotesque bursts, which sometimes startle the decorous reader in the midst of the deepest theology, belong essentially to his English nature. It might be better if some of them had not been written. But let no man accuse him of irreverence, the surest symbol of a rotten heart. There is a prudery about divine things, which may sometimes be innocent, but more commonly belongs to shallow feeling which has no faith in itself or in anything else; a true reverence of divine sanctities proves itself by an equal reverence of human sanctities, such as breathes in every line of Shakspeare: in the one case as in the other it is but the upward gaze of a love from which fear has been wholly cast out. In Coleridge's com-

nally,' says Mr. de Quincey (*Autobiographic Sketches*, II. 348), 'he fancied other men's thoughts his own; but such were the confusions of his memory, that continually, and with even greater liberality, he ascribed his own thoughts to others.' See also the introduction to the *Biographia Literaria*, p. xli., ed. 1847.

* The coincidence between Coleridge's and Schlegel's views on Shakspeare has always been looked on with suspicion, because no report of lectures by Coleridge of an earlier date than 1818 was known to exist. His daughter (*Notes on Shakspeare*, I. 368, ed. 1849) produces a letter to Mr. Robinson, written in 1811, in which he says, 'I am very anxious to see Schlegel's book before the lectures commence.' A passage in Mr. Collier's lately published notes of the lectures of 1811 (p. 103) now shows that Coleridge did not see the book till the day before his ninth lecture was delivered. The preceding eight therefore exhibit his doctrines unmixed with any influence from Schlegel beyond what may have been conveyed to him by reports of friends. It is to be hoped that we shall hear no more of English incapacity to understand Shakspeare without German dictation.

ments on Shakspeare the same spirit shows itself to be the subtlest and truest principle of criticism.

If any one wishes to vindicate Coleridge from any of the charges brought against him, on the ground that all things are pardoned to genius, he can understand nothing which has been said on his behalf in this essay. To Coleridge himself such excuses were intolerable. In all his faults or sufferings there is not a trace of maudlin craving for any sympathy or charity which might not be accorded to the dullest clown who digs the fields. The true sturdy heart which was born with him in his Devonshire home remained with him to the end. We need no friendly monitor to tell us that Highgate is not Weimar; but there are other and better kinds of victory than those which issue in an imperial calm. In old age, as in youth, though he mourned for the dangers which he saw rising up on every side in dear England, Coleridge never lost one jot of that Hope which the nineteenth century associates with boyish dreams, and the middle age, not without high authority, ranked among the Christian virtues. Its brightness was not paler, nor its compass less, because disappointment and sorrow had led him to see more clearly the ground on which it must rest at last. In this, as in all else, he was true to the prayer in which he first addressed his countrymen, that we might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free.

F. J. A. H.

THE END.

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